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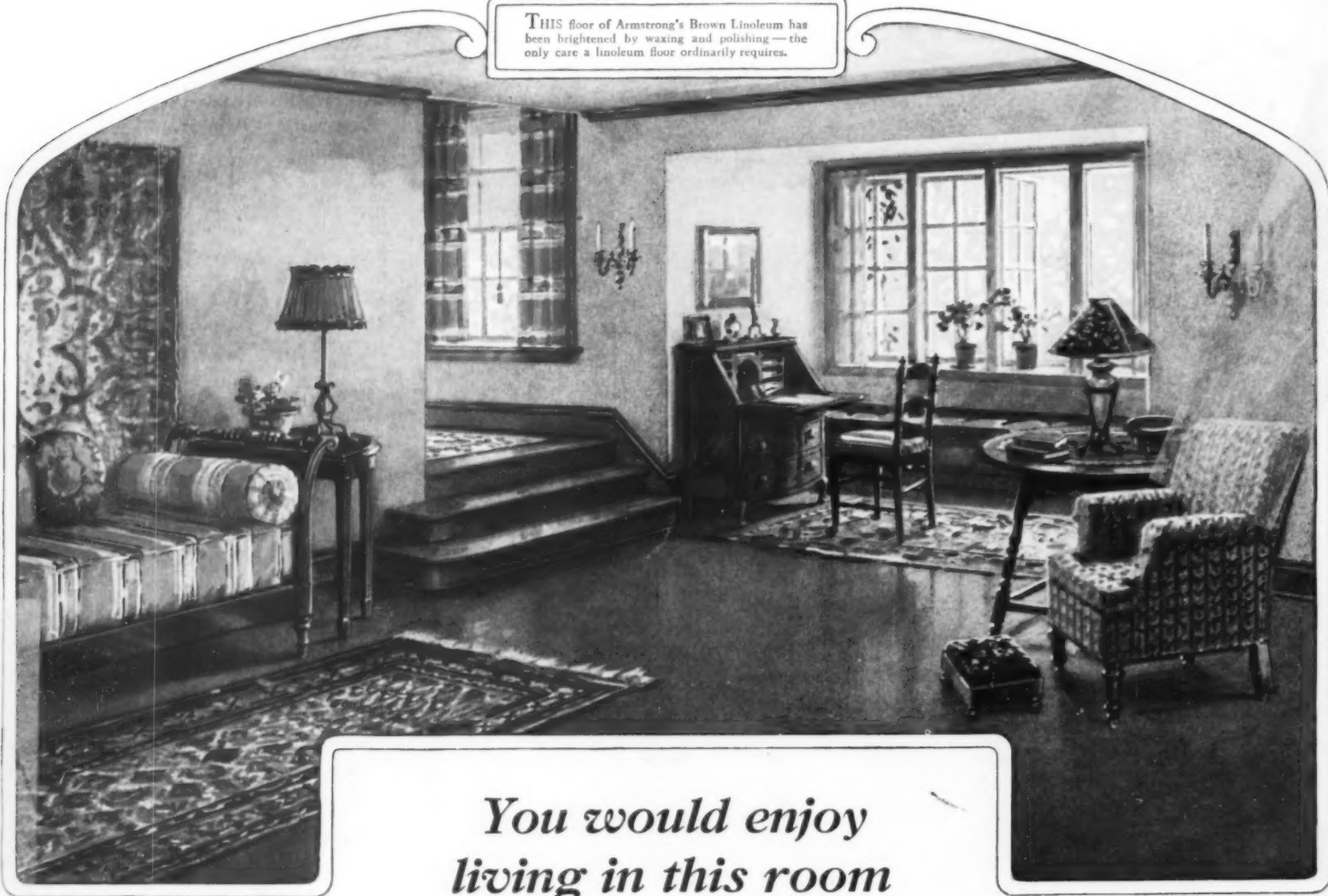
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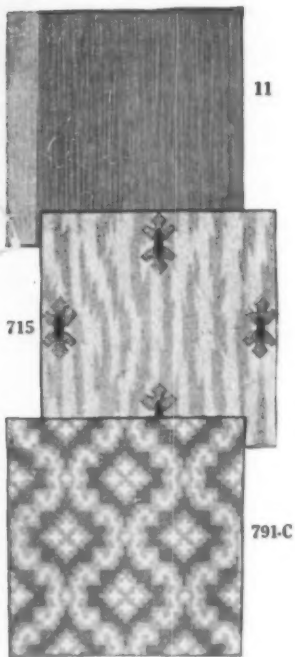
Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

THIS floor of Armstrong's Brown Linoleum has been brightened by waxing and polishing—the only care a linoleum floor ordinarily requires.



*You would enjoy
living in this room*



If you prefer one of the Armstrong designs illustrated here to the plain brown linoleum shown in the picture, order by number from any good linoleum merchant.

SOME living-rooms are cold and without life. Only the presence of people can animate them.

This room breathes the true spirit of a living-room. There is a harmony in its color and setting that welcomes even when no voice cries, "Come in." The room itself invites.

Imagine a different floor here and you have imagined a different room.

This floor is linoleum, and a linoleum floor of well-chosen color and design becomes part of the room as well as part of the house construction.

There is more than color and decoration to a linoleum floor. There is smoothness, quiet, warmth and permanence. A properly laid floor of Armstrong's Linoleum is perhaps the easiest of all floors to clean. An occasional waxing and polishing restores its newness, and it never requires costly refinishing.

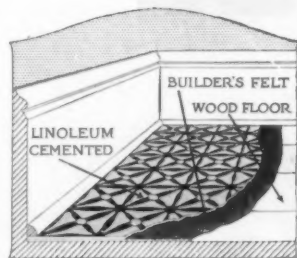
If your house needs new floors or if you expect to build, go to a furniture or department store and examine Armstrong's Linoleum. You will see plain colors, Jaspés or two-tone effects, and distinctive parquetry, inlaid and printed designs, also linoleum rugs, printed and inlaid, for any room, from entrance hall to attic.

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for ideas as to proper patterns and colors for use in your scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

You can make sure that you are getting Armstrong's Linoleum by looking for the Circle "A" trademark on the burlap back.

*"The Art of Home Furnishing
and Decoration"*
(Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.



How to Lay Linoleum on Wood Floors

IN summer wood floors expand. In winter they dry out and contract, with a tendency to open up the cracks between the boards. Your linoleum floor, therefore, should be cemented (not tacked) over a lining of builder's deadening felt which has been previously glued to the bare floor boards. The felt takes up expansion and contraction and gives you a permanent, waterproof, good-looking floor. The added service and wear this method gives are well worth the extra cost.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DIVISION

800 Virginia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Look for the CIRCLE "A"



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putting it d
children love
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ERIS



"Eris" as she is conceived by the famous artist C. E. Chambers, who will illustrate the great novel

THE STORY of DAUGHTER DISCORD

THE newest and greatest novel from the pen of
Robert W. Chambers

will appear in this magazine, beginning next month.

IN "ERIS," this remarkable work, the most discussed of all American fictionists, drawing from every color that his dazzling palette commands, has painted the portrait of a lady, of a very modern lady, a lady who sets out to make a great name for herself, as is the fashion nowadays among women.

The problems that assail Eris, once she has embarked on her career, are not the same problems that in former days assailed Becky Sharpe or Tess of the d'Urbervilles or Diana of the Crossways or tender Jennie Gerhardt, or any of the other fascinating heroines of fiction; for Eris is the woman of 1923, and she moves through a new and amazing world—a world that embraces Greenwich Village and Hollywood, Park Avenue and Adirondack dairy farms. But her problems are just as crucial, and they test her in a fire just as cruel, as any ever faced by those immortal dream-women.

In this realistic novel Mr. Chambers demonstrates brilliantly how thoroughly he understands exactly what barriers are interposed before the exceptional woman of today when she attempts to fulfil a destiny beyond the domestic one; and he likewise proves in this penetrating study of a woman's inner life how subtly he understands and can clarify the confusing interplay of half-hidden human motives.

"Eris" is a novel such as is seldom written, a novel which presents a master's picture of a great and noble character and exhibits that character under all the terrific strain and stress that so often besets the finest souls that are born into this world. And to this shining company Eris, "daughter of discord" though she is, truly belongs. This great novel will appear in McCall's, beginning in February.

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Let us go back to our childhood love of the great poetry of the world!

The Day of Little Things

By Gene Stratton-Porter

Famous American author of "Freckles," "The Girl of the Limberlost," etc.

*A Striking New Year's Thought by the Most
Widely Read and Widely Loved
of American Writers*

I CAN vision no one big, outstanding thing that the men and women of our land may do during the coming year that will add materially to our safety and our welfare. It will be an "off year" politically; but socially and economically, it is going to be a year of immense portent. Slowly the old order changed up to the time of the world war. Since then changes have been so rapid and of such a vast importance that it requires swift marching to keep up with the procession. Many of these enforced changes have been based upon necessity and have had real reason for being; many of them appeal to my old-fashioned soul as having no sense or reason, and the trend seems to me to be forcing us rapidly toward a state of decline as a nation. Unquestionably we emerged from the war in the best condition of any of the involved nations; but at our best, we have not much to brag about when we take into consideration our multiple strikes, labor disturbances, excessive taxation, the high cost of rent and food—and no apparent reason as to why these things should be.

So this appeals to me as a year of small things, speaking comparatively. Since many of the things which annoy us the most are small, they are subject to individual effort by a preconceived movement on the part of every reasoning, thinking man and woman. Much may be done this year toward bettering political, social and financial conditions for all of us.

First of all, I have no faith in the efficiency of a Godless nation. Any nation that forgets God is headed toward rapid disaster. If all of us would seriously and earnestly strive this New Year's time to renew the love of God in our own hearts, to follow the simple, pure teachings of Jesus Christ in our daily lives, it would result in a movement of uplift that would immediately be perceptible throughout the nation. If we would truly try with all our might to "love our neighbor as ourselves," if we would

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honestly practice the good old stunt of "doing as we would be done by," just one-half the source of the present labor troubles and social unrest would vanish like mist before a compelling sun. It would simply cease to exist.

Next in importance to God in the life of a nation, it is in my heart to exalt the home.

The coming year I propose that all of us join in a preconceived effort to make our homes the best, the finest, the safest, the happiest places on earth. Suppose we try out loving our homes with all our hearts. Suppose that we make them as beautiful as lies within our means and our power. Suppose that we open our doors wide for the entertainment of our own children and our friends. Suppose that we ask God to come in and be our most honored guest throughout the year. If all of us will do this in a serious and a preconceived way, I am sure that another large slice of trouble will disappear forever. Homes need not be all alike. Some people enjoy show and glitter, and some love sheltered quiet. Let those who desire and who can afford them have the mansions of earth and all the extravagant trappings they can afford in their decoration. Give me a cozy little house with a red hearth and a starry roof, with enfolding trees and the song of running water. I doubt very seriously if any millionaire of our land ever felt so rich as I when, this summer, a dove built a nest within two yards of the foot of my bed and a "fire bird" built three times and at each building brought forth a brood, in a wild-grape vine within a few feet of my daily passing. Riches mean buildings to one man, bonds to another, land to another; and to some they mean contentment with small possessions, a hearth, a book, a bird, a flower.

A big movement forward could be made if each man and woman of our land would stand staunchly by our law-makers. Since he is in office and he is ours, let each of us do all that we can to hold up the hands of our President.

[Turn to page 71]

*The Quartet
from Rigoletto*



Recorded on
Victor Records
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96001, 89080, 55066

Could you tell this story?

Music may be just a succession of pleasant sounds—or infinitely more than that. It may tell a fine romantic story or it may portray some spiritual struggle that you yourself have experienced.

To know these things, to understand the significance of the music you hear, is to enjoy it to a vastly greater extent.

With a Victrola and Victor Records you get a thorough understanding of music such as can be secured in no other way. You are enabled to observe closely and study every detail of interpretation and become intimately acquainted with all music.

Then you discuss it with the same freedom as you discuss books, art, architecture or the drama—and with the same satisfaction to yourself and to your hearers.



Victrola

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Important: Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.
Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, New Jersey

Magic?—No, Intelligence holds Beauty's Secret

FOR the next while, we are going to tell you some simple but arresting truths about how cleanliness and beauty are related.

Let us start with the face.

A really healthy skin is always a *clean* skin and usually a beautiful skin.

Physicians who have studied the care of the skin say that simple cleanliness is the one most important aid to the health and beauty of your complexion.

And they dwell upon the importance of using pure, gentle soap, which is nothing *but* soap—that is, without extraneous or mysterious additions.

A word of caution, therefore:—if you buy a soap with the hope that it has magic beauty powers, you court disappointment. For promoting beauty, soap can do only one thing—clean safely!

One would say that was simple enough—to *clean safely*.

Yet before Ivory Soap, only a few people could enjoy the luxury of pure, mild, safe-cleaning soap. Now, of course, *everyone* can have it.

Safe-cleansing is the duty, the privilege and the destiny of Ivory Soap. In forty-four years no other claim has been made for it.

Ivory is always the same—always that white, mild, gentle soap which has protected hands and faces and refreshed bodies for nearly two generations. It contains no "mysteries," it offers no "magic."

When you buy Ivory, you are asked to buy only *pure soap*. Ivory helps to beautify, because it *cleans safely*.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



"My dear Alicia," says Mr. Jollyco in a very gentlemanly dudgeon, "why has this comic opera soap replaced the Ivory in my bathroom?" (We always know Mr. Jollyco is angry when he says "my bathroom" and is so frighteningly polite.)

"I think, Henry," replies his wife without a flinch, "that that soap belongs to your daughter Sally, who has lately gone in for colored 'beauty soap.' The Ivory is just behind you."

Some day Mr. Jollyco is going to speak sternly to Sally about dyes in colored soap. But today he will feel so good after his latherly Ivory bath that he will forget it.

IVORY SOAP

99 $\frac{4}{100}$ % PURE IT FLOATS



And here, dear reader, is Dr. Verity, whose motto is: "Keeping well is better than getting well." A most lovable old gentleman, indeed, but very severe and frowny when dealing with persons like Mrs. Folderol, to whose home he is now hurrying.



Here we see Mrs. Folderol—at home. What! The Mrs. Folderol, of Vanity Square? The very same! With her poor little rich baby that cries so much. Why does he cry? Listen as Mrs. F. talks with Mrs. Jollyco.

"Why, I can't see how the *soap* could hurt him—it's so expensive and pretty and smells heavenly!"

"But, my dear, his skin *shows* it. He's chafed! Haven't you any Ivory?" No, Mrs. F. has no Ivory, but she *will* have after Dr. Verity arrives.





"And now I am again a slave—your slave, O my lord!"

Once It Happened in the Black Tents

By Achmed Abdullah

IN the motley annals of the Black Tents the end of Mohammed ibn Rashid's searching assumed, in the course of time, the character of something epic, something close-woven to the yellow loom of the desert in both pattern and sweep of romance. It is mentioned with pride by his own tribe, the Ouled Sieyda, who claim descent from the Prophet, as well as by the Ouled el-Kleybat, a raucous-tongued, hard-riding breed of Bedouins, brittle of honor, greedy of gain, and veritable foxes in keeping tight hold of their bloody stealth. On the sun-cracked lips of the camel-drivers, it has even drifted far north from the Sahara to the pleasant gardens of Tunis where white-beards comment upon it with reverence as they digest the brave past in the smoke of their hasheesh pipes.

"Wah, hyat Ullah—as God, liveth!" their telling begins. "Once it happened in the Black Tents. . . ."



Yet the tale's beginning, being the dregs of his own life's youth, had been as salt as pain to Mohammed ibn Rashid twenty years earlier as he sat by the open window, looking out into the spider's web of crooked, cobble-stoned Paris streets about the ancient church of Saint Sulpice; streets quiet with the peace of decay. The memory of what had happened to him that morning was hot in his brain as he sat there, and he thought

of the past ten years and declared them worthless—lines writ on water.

He remembered how he had come to Paris for his education, an eager boy of excellent Arab family, his father, since deceased, a rich sheik with a town house in Tunis, yet keeping up tribal relations with the Ouled Sieyda who acknowledged him chief amongst their black felt tents in the far Sahara. He had opened his keen young soul to the charm of this land of France and had fallen under its spell; he had steeped himself in French literature and history and social and political ideals, deposing the fierce desert Prophet of his ancestors and setting up in his stead brand-new idols labeled Liberty, Fraternity and Equality.

And on the day on which he had received his degree at the Sorbonne he had decided to stay in France, and he dreamed of a home in Paris, and little French-born children, a little dark, but of the French, French—and it might be with the pansy-blue eyes of Mademoiselle

Marie la Comtesse de Lubersac. He loved the comtesse and she loved him, so they both thought. It may have been that it was only the mystery of the Orient in his eyes which had captured her, the mystery of the Occident in hers

[Turn to page 49]



"We quarreled when he was home on his last leave, and I let him go back without making it up"

The Wall

By Ruby M. Ayres

Author of "Paper Roses," "Castles in Spain,"
"The Uphill Road," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

Shadows of dead men
stand by the wall,
Watching the fun of
the Victory Ball.
They do not reproach
because they know
If they're forgotten, it's
better so . . .
Alfred Noyes.

THE Lady Cynthia Ferriss pulled a cushion into place beneath her head with a languid hand whereon gleamed the very white diamonds of her very new engagement ring.

"It's just a money-making enterprise like everything else nowadays," she declared positively in her charming voice. "And I really cannot understand how any of you can be so foolish as to believe in it. It's all right for neurotic women, or women who've had a dreadful trouble . . ." Her voice seemed to falter for the smallest instant, then she went on again more languidly than before: "But for any of *you*!" She swept a comprehensive hand round the little group gathered about her. "Why on earth should any of you want to get mixed up with spirits and ghosts and messages from 'the other side' as you call it?"

The little woman with gray hair and a thin, earnest face, who sat by the fire, raised her thoughtful eyes.

"It is because you do not understand that you talk like that, Lady Cynthia," she said quietly. "I thought just as you do—once, but not now."

The faintest smile curved Lady Cynthia's lips. "Really? And what made you change?" she asked, a hint of mockery in her voice. "Did you see a ghost? Or find a spirit message written on the wall, or something thrilling like that?"

The thoughtful eyes of the women opposite met hers steadily as she answered:

"I lost someone in the war whom I loved very dearly—my son. He was killed in France."

The white lids of Lady Cynthia's beautiful eyes closed with a swift little movement of pain.

nearly five years she had done her best to stifle and forget, and for an instant she was held in the grip of such acute pain that she almost cried out; but the next moment she was laughing again—rather a cruel little laugh.

"I'm afraid I can't quite see what that has to do with it, Mrs. Graham," she said lightly. "Most of us lost . . . someone . . . during the war, didn't we? But it's so long ago now, surely we've almost forgotten."

Mrs. Graham's earnest face flushed a little. "Yes, I am afraid that is true," she agreed. "And that is just the trouble. Most of us have forgotten, and they know it."

"They? Who do you mean by 'they'?"

The question cut the silence sharply, asked by a girl sitting at Cynthia's feet, and a shadow of something that was almost fear passed over the speaker's young face.

"I mean those who have passed over," Mrs. Graham explained gently. "They do not forget, but they know when we do, and it hurts them just as much as it would hurt us if they were still on earth and had forgotten us."

THE silence fell again and remained unbroken until suddenly the girl laughed shrilly. "What nonsense! As if the dead can know or remember anything!"

Mrs. Graham had moved back a little out of the circle of firelight, and her voice sounded dreamy and far-away when she spoke again. "There are no dead. It was Maeterlinck who said that, you know, and he was right. There are no dead."

She had a very sweet, cultured voice, and when she stopped speaking it seemed to the very modern, fashionable group of women around her as if she had vested the room

with something subtle and mysterious—some unseen presence that was breathlessly listening and waiting for further revelations.

But the moment passed, as such moments must do, before it was hardly realized, and Cynthia Ferriss rose to her feet with a little mocking laugh, and stretching out her hand found the switch and flooded the room with light.

"Yes, I thought that would be better," she said as an almost audible sigh of relief went round. "We were all getting most horribly morbid."

She glanced at the tiny watch set with diamonds that clasped her slender wrist. "If everyone isn't going to be late, it's time we were dressing," she added.

The girl who had been sitting at her feet scrambled up and hurried after her. "Wait for me, Cynthia."

She caught Cynthia's hand with a gesture that almost childishly asked for protection, and together they crossed the hall and went up the wide staircase.

"Mrs. Graham is queer, isn't she?" the girl said suddenly. "Have you noticed her eyes, Cynthia? Sometimes she looks quite uncanny."

"She talks a lot of nonsense," Cynthia answered in rather a hard voice. They reached the landing, and Cynthia stopped and drew her hand away.

"Run along and dress, Pamela," she said. "I'll race you, and we'll see who is ready first."

But Pamela did not move. There was a scared look still in her eyes. "There's no hurry," she urged. "It's only six o'clock, and dinner isn't till half-past seven. Let me come to your room and talk for a little while."

Cynthia hesitated. She was not in the mood to talk to this girl. She wanted to be alone with her thoughts—those thoughts which had been such real, cruelly alive things since the moment of Mrs. Graham's eloquently spoken words. "Someone whom I loved very dearly . . . he was killed in France."

But after the smallest hesitation she smiled. "Very well, come along!"—and they went together to her room where the fire burned brightly and a maid was carefully laying out the frock which Cynthia was to wear that night at the ball given in honor of her engagement.

Pamela was standing by the bed looking down at the sheeny folds of the frock lying there, and her eyes were big with admiration.

"Oh, Cynthia, you lucky, lucky girl!" she said enviously. The corners of Cynthia's mouth lifted in a wry smile.

"Why do you say that?"

Pamela came across the room to her.

"Because I think you are," she said vehemently. "You've got everything you want in the world. You're beautiful, and you're going to marry one of the richest men in England, so mother says. . . ."

"And do you call that luck?"

"Why, of course. I envy you more than anyone in the world. I would love to be you: to have your face—your beautiful face—and your glorious clothes! A maid to wait on you, and to be engaged to Ralph Allerton! Cynthia, is there anything you want that you haven't got?"

"Perhaps."

"It can't be anything very much, then," Pamela said with conviction. "It can't be anything that you won't get in the end, anyway. Cynthia, what a perfectly gorgeous ring!"

CYNTHIA slowly raised her left hand and looked at the band of diamonds encircling her third finger.

Ralph Allerton had given it to her last night, and a little shiver swept her as she recalled the look of proud possession in his eyes as he said complacently:

"Yes, they're fine stones all right. But you shall have finer than those, when you are my wife."

To him she was only a doll upon whom he could hang the outward and visible signs of his wealth, and out of the shadowy past she seemed to hear a voice that had been silent for years, speaking to her again in tones of deepest tenderness:

"You shall have diamonds some day, Cynthia, when my ship comes home. I'm a poor man now. I don't think you quite realize how poor, my darling."

And her own reply: "I am the richest woman in the world so long as I have you."

She woke from her reverie to the sound of Pamela's girlish voice again.

"It must be wonderful to be as lovely as you are. I don't wonder that all the men are crazy about you. Nobody will ever care for me as they do for you. I'm so plain."

Cynthia gave a tired little laugh.

"Do you think looks matter as much as all that, Pam dear?"

"I don't know. . . . Ben said they didn't. . . ."

Cynthia, you never knew Ben, did you?"

"No."

Pamela fell on her knees beside Cynthia, hiding her face.

"Oh, I must tell someone, or I shan't be able to bear it any longer. I've tried so hard to forget," she wailed. "And now, this evening—what Mrs. Graham said brought it all back. Oh, Cynthia, do you think that the dead really do know? Do you think that they really are hurt if we try to forget them?"

Cynthia sat very still, her head thrown back so that her face was in shadow, but the hand that wore the diamond ring was suddenly clenched. "I don't know. I can't tell you. Nobody knows. . . . how can anybody know?"

Her voice was curiously tight and constrained. "Why do you ask me?"

PAMELA looked up. "It's been in my thoughts—on my mind—ever since Ben was killed," she said in a small, tragic voice. "Oh, I've tried not to think about him—honestly, I've tried to forget; but lately, since Mrs. Graham came, she's frightened me with what she believes."

"Silly child! Why, it's all just—nonsense!"

But Cynthia's voice was slow and uncertain, and Pamela went on unheeding. "He was killed—just at the end of the war. And I hadn't been kind to him. We quarreled when he was home on his last leave, and I let him go back without making it up—and he was killed."

"You mean . . . ? Were you engaged to him, Pamela?"

"No—oh no. He wanted to be, but I wouldn't. I was only eighteen, and I thought if I waited I could find someone better and with more money, and I told him so. It wasn't very kind, was it? And he just looked at me, such a queer, long look, and he said, 'You'll never find anyone to love you better than I do, Pam, no matter how long you live.' And I laughed. . . . Oh, Cynthia, I laughed! And then he went away—and I never saw him again. But sometimes—like last night—when I was dancing with Basil Ryan, something seemed to come over me all at once—something . . . almost as if someone had laid a hand

on my shoulder and said 'Stop!' And I thought . . . Cynthia, I had a strange feeling that Ben was there, looking on, and that he knew and hated what I was doing."

Cynthia sat up with a swift, jerky movement. There was a painful streak of color in her cheeks, and her eyes looked strained.

"Yes, yes, I know! I've felt like that, too," she said in a quick, hurried voice. Then she broke off sharply, and for a moment sat staring helplessly before her, her hands clasped hard together. Then a long sigh escaped her and she laughed and rose to her feet.

"We've all got Mrs. Graham on the brain," she said with an effort. "We're catching all her nonsensical ideas, as she meant us to do. Pam, wake up, child! There, run away and dress, or we shall be last down after all."

She almost pushed the girl out of the room, then she shut and locked the door and stood for a moment leaning against it, her beautiful face falling into haggard lines.

" . . . Almost as if someone had laid a hand on my shoulder and said 'Stop!' . . . " And her own reply, "Yes, yes, I know! I've felt like that, too."

She had—oh, she had! So many, many times during her chase after happiness and forgetfulness during the last five weary years. And yet, what absurdity! As if a dead man could really rise from his grave and come back to earth to look for the woman he once loved.

Cynthia moved away from the door to the dressing-table. Her face felt feverish and her hands trembled as she slowly began to unfasten her frock. The gleam of the diamonds on her left hand caught her attention in the mirror, and she stood quite still, her eyes clinging to them.

"You shall have diamonds some day, Cynthia, when my ship comes home."

The room seemed filled with that voice, that dead presence, and Cynthia made a little blind movement of protest with her hands as if to ward off someone unseen who stood close beside her; then suddenly she gave in and as if yielding to a will greater than her own, she went down on her knees beside a drawer in the dressing-table, and taking a little key from a fine chain around her neck, she fitted it into the lock. The usual little heap of memories lay hidden there—the worthless trifles that so often hold the secret of a woman's life over which many a woman's heart has broken.

A few letters, a man's battered cigarette case and an old signet ring of no value around which had been wound some strands of black silk in order to make it small enough for her own finger. One short month she had worn it above the slender band of a wedding-ring lying beside it now in the drawer, and as she looked at them some queer, subtle breath of the man who had given them to her came back with haunting sweetness.

They had met on the deserted sands of a small Dorset fishing-village one summer afternoon during the last year of the war, and they had talked in the way that most people talked in those days, of life and death, of the great things for which they hoped in the future. He was on leave, he told her, spending his fortnight with his mother who lived in a little gray house high up on the cliff—the only relative he had in the world.

HE was just a son of the people, without money or prospects; but he was brave and strong, and during the days that followed, he and Cynthia saw much of one another and fell in love.

He knew all about her—knew that she was the only daughter of a penniless peer who looked to her to make a great marriage and so retrieve the family fortunes; he knew that it would be considered presumption on his part to tell her the truth that had begun to torture him day and night, and at last she understood that no matter what happened he would never speak, and that when the time came they would just part and that she would never see him again.

And she told herself that it would all be for the best, and that she did not care, she was not suited to be a poor man's wife, that life would be unbearable.

And then the last day came. . . .

It rained, and the angry sea lashed the gray stone wall of the tiny promenade, and the wind blew savagely about them as they walked together for the last time.

And Cynthia's face was wet with tears as well as with the cold rain-drops, and her heart seemed to stop beating when suddenly the man beside her said:

"Our last walk, Lady Cynthia."

"Yes."

And although it was four years ago she could still recall the dreadful feeling of pain that had gripped her, so that for a moment she had been forced to stand still, and he had said again:

"You've given me something to remember. I may thank you for that at least."

She had tried to think of something to say in reply, but no words would come, and it was only as they turned to go home again, he to the gray house high up on the cliff where his mother was breaking her heart over the parting so near at hand, and she to the hotel where she was staying to recover from a recent illness, that she found her voice in a rush of passionate emotion:

"Oh, take care of yourself! Promise me that you will take care of yourself."

Then for the first time she had read the tragic admission in his eyes and heard it in his voice as he bade her good-by:

"And if we never meet again, God bless you for ever."

And then he was gone, and she went blindly into the house and up to her room, feeling stunned and dead.

there in the darkness waiting—till at last she heard a step and the drawing back of a latch, and the man himself stood there, his tall figure silhouetted against the dim light of a lamp burning behind him. And all the poor little excuses she had brought with her ready-made fluttered treacherously away, and she could only tremble when he spoke her name.

"Lady Cynthia . . . ?"

Then he put out his hand and drew her into the hall just as a sudden gust of wind through the open door caught the flickering flame of the lamp and extinguished it.

And he said again in a voice that betrayed the quick beating of his heart:

"Cynthia! What is it, Cynthia?"

She tried to recover herself, but could not. She swayed helplessly toward him, and through the friendly darkness he took her into his arms, and their lips met.

"I love you! I love you!"

"Don't leave me! Don't leave me! Take me with you!"

"If I only could!"

"I want to belong to you. It will be something to remember if—if you never come back."

"I shall come back, now I know you care."

"You would have gone away without telling me?"

"My beloved, what had I to offer you?"

"I want you—only you!"

She had gone away with him the next morning, and they had been married in London by special license with the glamour of war and the tragedy of parting all around them, and together they had snatched forty-eight hours of Paradise from a world that sometimes seems strangely reluctant to bestow happiness. And she had seen him off to France with a breaking heart and a bravely smiling face, and had gone back alone to join the pathetic band of martyred women who could only watch and wait.

And just three weeks later had come the end:

"Wounded and missing—believed killed. . . ."

And then nothing more for five agonized days till a letter in a strange handwriting came from France.

DEAR LADY CYNTHIA:

I am writing to send you the enclosed parcel which I found amongst poor Tempest's things addressed to you. His clothes and the rest of his effects have been forwarded to his mother. As you know, he was severely wounded on August the 29th, and afterwards reported missing. We have heard nothing more, and can only hope for the best. He was a fine chap and my greatest friend.

With deepest sympathy in a loss which I share,
Yours sincerely,
A. E. SHARPE.

The letter had been addressed to Lady Cynthia Ferriss; nobody had ever known that she was his wife. The little parcel had contained her few letters and her portrait, a lock of her hair and a dead rose she had worn on their wedding-day, and they were all that was left of her broken romance of which no one else had known.

Only four years ago! And now she was engaged to Ralph Allerton, a man who regarded her as he would have regarded anything else for which he had paid the high price of her father's debts, and a future assurance of comfort.

And an hour ago downstairs Mrs. Graham had said confidently in her quiet, assured voice: "There are no dead."

As Cynthia knelt there with the battered cigarette-case in her hand, her heart confirmed the words which her lips chose to deny.

"There are no dead!"

Where was he, then? she asked herself in anguish. Why had he left her? Why did he not come back when she wanted him so? Yesterday, when Ralph Allerton had kissed her unresponsive lips she could have shrieked aloud with the pain of remembrance. She had lain awake all night, her heart crying

Ghostly shadows all around the wall took shape and life—men in mud-stained uniforms.

Their ghostly faces seemed to wear mocking, terrible smiles

It was evening then, and she knew that his train left early in the morning—too early for her to hope that she might see him again; and she tried to put him from her thoughts, tried to pretend that she did not care. But after dinner that night she climbed the wind-blown footpath up the cliff, and stood outside the little gray house.

THERE was a light burning in one of the downstairs rooms, and once she fancied she saw his shadow on the blind, and presently she went into the garden and knocked at the door with a trembling hand. And the heart of all the world seemed to be throbbing in hers as she stood

out to him who had gone: "Come back . . . come back!"

She felt as if she were beating impotent hands against a wall which divided her from the man she loved—a wall none the less impassable because she did not altogether believe in its existence. . . . And yet an hour later when she stood before her mirror in the new wonderful gown, she felt as if she had been dreaming—a queer, tumbled dream from which she had gladly awakened again to life as it really was.

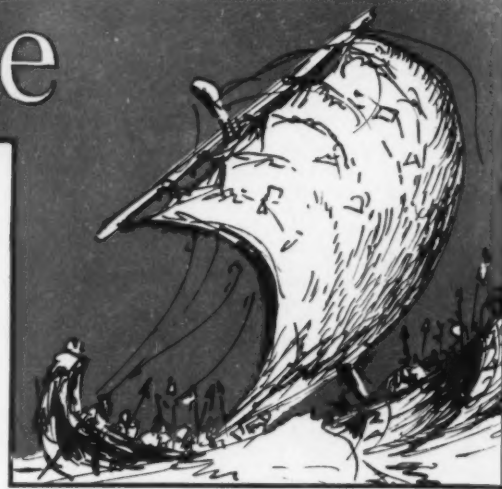
As she passed Pamela's door on her way downstairs, it was hurriedly opened, and a cold, trembling hand caught hers.

[Turn to page 34]

The Story of The Bible

by Hendrik
Willem
van Loon

THIS is the second instalment of the greatest magazine feature of many years—"The Story of the Bible"—by the famous author of "The Story of Mankind." By keeping the ten consecutive issues of McCall's in which this master-work is appearing, you will have for future reference the first great literary and historical Outline of the Bible ever published. This is a work that future generations will read and study—a work that will make history. It will not be published in book form until the final chapter has appeared in McCall's Magazine.



The Philistines land in Palestine



Abraham leaves Chaldea

ABRAHAM was a pioneer. He died many thousand years ago, but the story of his life reminds us of the brave men and women who conquered the plains and the mountains of our own west during the first half of the nineteenth century.

The family of Abraham came from the land of Ur, which was situated on the western bank of the river Euphrates.

They had all been shepherds ever since their great-grandfather Shem had left the ark. They had done well in this world, and Abraham himself was a rich farmer who owned thousands of sheep.

He employed more than three hundred men and boys to look after his flocks.

They were very loyal to their master and would give their lives for him at a moment's notice.

They formed a small private army and were of great use when Abraham had to fight for new pastures in the hostile land near the Mediterranean shore.

WHEN Abraham was seventy-five years old, he heard the voice of Jehovah, who bade him move away from his father's house and find a new home in Canaan, which was the old name for Palestine.

Abraham was glad to go. The Chaldeans, among whom he then lived, were forever at war with their neighbors, and this wise old Jew was a man of peace and saw little good in all this useless strife.

He ordered his tents to be taken down. His men rounded up his sheep. Then women packed the sleeping-rugs and put up food for the trip through the desert. And so began the first great emigration of the Jewish people.

Abraham was married. The name of his wife was Sarah. Unfortunately, she had no children. And so Abraham took Lot, his nephew, to be second-in-command of the expedition. Then he gave the sign for departure and followed a path which led him straight toward the setting sun.

His caravan did not enter the great Babylonian valley, but kept close to the outskirts of the desert of Arabia, where the soldiers of the ferocious Assyrian army could not find the Jews and steal their sheep and perhaps their women. Without mishap, they all reached the pastures of western Asia.

There they halted near the village of Shechem, where Abraham built an altar to Jehovah near an oak on a plain called Moreh. Afterward, he moved on toward Bethel, where he rested for a while to decide upon his future plans. For, alas, the land of Canaan was not as rich as he had expected!

When Abraham and Lot so suddenly appeared with all their flocks, the grass on the hillsides was soon eaten up. Then the shepherds of Abraham and Lot began to fight among each other to see who should get the best pastures, and soon the expedition threatened to end in a general riot.

This was entirely contrary to the nature of Abraham. He called his nephew into his tent and spoke to him and proposed that they divide the country and live in peace, as good relatives should always do.

Lot, too, was a sensible young man, and so he and his uncle came to terms without any difficulty.

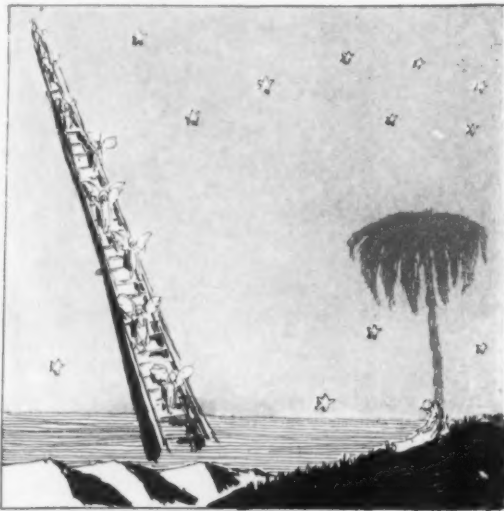
The nephew preferred to remain in the valley of the river Jordan, and Abraham took the rest of the country,

which is now generally called Palestine. He had spent the greater part of his life under the scorching sun of the desert.

No wonder that he hastened to find a place which should offer him the cool shade of mighty trees.

He pitched his tent among the oaks of Mamre, near the old city of Hebron, and there he built another altar, to show his gratitude that Jehovah had safely guided him into this happy new home.

But he was not allowed to live in peace very long. His nephew was already in trouble with his neighbors, and Abraham was forced to go to war to protect his family. The most dangerous of the native rulers was the mighty



Jacob's dream



Abraham sacrifices Isaac

king of Elam. He was so powerful that he could hold his own against the rulers of Assyria. Just then he was trying to levy tribute from the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. When they refused to pay, the king of Elam marched against them with his army.

UNFORTUNATELY, the fighting took place in the valley which Lot had occupied. Soldiers, when they get excited, do not always stop to ask questions. When they rounded up the men and women from Sodom and Gomorrah, to carry them away as prisoners, they also took Lot and his family. Abraham heard of this through a neighbor who had managed to run away. He called together all his shepherds. He himself rode at the head of his troop. In the middle of the night he reached the camp of the King of Elam. He attacked the sleepy Elamites at once, and set Lot and his family free.

Of course, this made him a great man in the eyes of the neighboring tribes. The King of Sodom, who had escaped the slaughter, came forward to meet him. He was accompanied by Melchizedek, who was King of Salem, or Jerusalem, a very ancient city in the land of Canaan, which had existed for hundreds of years.

Melchizedek and Abraham became fast friends, for they both recognized Jehovah as the ruler of all the world; but Abraham did not like the King of Sodom,

who worshiped strange heathenish gods, and when the King of Sodom offered Abraham the greater part of the booty which he had recaptured from the Elamites, he refused to take it. His hungry men had eaten a few of the sheep, but all the rest went back to the rightful owners in the city of Sodom.

Both the people of Sodom and those of Gomorrah had a very bad reputation in the western part of Asia.

They were lazy and indolent and they committed all sorts of wicked crimes. Often they had been warned that this could not go on forever. They merely laughed and continued to be a general nuisance to all their decent neighbors.

Now it happened one evening, when the red sun had disappeared behind the dark-blue mountain ridges, that Abraham was sitting in front of his tent. He was contented with life, for now at last the promise of Jehovah, made in the old days in the land of Ur, was about to come true. Abraham, who had never had a son, expected his wife Sarah to give him a baby.

He was thinking of this and of many other things, when three strangers came walking down the road. They were tired and dusty, and Abraham bade them enter and rest for a while. Sarah was called, and she hastily cooked some dinner, and afterward they all sat and talked underneath the tree where they had eaten.

When it grew late, the strangers said that they must be on their way. Abraham offered to show them the nearest road. Then he learned that they were going to Sodom and Gomorrah. Suddenly he realized that he had been host to Jehovah and two of His angels.

He could well imagine what their mission was, and forever loyal to his own people, he asked that mercy might be shown to Lot and to his wife and children.

THIS Jehovah promised. He went further than that. He promised that He would spare the two cities if He could find fifty or thirty or even ten decent people in either of them.

He does not seem to have been very successful. For late that evening, Lot received warning that he must at once take his family and bring them to safety, as both Sodom and Gomorrah were to be burned to ashes before morning. He was told to make all possible haste and that he must not waste his time by looking backward to see what was happening.

Lot obeyed. He awakened his wife and his children, and they walked all night, as fast as they could, that they might get to the village of Zoar before morning.

But ere they reached a place of safety, Lot had lost his wife. She was just a little bit too curious. The sky was red and she knew that all her neighbors were burning to death. She peeped just once. But Jehovah saw it. He changed the woman into a pillar of salt, and Lot was left a widower with two young daughters. One of these afterward became the mother of Moab, after whom the tribe of Moabites was called, and the name of the son of the other was Ben-ammi.

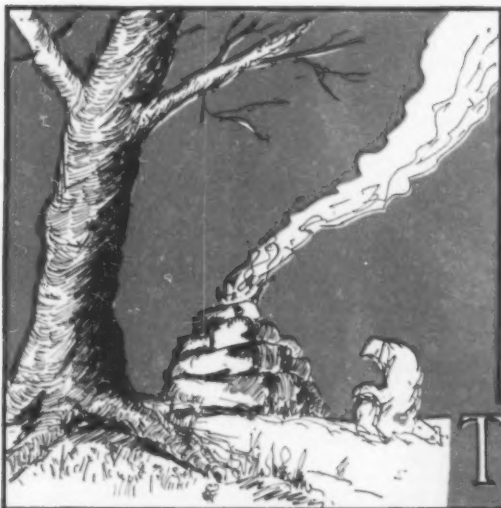
The sad experience of Lot had greatly depressed Abraham. He too decided to move away from his present whereabouts and farther away from the blackened ruins of the wicked cities and their vile memory. He left the forest and the plains of Mamre, and once more went westward until he almost reached the shores of the Mediterranean.

The region along the coast was inhabited by a race of men who had come from the distant island of Crete. As they were much better armed than the Canaanites, they had been able to conquer a narrow strip of land along the shore of the big sea.

[Turn to page 28]



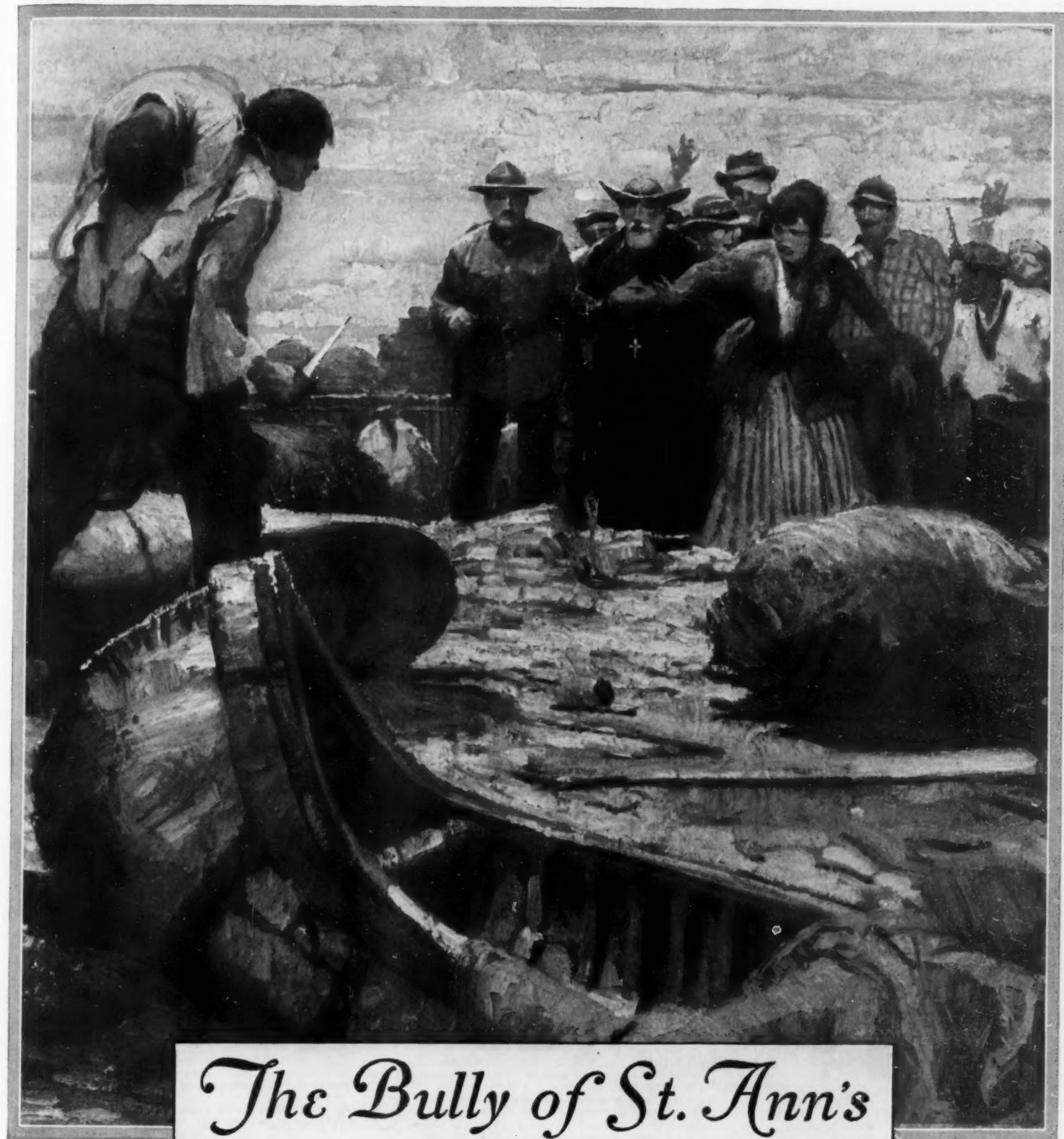
The Dead Sea



Abraham builds an altar

The Literary Masterpiece of the Year

The Author of "The One-Man Dog" Tells Another Epic of the Great North



The Bully of St. Ann's

By Vingie Roe

Illustrated by Frank Street

"I am ready to kill
ze man w'at make
one false move!"

A SLIM youth, his face sparkling with excitement, came running up to Father Tenau, as he sat musing on the long log step that edged his house of God beside the Qu'Appelle.

The good old man, so greatly loved by all in the lonesome reaches of the fur country, was looking down contentedly on the trading-post, nestled in its high stockade and stretching from his step to the great, time-worn gate which, standing open, hospitably bade all the world enter, or, closed, gave frowning defiance to its enemies.

But there had been no enemies for many a long year at Fort St. Ann, and the priest's mind was afar in spiritual fields of asphodel.

He looked in mild inquiry at the excited boy.

"Oh, Father, come quick! Artine Du Bois is come down the river in his canoe an' trouble come with him."

The boy watched him anxiously.

At mention of that name the priest's wits came back, and he rose and hastened after the lad through the gate, and together they hurried toward the crowd gathered on the shingly beach.

A canoe lay there, fine and slim and made with cunning

craft, that looked as if it had been shot from the water half its running length by a mighty and imperious hand.

Its duffel was still within—a rifle leaning in the bow, a bale of winter furs, the antlers of a moose.

And, where a group of youths had been idly gambling about a blanket spread on the pebbly stretch, its owner stood.

He was a splendid figure, tall, broad, thewed like an ox. His white teeth gleamed in his handsome face, and his black hair blew in the wind.

He was engaged in a riotous burlesque of greeting.

"Bien—Henri," he cried loudly, "how fine it is to see you!"

HE grasped the hands of one youth in a bone-breaking grip. The boy paled, but stood his ground.

"An' Pierre La Forge!"

Again Du Bois, his black eyes dancing, crushed a man's fingers in his cruel clasp.

It was his old trick, famed afar, wherever the tales of his strength were told.

"Also my ol' frien' Cosan"—and he reached once more.

But Cosan, being so addressed, merely laid his fingers on the bowl of his pipe, and, looking Du Bois straight in the eyes, shook his head.

The other sobered instantly, his laughter died as he stood for a moment undecided.

His black eyes seemed to grow darker.

SO," he said at last, coldly, "you refuse me welcome home, M'sieu? I, gone so long in the loneliness of the Qu'Appelle? Dat's fionny. Come, Cosan—I must teach you better manners."

He strode forward, but Cosan's hand slipped to the knife in his sash.

Already that trouble which the lad had prophesied was stirring in St. Ann's.

Father Tenau, that gentle pourer of oil on troubled waters, hurried forward, but another had arrived before him.

From the river's edge, where she had been idly casting stones to watch their circles on the quiet stream, a girl came running like a flash. The eyes that sparkled in her small face were black as Du Bois' own.

[Turn to page 43]

The One Hundred Dollar Bill

By Booth Tarkington

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

THE new one hundred dollar bill, clean and green, freshening the heart with the color of springtime, slid over the glass of the teller's counter and passed under his grille to a fat hand, dingy on the knuckles, but brightened by a flawed diamond.

This interesting hand was a part of one of those men who seem to have too much fattened muscle for their clothes: his shoulders distended his overcoat; his calves strained the sprightly checked cloth, a little soiled, of his trousers; his short neck bulged above the glossy collar. His hat, round and black as a pot and appropriately small, he wore slightly obliquely, while under its curled brim his small eyes twinkled surreptitiously between those upper and nether puffs of flesh that mark the too faithful practitioner of unhallowed gaieties. Such was the first individual owner of the new one hundred dollar bill, and he at once did what might have been expected of him.

Moving away from the teller's grille, he made a cylindrical packet of bills smaller in value—"ones" and "fives"—then placed round them, as a wrapper, the beautiful one hundred dollar bill, snapped a rubber band over it; and the desired inference was plain: a roll all of hundred dollar bills, inside as well as outside. Something more was plain, too: obviously the man's small head had a sportive plan in it, for the twinkle between his eye-puffs hinted of liquor in the offing and lively women impressed by a show of masterly riches. Here, in brief, was a man who meant to make a night of it; who would feast, dazzle, compel deference and be loved. For money gives power, and power is loved; no doubt he would be loved. He was happy, and went out of the bank believing that money is made for joy.

So little should we be certain of our happiness in this world. The splendid one hundred dollar bill was taken from him untimely, before nightfall that very evening. At the corner of two busy streets he parted with it to the law, though in a mood of excruciating reluctance and only after a cold-blooded threatening on the part of the lawyer. This latter walked away thoughtfully, with the one hundred dollar bill, not now quite so clean, in his pocket.

Collinson was the lawyer's name, and in years he was only twenty-eight, but already of the slightly harried appearance that marks the young husband who begins to suspect that the better part of his life was his bachelorhood. His dark, ready-made clothes, his twice soled shoes and his hair, which was too long for a neat and businesslike aspect, were symptoms of necessary economy; but he did not wear the eager look of a man who saves to "get on for himself." Collinson's look was that of an employed man who only deepens his rut with his pacing of it.

An employed man he was, indeed; a lawyer without much hope of ever seeing his name on the door or on the letters of the firm that employed him, and his most important work was the collection of small debts. This one hundred dollar bill now in his pocket was such a collection,

small to the firm and the client, though of a noble size to himself and the long-pursued debtor from whom he had just collected it.

The banks were closed; so was the office, for it was six o'clock, and Collinson was on his way home when by chance he encountered the debtor: there was nothing to do but to keep the bill overnight. This was no hardship, however, as he had a faint pleasure in the unfamiliar experience of walking home with such a thing in his pocket; and he felt a little important by proxy when he thought of it.

Upon the city the November evening had come down dark and moist. Lighted windows and street lamps appeared and disappeared in the altering thicknesses of fog, but at intervals, as Collinson walked on northward, he passed a small shop, or a cluster of shops, where the light was close to him and bright, and at one of these oases of illumination he lingered a moment, with a thought to buy a toy in the window for his three-year-old little girl. The toy was a gaily colored acrobatic monkey that willingly climbed up and down a string, and he knew that the "baby," as he and his wife still called their child, would scream with delight at the sight of it. He hesitated, staring into the window rather longingly, and wondering if he ought to make such a purchase. He had twelve dollars of his own in his pocket, but the toy was marked "35c," and he decided he could not afford it. So he sighed and went on, turning presently into a darker street.

WHEN he reached home, the baby was crying over some inward perplexity not to be explained; and his wife, pretty and a little frowzy, was as usual, and as he had expected. That is to say, he found her irritated by cooking, bored by the baby and puzzled by the dull life she led. Other women, it appeared, had happy and luxurious homes, and during the malnourished dinner she had prepared she mentioned many such women by name, laying particular stress upon the achievements of their husbands. Why should she ("alone," as she put it) lead the life she did in one room and a kitchenette, without even being able to afford to go to the movies more than once or twice a month? Mrs. Theodore Thompson's husband

GIVEN a one hundred dollar bill, a card game and a rather needy young married couple, what will happen? With such a typically American problem the dean of American authors has concerned himself in this, one of the strongest short stories it has ever been McCall's fortune to publish. You will find many of your own dilemmas and your own friends presented in this true-to-life novelette.

had bought a perfectly beautiful little sedan automobile; he gave his wife everything she wanted. Mrs. Will Gregory had merely mentioned that her old Hudson seal coat was wearing a little, and her husband had instantly said: "What'll a new one come to, girlie? Four or five hundred? Run and

get it!" Why were other women's husbands like that—and why, oh, why! was hers like this?

"My goodness!" he said. "You talk as if I had sedans and sealskin coats and theater tickets on me! Well, I haven't; that's all!"

"Then go out and get 'em!" she said fiercely. "Go out and get 'em!"

"What with?" he inquired. "I have twelve dollars in my pocket, and a balance of seventeen dollars at the bank; that's twenty-nine. I get twenty-five from the office day after tomorrow—Saturday; that

makes fifty-four; but we have to pay forty-five for rent on Monday; so that'll leave us nine dollars. Shall I buy you a sedan and a sealskin coat on Tuesday, out of the nine?"

MRS. COLLINSON began to weep a little. "The old, old story!" she said. "Six long, long years it's been going on now! I ask you how much you've got, and you say, 'nine dollars,' or 'seven dollars,' or 'four dollars,' and once it was sixty-five cents! Sixty-five cents; that's what we had to live on! Sixty-five cents!"

"Oh, hush!" he said wearily.

"Hush! you better hush a little yourself?" she retorted. "You come home with twelve dollars in your pocket and tell your wife to hush! That's nice! Why can't you do what decent men do?"

"What's that?"

"Why, give their wives something to live for. What do you give me, I'd like to know! Look at the clothes I wear, please!"

"Well, it's your own fault," he muttered.

"What did you say? Did you say it's my fault I wear clothes any woman I know wouldn't be seen in?"

"Yes, I did. If you hadn't made me get you that platinum ring—"

"What!" she cried, and flourished her hand at him across the table. "Look at it! It's platinum, yes; but look at the stone in it, about the size of a pinhead, so I'm ashamed to wear it when any of my friends see me! A hundred and sixteen dollars is what this magnificent ring cost you, and how long did I have to beg before I got even that little out of you? And it's the best thing I own and the only thing I ever did get out of you!"

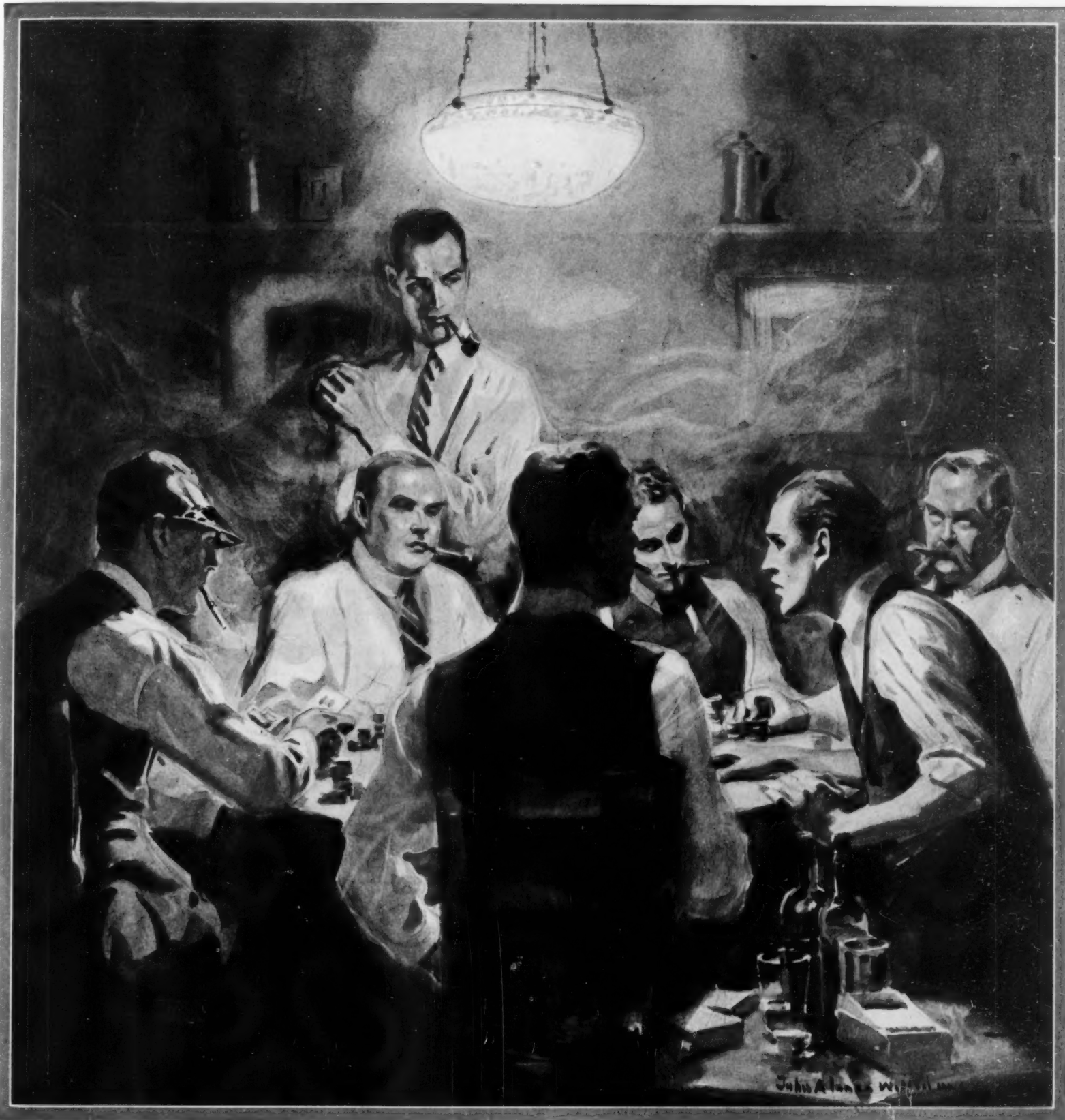
"Oh, Lordy!" he moaned.

"I wish you'd seen Charlie Loomis looking at this ring today," she said, with a desolate laugh. "He happened to notice it, and I saw him keep glancing at it, and I wish you'd seen Charlie Loomis's expression!"

Collinson's own expression became noticeable upon her introduction of this name; he stared at her gravely until he completed the mastication of one of the indigestibles she had set before him; then he put down his fork and said:

"Get out of my sight!" And he did, taking the one hundred dollar bill with him





He was as aware of his folly as if it stood upon a mountain top against the sun

"So you saw Charlie Loomis again today. Where?"
 "Oh, my!" she sighed. "Have we got to go over all that again?"
 "Over all what?"
 "Over all the fuss you made the last time I mentioned Charlie's name. I thought we settled it you were going to be a little more sensible about him."
 "Yes," Collinson returned. "I was going to be more sensible about him, because you were going to be more sensible about him. Wasn't that the agreement?"

SHE gave him a hard glance, tossed her head so that the curls of her bobbed hair fluttered prettily, and with satiric mimicry repeated his question. "Agreement! Wasn't that the agreement?" Oh, my, but you do make me tired, talking about 'agreements'! As if it was a crime my going to a vaudeville matinee with a man kind enough to notice that my husband never takes me anywhere!"
 "Did you go to a vaudeville with him today?"
 "No, I didn't!" she said. "I was talking about the time when you made such a fuss. I didn't go anywhere with him today."
 "I'm glad to hear it," Collinson said. "I wouldn't have stood for it."
 "Oh, you wouldn't?" she cried, and added a shrill laugh as further comment. "You 'wouldn't' have stood for it!"
 "Never mind," he returned doggedly. "We went over all that the last time, and you understand me: I'll have no more foolishness about Charlie Loomis."
 "How nice of you! He's a friend of yours; you go with him yourself; but your wife mustn't even look at him. Just because he happens to be the one man that amuses her a little. That's fine!"
 "Never mind," Collinson said again. "You say you saw him today. I want to know where."
 "Suppose I don't choose to tell you."

"You'd better tell me, I think."
 "Do you? I've got to answer for every minute of my day, have I?"
 "I want to know where you saw Charlie Loomis."
 She tossed her curls again, and laughed. "Isn't it funny!" she said. "Just because I like a man, he's the one person I can't have anything to do with! Just because he's kind and jolly and amusing and I like his jokes and his thoughtfulness toward a woman, when he's with her, I'm not to be allowed to see him at all! But my husband—oh, that's entirely different! He can go out with Charlie whenever he likes and have a good time, while I stay home and wash the dishes! Oh, it's a lovely life!"
 "Where did you see him today?"
 Instead of answering his question, she looked at him plaintively and allowed tears to shine along her lower eyelids. "Why do you treat me like this?" she asked in a feeble voice. "Why can't I have a man friend if I want to? I do like Charlie Loomis. I do like him—"
 "Yes! That's what I noticed!"
 "Well, but what's the good of always insulting me about him? He has time on his hands of afternoons, and so have I. Our janitor's wife is crazy about the baby and just adores to have me leave her in their flat—the longer the better. Why shouldn't I go to a matinee or a picture-show sometimes with Charlie? Why should I just have to sit around instead of going out and having a nice time, when he wants me to?"
 "I want to know where you saw him today!"
 Mrs. Collinson jumped up. "You make me sick!" she said, and began to clear away the dishes.
 "I want to know where—"
 "Oh, hush up!" she cried. "He came here to leave a note for you."
 "Oh," said her husband. "I beg your pardon. That's different."

"How sweet of you!"
 "Where's the note, please?"
 She took it from her pocket and tossed it to him. "So long as it's a note for you it's all right, of course," she said. "I wonder what you'd do if he'd written one to me!"
 "Never mind," said Collinson, and read the note.
 DEAR COLLIE: Dave and Smithie and Old Bill and Sammy Hoag and maybe Steinie and Sol are coming over to the shack about eight-thirty. Home brew and the old pastime. You know! Don't fail. CHARLIE.
 "You've read this of course," Collinson said. "The envelope wasn't sealed."
 "I have not," his wife returned, covering the prevarication with a cold dignity. "I'm not in the habit of reading other people's correspondence, thank you! I suppose you think I do so because you'd never hesitate to read any note I got; but I don't do everything you do, you see!"
 "Well, you can read it now," he said, and gave her the note.
 HER eyes swept the writing briefly, and she made a sound of wonderment, as if amazed to find herself so true a prophet. "And the words weren't more than out of my mouth! You can go and have a grand party right in his flat, while your wife stays home and gets the baby to bed and washes the dishes!"
 "I'm not going."
 "Oh, no!" she said mockingly. "I suppose not! I see you missing one of Charlie's stag parties!"
 "I'll miss this one."
 But it was not to Mrs. Collinson's purpose that he should miss the party; she wished him to be as intimate as possible with the debonair Charlie Loomis; and so, after carrying some dishes into the kitchenette in meditative silence, she reappeared with a changed manner. She went
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Is The Human Race A Group of World Here Give their Views

By Gabriel d'Annunzio

Poet, Dramatist and Novelist—
Greatest Living Writer of Italy

HOW does our age and civilization compare with other ages?

As a fat and wheezy, soft-fleshed and big-paunched glutton would compare with an athlete of ancient Greece or a young champion boxer. You know there are athletics of the soul as well as of the body. We can keep keen and clean, vigorous and quick, sensitive and fire-pure in spirit, if we wish. Then man becomes a minor god. He lives the life a poet only dreams. He becomes Ulysses, Jason, Columbus, Washington, Garibaldi, Guynemer.

But when a man sinks into the brute stupidity of fat he becomes an animal only. Well, a man can be an athlete by nature or because of some lucky necessity. The same man can relapse from athletic form for a time, and in a period of gluttony or dissipation, become a crawling, sluggish beast, with no emotion higher than the stomach.

In the same way a group of men, or a whole nation, and even a whole age may keep in athletic temper. It then becomes a golden civilization, producing a great race. Or a civilization may become like one of our newly rich vulgarians. Because there is no soul, the lusts of the stomach and a vulgar flesh become the dominant appetites of the age.

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A Symposium of
Brought Together

WHAT kind of civilization have we, that it so slowly recovers itself from the shock of war?

Is it one that will fail eventually, as the Roman and Greek cultures failed, because of some inherent flaw that will find it out in the stress and strain of living?

By James Harvey Robinson

Formerly Professor of History at Columbia University, and now at the New School for Social Research. Author of "The Development of Modern Europe," "Mind in the Making," etc.

THIS age of ours is certainly a most hazardous one. The world today is no longer the simple and fool-proof affair it was, say, in the days before the American Revolution. Then if a farmer wanted to run a drain, say, under the road, he just dug or blasted a ditch across, put down his pipes and put the road back on them, if he was, as modern as all that. But suppose with the mentality of a man of those days he tried to do the same

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on its Way Down Hill ? Famous Persons on This Question

Authorized Opinions

By Joseph Gollomb

OR IS ours a stronger age that will weather any storms and continue upward in the progress of evolution? This is the question McCall's put to some famous authorities, asking them to submit their answers as a contribution to the world-wide query of today—"Is the human race going down hill?"

By Dr. William McDougall

Professor of Psychology, Harvard University. Author of "Is America Safe for Democracy?"

A SURVEY of the existing and the vanished great nations of the world shows that there is a tendency in civilization to destroy itself, by destroying the human qualities which have produced it; a tendency well-nigh universal. It is a danger that is threatening all the leading nations of Europe, as well as America; though perhaps, owing to the peculiar economic and social conditions of America, the threat to her future is the most serious.

This is the argument: First comes the fact that human beings have not all the same inborn nature. Some inherit

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By Gene Stratton-Porter

Author of "Laddie," "A Girl of the Limberlost," "Freckles," etc., etc.

I CANNOT feel that ours is a degenerate age in civilization. So far as the Old World is concerned, this may be true in certain countries, but I cannot feel that it is true for the greater part. At least half the countries of Europe still have the location, the ambition, and the material with which to build higher than they have ever in their history gone before.

It is quite impossible that our nation should be deteriorating, since we are only about three hundred years of age and are just beginning to build up the greatest institutions for culture, for business, and for religious services that the world ever has known.

It is quite true that many nations are materialistic and cowardly in their greed, that they allow these elements to grow to sufficient proportions that they arise and threaten to topple civilization from its foundations; but not yet in the history of the world has such an effort succeeded. Through war, through financial panic, through materialism, ravaging as they may, in the end there always lifts the cross of Christ triumphant, the essential rightness at heart of the majority of people proved and re-proved.

It is quite true that the recent war was the bloodiest war known to history, and there was reason to feel that civilization had not advanced past the dark ages; but the fact is, that the war was so bloody because civilization had advanced so that it possessed fearful elements never before understood or handled in warfare.

It is true that we have accumulated wealth so rapidly from such wide sources and have spent it so wisely for the upbuilding of the nation, for the civilizing influences of schools, churches and homes, that we have become as a whole the best-educated nation of our age in the world, the wealthiest, and the leaders in mechanical discoveries and inventions.

Naturally, either over-sophistication or lack of it, coupled with wealth, does breed deterioration. But I cannot grant that we are so materialistic and so cowardly in our greed for wealth that the majority of the people have gone mad on the subject.

By Lincoln Steffens

Author of "The Shame of the Cities," "The Least of These," etc.

OUR civilization today, taking it as a whole, is degenerating precisely because it is achieving its ideal. Nothing fails like success—what we consider success. Our children chant in play what we have bred in their very bones, their notion of our individual destinies in life, "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief!" Our youngsters in play and our successful men at work express the ideal of the age—to become individually rich. You either succeed and become a rich man. Or you fail, in which case you become a poor man, beggar man or thief. And as extremes meet, it often happens that the man who is successful enough as a thief becomes a rich man, and therefore successful. It has even happened that such men have become thereby respectable.

As a matter of fact while most men are in the process of becoming rich, they create. They clear the wilderness, build roads; they quarry and mine; they till the soil, raise produce and stock; they manufacture necessities and grow cities. But just as soon as they have succeeded in accumulating money comes the question, what to do with it?

Then, when our successes reach their pinnacle, comes a decline that characterizes not only individuals, whole families,

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By Max Nordau

Author of "Degeneration" and "Conventional Lies of Our Civilization"

MY FINAL conclusion about our age and civilization is that the fruits they bear are discontent and pessimism. Malthus taught that man multiplies faster than the world's food supply and that some day starvation for the earth's population will come. I believe the same thing about man's desires. We measure a civilization by its ability to satisfy man's desires, don't we? Well, let us examine our civilization in that light. Let us take any of man's desires—say, his wish for speed in travel.

At first man was content with walking. Then he noticed that animals traveled faster than he did. Although he would have liked to go as fast as a deer, he had to content himself with a horse. For a time he thrilled at his new speed. But that did not last. He envied the speed of the bird. Steam came, and he harnessed it and thought he achieved wonders at sixty miles an hour. But no sooner was he accustomed to that than he began to strain for the speed and medium of the bird. Well, he flies now. Is he then content? Not at all. He now sees that compared to the speed at which light travels, he, man, only crawls. Will he

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"When Knighthood Was In Flower"

are the Thrilling Days "the

Modern Dumas" Tells of

in This, His New and

Greatest Romance

Fortane's Fool

By Rafael Sabatini

Author of "Scaramouche" and "Captain Blood"

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

Part III

SYLVIA leaned forward, and her hooded cloak of light silk having fallen back from head and shoulders revealed the white luster of her beauty. She was smiling slightly, a smile that curled her delicate lip and lent something hard and disdainful to eyes that naturally were soft and gentle—long-shaped, rather wistful eyes of a deep color that was something between blue and green.

"It was a most fortunate chance, Your Grace," she said almost tonelessly.

"Fortunate, indeed!" he fervently agreed with her, and, hat in hand, dabbed his brow with a fine handkerchief.

"Your Grace was very opportunely at hand!"

And now there was a world of mocking meaning in her tone.

"I thank God for't, and so may you, child," was the quick answer, ignoring the mockery which had not escaped him. But Miss Farquharson was none so disposed it seemed to the devout thanksgiving he advised.

"Is Your Grace often east of Temple Bar?" was her next rallying question.

"Are you?" quoth he, possibly for lack of better answer.

"So seldom that the coincidence transcends all that yourself or Mr. Dryden could have invented for one of your plays."

"Life is marvelously coincident," the duke reflected, conceiving obtuseness to be the proper wear for the innocence he pretended. "Coincidence is the salt that rescues existence from insipidity."

"So? And it was to rescue this that you rescued me; and so that you might have opportunity for rescuing me, no doubt yourself contrived the danger."

"I contrived the danger?" He was aghast. He did not at first understand. "I contrived the danger! Child!" It was a cry of mingled pain and indignation, and the indignation at least was not pretended. The contempt of her tone had cut him like a whip. It made him see that he was ridiculous in her eyes, and His Grace of Buckingham liked to be ridiculous perhaps less than most. "How can you think it of me?"

"Think it of you?" She was laughing. "I knew it, sir, the moment I saw you take the stage at the proper cue—at what you would call the dramatic moment. Enter hero, very gallant. O, sir, I am none so easily cozened. It was all poorly contrived!"

"I vow . . . I vow you're monstrously unjust," he contrived at last to stammer. "You ever have thought the worst of me. It all comes of that cursed supper party and the behavior of those drunken fools. Yet I have sworn to you that it was through no fault of mine, that my only satisfaction lay in your prompt departure from a scene with which I would not for all the world have offended you. Yet though I have sworn it, I doubt if you believe me."

"God!" he groaned aloud. "My Nan! My little Nan!"

"Does Your Grace wonder?" she asked him coolly.

He looked at her a moment with brooding, wicked eyes.

"I would to Heaven I had left you to those knaves that persecuted you."

She laughed outright. "I wonder what turn the comedy would have taken then, had you failed to answer to your cue. Perhaps

my persecutors would have been put to the necessity of rescuing me, themselves, lest they should incur your anger. That would have been diverting. O, but enough!" She put aside her laughter. "I thank Your Grace for the entertainment provided; and since it has proved unprofitable I trust Your Grace will not go to the pains of providing yet another of the same kind. O, sir, if you can take shame for anything, take shame for the dullness of your invention. It explains the tedium of your plays."

She turned from him to the chairman at her side.

"Take up, Nathaniel. Let us on, or I shall be late."

SHE was obeyed, and thus departed without so much as another glance for the gay Duke of Bucks, who, too crestfallen to attempt to detain her, stood hat in hand, white with anger, conscious above all that she had plucked from him a mask that left him an object of derision and showed his face to appear the face of a fool.

He ground his heel in a sudden spasm of rage, clapped on his hat and turned to depart, to regain his waiting coach. But suddenly his right arm was seized in a firm grip, and a voice in which quivered wonder, and something besides, assailed his ears.

"Sir! Sir!"

He swung round, and glared into the shaven, aquiline face and wonder-laden eyes of Colonel Holles, who had come up

behind the chair whilst the duke was in conversation with its occupant, and had gradually crept nearer. Amazed, the duke looked him over from head to toe. "What's this?" he rasped. "Do you presume to touch me, sirrah?"

The colonel, never flinching as another might have done under a tone that was as harsh and arrogant as a blow, before eyes that blazed upon him out of that white face, made answer simply: "I touched you once before, and you suffered it with a better grace. Then it was to serve you."

"Ha! And it will be to remind me of it that you touch me now," came the contemptuous answer.

Stricken by the brutality of the words, Holles crimsoned slowly under his tan. Then without answering he swung on his heel to depart. But there was in this, something so odd and so deliberately offensive to one accustomed to be treated ever with the deepest courtesy, that it was now the duke who caught him by the arm in a grip of sudden anger, arresting his departure. "Sir! A moment!" They were face to face again, and now the arrogance was entirely on the side of Holles. The duke's countenance reflected astonishment and some resentment.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked.

"I learnt it five minutes since."

"But I thought you said that you did me a service once."

"That was many years ago. And I did not then know your name. Your Grace has probably forgotten."

Because of the disdainful tone he took, he commanded the respect and attention of one who was a very master of disdain. Also the duke's curiosity was deeply stirred.

"Will you not assist my memory?" he invited.

THE colonel laughed a little grimly. Then, shaking the duke's still detaining grip without ceremony from his arm, he raised his hand, and holding back the light brown curls revealed his left ear and the long ruby that adorned it. Buckingham stared an instant, then leaned nearer to obtain a closer view. "How came you by that jewel?" he asked, his eyes scanning the soldier's face as he spoke. And out of his abiding sense of injury the colonel answered him:

"It was given me after Worcester as a keepsake by an empty fribble whose life I thought worth saving." Oddly enough there was no answering resentment from His Grace.

"So! It was you! Aye!" he added after a moment, and it sounded like a sigh. "The man had just such a nose and was of your inches. But in no other respect do you look like the Cromwellian who befriended me that night. You had no ringlets then. Your hair was cropped to a godly length, and . . . But you're the man. How odd to meet you again thus!" His Grace seemed suddenly bemused. "They cannot err!" he muttered, continuing to regard the colonel from under knitted brows, and his eyes were almost the eyes of a visionary. "I have been expecting you," he said. It was Holles' turn to be surprised, and out of his surprise he spoke: "Your Grace has been expecting me?"

"These many years. It was foretold me that we should meet again—aye, and that for a time our lives should run intertwined in their courses."

"Foretold?" ejaculated Holles. Instantly he bethought him of the superstitions which had made him cling to that jewel through every stress of fortune. "By whom?"

The question seemed to arouse the duke from the brooding into which he had fallen.

"Sir," he said, "we cannot stand talking here. And we have not met thus, after all these years, to part again without more." His manner resumed its normal arrogance. "If you have business, sir, it must wait upon my pleasure. Come!" He took the colonel by the arm, whilst over his shoulder he addressed his waiting lackeys in French, commanding two of them to follow. Holles, unresisting, curious, bewildered, a man walking in a dream, suffered himself to be led whither the other pleased, as a man leaves himself to drift upon the bosom of the stream of Destiny.

His Grace of Buckingham had not accompanied the Court in its flight to Salisbury. He was held fast in London, in the thralldom of his passion for Miss Farquharson. And that passion had prospered less than ever since his attempt to play the hero had ended in making him ridiculous. And now he was suddenly plunged into dismay by the news that Sir John Lawrence's orders had gone forth that all theaters and other places of assembly should close up the following Saturday, as a necessary measure against the plague. Now the closing of the theaters meant the withdrawal of the players from town. Either he must acknowledge defeat or act promptly. He had sent for the subtle Bates, and on Tuesday morning this excellent and resourceful servant reported that he had secured, as he had been requested, a spacious and fully equipped house in Knight Ryder Street.

"You're a trustworthy rogue! Bates, we are about to introduce a more serious note into our comedy with Miss Farquharson. We are about to carry the lady off this time. That is the purpose for which I require the house."

"Carry her off?" said Bates, his face grown suddenly very serious.

"That is what I require of you, my good Bates."

In the Days When Swords Were Quick to Avenge a Lady's Honor Lived the Fascinating Characters of "Fortune's Fool"

The Duke of Buckingham was the handsomest man in all England, and King Charles himself scarce dared refuse his slightest request. But His Grace with all his power and intriguing could not win the love of the proud Sylvia Farquharson, gifted and beautiful actress, the toast of all London, whose fate was singularly entangled with that of Randal Holles, handsome, swashbuckling knight. Randal set out to conquer the world and lay it at the feet of the sweetheart of his youth, lovely Nancy Sylvester, who year in, year out, awaited his return. Young Randal came at last to London to seek his father's friend, The Duke of Albemarle, risen to sudden power under the Stuart kings. Here he fell under the care of Mistress Quinn, the buxom keeper of the Paul's Head, who, filled with wrath because he repulsed her advances, accused him of treason against the reigning Stuarts. Stripped of fortune and friends, chance crossed his path with that of His Grace, the Duke of Buckingham.



Nan's sudden scream of fear and the clash of the two blades rang out in the same moment

"Of me?" Bates gasped. His face lengthened, and his wolfish mouth fell open. "Of me, Your Grace? Why it . . . it's a hanging matter!"

"Oh, damn your silliness. A hanging matter when I'm behind you?"

"That's what makes it so. They'll never venture to hang Your Grace. But they'll need a scapegoat, if there's trouble, and they'll hang your instruments to pacify the rabble's clamor for justice."

"Are ye quite mad?"

Bates fell silent; but there was obstinacy in every line of him. More calmly Buckingham continued:

"Listen, Bates. If we are ill served on the one hand by the pestilence, we are very well served on the other. To carry Miss Farquharson off while she is playing at the theater would be to have a hue-and-cry set up at once. But the Lord Mayor has ordered the closing of all theaters on Saturday, and it is on Saturday after the theater, therefore, that this thing must be done, when Miss Farquharson will no longer be missed and her disappearance give rise to no excitement—particularly at a time when this very fear of the plague is giving people enough to think about."

"And afterwards, Your Grace, when the lady makes complaint?"

Buckingham smiled. "Do ladies ever make complaints of this kind—afterwards? Besides, who will believe her tale that she went to this house of mine against her will? She is an actress, remember; not a princess."

"I am Your Grace's very dutiful servant, and God knows I'm not over-scrupulous on the score of my service. But . . . not this, Your Grace. Not this!"

"How long have you been in my service, Bates?"

"Five years this month, Your Grace."

"But you think the time has come when you may pick and choose the things in which you will serve me still. Bates, I think you have been in my service too long."

"Your Grace!"

"I may be mistaken. But I shall require proof before believing that you have not. Fortunately for you it lies within your power to afford me that proof. I advise you to do so."

He looked at Bates coldly, and Bates looked back at him in dread.

"Your Grace," he cried on a note of appeal, "there is no service I will not perform to prove my devotion. Command me to do anything, Your Grace—anything. But not . . . not this."

"Unfortunately this is the only service I desire of you at the moment."

Bates was reduced to despair. "I can't, Your Grace! I can't! It is a hanging matter, as Your Grace well knows."

"Then there is no more to be said."

A wave of the jeweled hand dismissed the scoundrel.

If he withdrew in discomfort, at least he left discomfort behind him. The duke's trump card had failed to win him the game, and he knew not where to find another agent for the enterprise which now obsessed him.

He sat alone in the somber book-lined room, a fool enshrined in wisdom and learning. Gloomily he brooded the matter, more and more exasperated by the defection of Bates, and the consideration that he was left thereby without a minister to assist him in the execution of his wishes.

He was disturbed at last by the appearance of a footman, who brought the announcement that a Colonel Holles was demanding insistently to see His Grace. Irritated, Buckingham commanded shortly: "Bring him in!"

Holles came, erect and soldierly of figure, still tolerably dressed, but very haggard now of countenance at the end of a weary day spent between Wapping and the Guildhall with the sense that he was being hunted.

"Your Grace will forgive, I trust, my importunities," he excused himself. "But the truth is that my need, which was urgent when I wrote you, has since grown desperate."

Buckingham considered him thoughtfully from under his bent brows without directly replying. He dismissed the waiting footman, and offered his visitor a chair.

"I received your letter," he said in his slow, pleasant voice. "From my silence you may have supposed that you had passed from my mind. That is not so. But you realize, I think, that you are not an easy man to help."

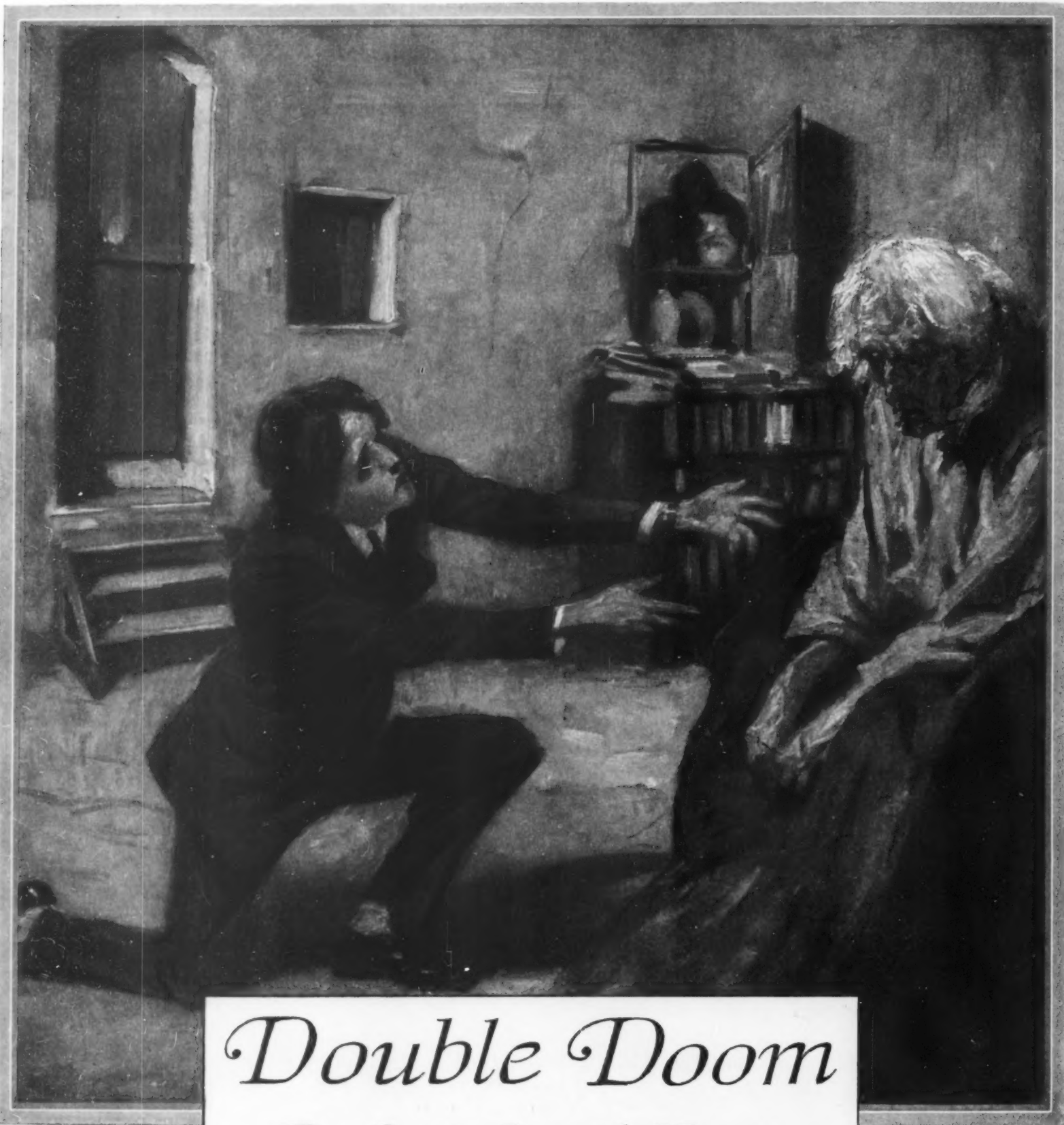
"Less than ever now," said Holles grimly.

"What's that?" There was a sudden unmistakable quickening of the duke's glance, almost as if he welcomed the news. Holles told him without preamble.

"And so Your Grace perceives," he ended, "that I am now not only in danger of starving, but of hanging. Seeing that my name is Randal Holles, and that a vindictive government would be glad of any pretext to stretch the neck of my father's son I may describe my state as desperate. I am a man moving in the shadow of the gallows."

"Our first care must be to deliver you from this. You must do at last what should have been done long since. You

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Double Doom

By Louis Joseph Vance

Author of "The Lone Wolf," "The Brass Bowl" and "The Coast of Cockaigne"

Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller

"Did you think to cheat Aniello Aniello?" In terror she sank upon her knees

Fourth Instalment

Overshadowed by the Old Superstition That, as Twins, Both Would Die in the Same Hour

FRANCESCA began a quiet recountal of adventures that seemed to Rodney as fantastic as anything in the Thousand and One Nights.

It was never related to the girl Francesca, when she grew old enough to know the confidence of her father, what happened to drive her uncle, Liborio, out of Italy, whether he sinned against the Society or the State till even the power of the Camorra could no more protect him, or whether he came to be considered a dangerous rival by the ring-leaders of the organization.

He had joined the Camorristi very young and had been known by them as a "coming man." Whatever it was, Liborio found it convenient and advisable to leave Naples between two sons. As a matter of course, Aniello went with him. There was a strong affection between the two brothers in those days.

They had a little money between them, enough to bring them to New York and set them up in a small way of business as second-hand dealers on the lower East Side. They prospered, and speedily grew out of these dingy and drab beginnings into their antique business of fair repute on Madison Avenue. But they did not outgrow the Camorra or outdistance its influence. In this world one does not do that, unless one

FRANCESCA and Angelo Barocco had grown to maturity—the one lovely and angelic, the other almost unbelievably corrupt.

Rodney Manship, who had become involved in the affairs of the family as Barocco's lawyer, incurred the enmity of Angelo when, upon the death of her father and uncle in a police raid on their antique shop, he sided with Francesca, whom he had grown to love, in her desire to avenge her father's death upon his betrayers.

Francesca, in pursuance of her determination to avenge her father's death, sailed for Europe. Rodney heard from her at rare intervals. Then one day, calling to see a client in the tenement section, he was set upon and beaten by rowdy followers of Angelo, and rescued by Francesca, masquerading as her brother. Francesca now prepares to tell Rodney of her experiences abroad and her own share in the events of the day.

seeks some spot where there are no Italians, at least none of Neapolitan blood or connections. Even so, one is never safe; the arm of the Camorra is long.

In America, indeed, the name Camorra was little used, the society was content to pass loosely as the "Black Hand."

Liborio in his new life, so far as Francesca knew, had been content to play a passive part as the supple servant of the Camorra. And it is probable that the business of Baroque Brothers profited heavily thereby, from its very beginnings. Francesca was only too well satisfied that, in its earlier phase, the firm had served the local Camorristi as a thieves' fence.

Though this was against the will of Aniello, he was wise enough not to remonstrate with Liborio outside the walls of their home. And if bitter quarrels grew out of Liborio's persistence in holding to his criminal course, this last was not one to betray to the Camorra the infidelity of his brother.

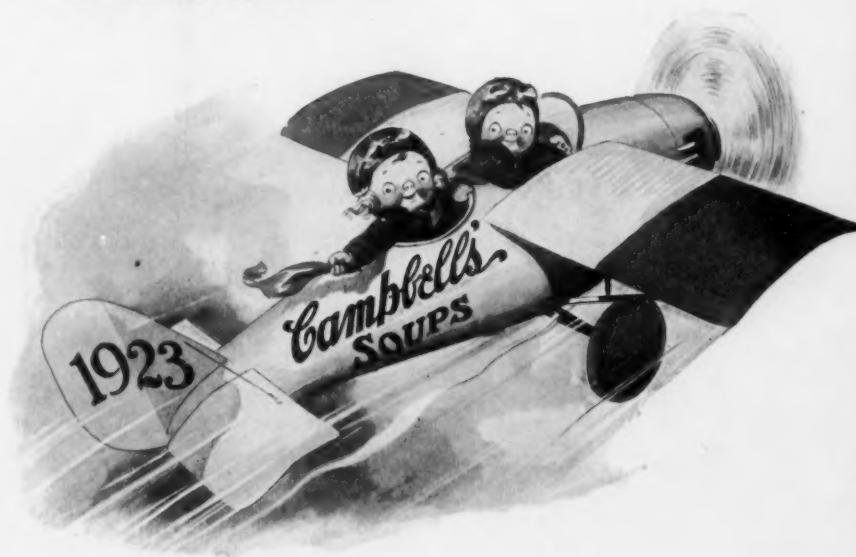
He knew what would happen should Aniello become suspect, and had no wish to prove that the ancient Italian superstition about twins dying in the same hour would hold good in an alien land.

The last bond of sympathy between the brothers was severed when they fell in love with the same woman. She chose Aniello; and though they continued to live under the same roof the old affection was gone forever, remained only that curious psychic rapport which made the twins ill at ease when separated.

By degrees Aniello retired from active participation in the management of the business, leaving everything to

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Then Francesca knew that very soon would she be required to drink from the silver goblet of the Camorristi with Angelo

Liborio, who withdrew more and more into the shop as into a shell, till he even slept there, on a makeshift bed behind a screen. But Francesca remembered how, if Aniello failed to visit the shop in the course of any morning or afternoon, Liborio would come moodily prowling through the house till he found his brother and made sure that all was well with him; whereupon, as a rule, he would return without exchanging a word with Aniello.

It was subsequent to her father's marriage, or Francesca was mistaken, that Liborio began to make the shop a general depot for the receipt and distribution of drugs smuggled from Italy by comrades in the Camorra.

ANGELO had long since betrayed the "baroque" cast. From childhood his temper had been ungovernable, its manifestations vicious. After his mother's death he began openly to seek and hold by evil associations; no one in the family had any influence over him, Aniello least of all. Francesca he respected in some measure, because she had the gift of reading his mind. He grew to hate the girl for that.

When at length his bias for the society of his kind brought him into contact with members of the American Camorra, and he discovered his uncle's complicity in its affairs, it was Francesca who divined the course of his thoughts and learned what he strove frantically to hide from her, that Angelo had offered himself to the Society as a novice, a *picciotto 'i sgarro*. To advance from this grade one must be guilty of some act of signal service to the Camorra, such as the murder of one of its enemies or one whom it has marked down for slaughter for a stipulated price.

When in the horror excited by her discovery, the girl cried out, threatening to denounce him to her father, Angelo, without hesitating, launched himself at her throat, intending her death.

Unquestionably, since he was armed and insane with rage, he would have consummated his purpose but for the intervention of Aniello and Rodney Manship.

"I knew then," Francesca said, "he would visit disaster upon us all. But not in what fashion . . .

"There were many besides Angelo who knew, many who, for all I know, hated my uncle and father and desired their ruin. As for Angelo, he knew they kept their money in one bank account, in my father's name. So when father drew his will, he willed not only his own property but everything Uncle Liborio had to leave—of course, with his approval. Therefore Angelo knew that Uncle Liborio must have consented to a will that practically disinherited him. He had other reasons for hating him, too. . . .

"But whether or not it should turn out that the traitor was my own brother, my vow bound me, I had to go on . . . to the end."

Her plans were all made when she determined to go to England, she knew what she intended to the final detail. "Do you remember, Rodney, that night at the Chatham, when you wanted me to fight the will, and I refused, giving as my reason that not to contest it would be to lull the enemy into a false sense of security? It was for the same reason that I went to England. I knew I'd be—perhaps not followed but—spied upon; and that, when it was reported I had opened up my house in London and settled down, apparently quite content, they—the enemy, whoever they are—would think I had given up and forgotten."

At last she went to Florence and from Florence to Naples. "I don't know what I should have done without Nella Farusi. She always knew just what ought to be done."

"You mean to say Madame Farusi approved—!"

"There'd be another story to tell if she hadn't, Rodney. You see, she herself was born in Naples, she lost a brother through the Camorra, she knows what it means and hates it as my father hated it—as I hate it!"

AND in Naples Madame Farusi it was who fared abroad and kept a clandestine rendezvous with the faithful Marcella, bringing back such information as was essential.

One evening Madame Farusi brought back word that all arrangements had been completed. At dark, Madame Farusi kissed Francesca and pressed upon her an automatic pistol. The girl dressed as a man went downstairs and im-

mediately left the hotel. Outside its doors she was set upon by a milling swarm of beggars, touts and self-styled guides.

A tall and brawny creature with an open countenance, the look of a genial animal and the swagger of a bravo continued without ceasing to offer himself as a guide; and in the tumultuous stream of his speech a certain phrase, not in itself noteworthy or out of character, recurred again and again. Francesca signed her acceptance of his services.

AT once he took charge of her and, turning on the rabble, assailed it with a furious gesture. Grasping Francesca's arm above the elbow, her guide hurried her around the first corner into a dark and narrow alley. Here he checked, made sure they were clear of eavesdroppers, and tersely inquired:

"The name, signor?"

"Barocco."

"Come, then. You are awaited. Let us not waste time."

As if it no longer mattered to him whether his charge followed or not, he swung on a heel and plunged away through the shadows. More than once Francesca had to break into a trot to catch up, but never once did her guide slacken pace or look back to see how she was standing it.

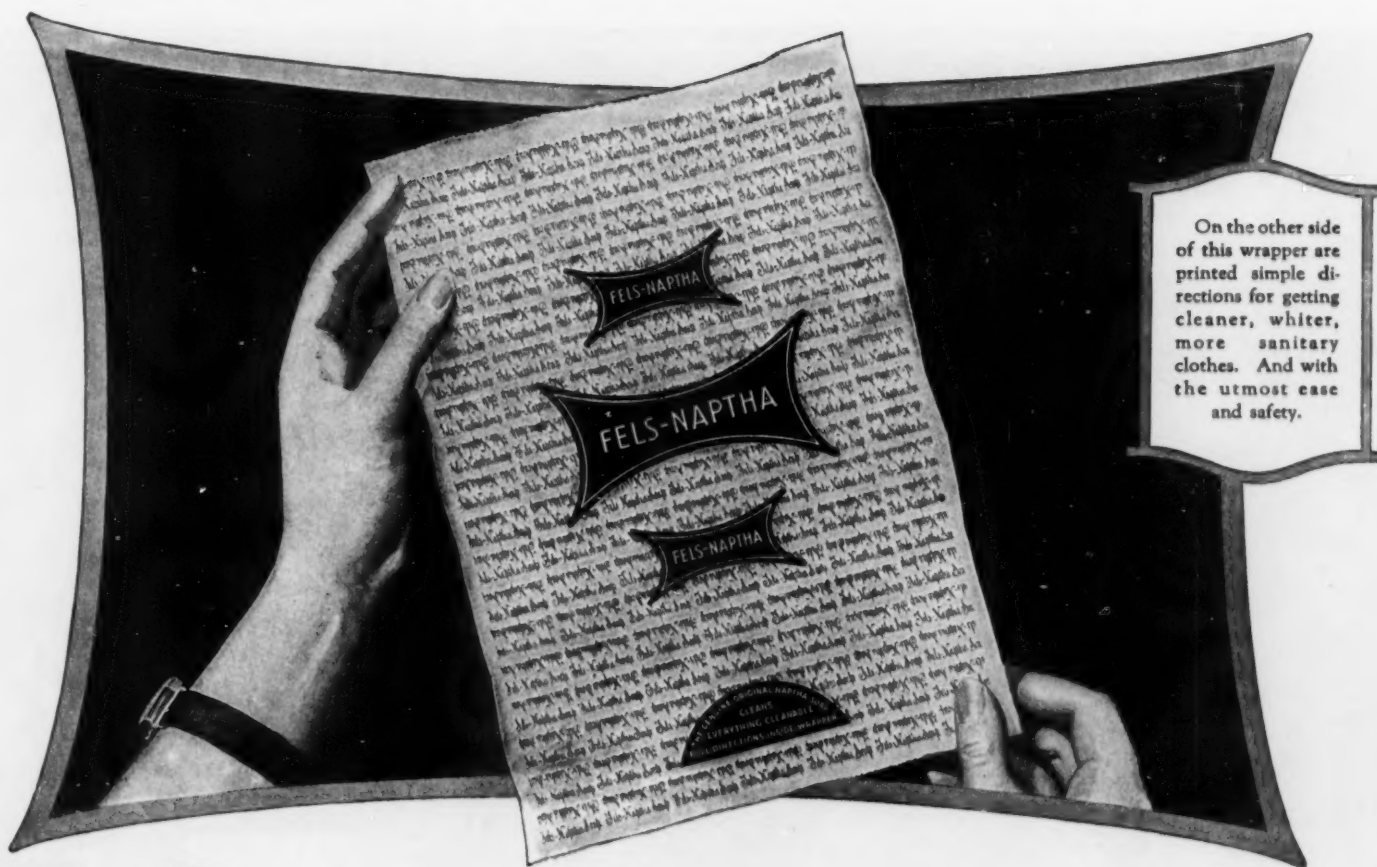
In less than two minutes the girl had lost all sense of direction.

Panting and stumbling, Francesca had begun almost to believe that this weird flight would never know an end, when her guide halted before a door at the end of a blind alley, knuckled it loudly, and sang in a full baritone a stave of popular song. There was a wait. He eyed Francesca with a smile of contempt.

"Blown, signor? A brave *picciotti* you'll make!"

She said nothing to this, and he held a grinning silence until the door swung noiselessly open, admitting them to the dark, still courtyard of a venerable palazzo, whose lightless windows stared down upon a silent fountain and flagged walks in whose cracks grass grew thick and long. With a sign bidding the girl to wait, her guide lost himself in the thick darkness of the gallery that ran round the court.

[Turn to page 40]



On the other side of this wrapper are printed simple directions for getting cleaner, whiter, more sanitary clothes. And with the utmost ease and safety.

Here's a health-insurance policy for you

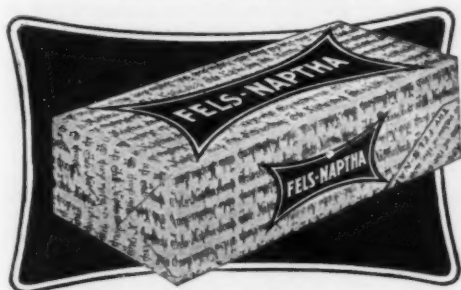


Real naphtha
You can tell
by the smell

The 10-Bar Carton

The convenient way to buy Fels-Naptha is in the ten-bar carton. Ten full-size bars, neatly packed. Directions inside each wrapper.

The original and genuine naphtha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper.



© 1922, Fels & Co.
Philadelphia

Fels-Naptha is a wonderfully efficient laundry soap. It washes clothes so completely clean there isn't the slightest attraction left for germs. Not mere cleanliness, but *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness!*

Those little dirt-patches where germs feed and breed may be invisible to the naked eye, but the real naphtha in Fels-Naptha finds and flushes them out. Its work done, the naphtha vanishes, leaving the clothes clean, sweet and sanitary.

Use Fels-Naptha for your finery, as well as for the heavier, dirtier pieces. Remember, it "washes everything washable; cleans everything cleanable." And the results are agreeably surprising!

Fels-Naptha is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naphtha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of splendid soap and real naphtha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Clothes are washed hygienically clean. That's why Fels-Naptha is "health insurance." Start using it today.

TEST Fels-Naptha's wonderful efficiency. Send 2¢ in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



Nothing Over Ten Cents

By Margaret Culkin Banning

Illustrated by William Fisher

*Spring came, then May,
a month of sun and
warming, and the
young Grays took
slow walks every
evening*

HOW Josie disliked them, these people who bought in the ten-cent store as a kind of affectation of wealth—these girls who played at economy by coming to the ten-cent store for their picnic supplies. She watched them coming in, carrying with them the very flavor of wealth. Josie could not see, but she guessed the motor was waiting outside for them. She had seen it before, its dark red length gliding almost noiselessly through the city streets. Or perhaps they had come down-town in Mary Bates' white roadster.

The three girls she watched were before her counter, piled high with picnic plates and paper napkins, rolls of oiled paper, tiny paper shells for salads at picnics de luxe, tin plates, tin spoons, tin forks.

Josie indifferently arranged a tipped pile of plates as she watched her customers. She had often been grateful for the fact that ten-cent store tenets did not demand the servile attention clerks had to give customers in some stores.

You simply had to take the money and wrap up the purchase.

Now she was doubly glad that she need pay no extra courtesies to these girls. She felt inimical as her eyes took in every detail of their clothes and their appearance. That black and white sweater of Eleanor Conniston's had been in Madame Therese's window. The hat, also smartly black and white, that perched above Eleanor's plump cheeks, had probably come from New York where the Connistons spent the winter. Mary Bates had on a green gingham dress that set off her dark, homely little face cleverly. The other girl was a stranger to Josie, and Josie's

hostile curiosity had taught her to know the debutantes and members of the younger set pretty well by sight. She could not place this pretty girl in white linen. Perhaps she was a visitor.

It was Eleanor Conniston who wanted to purchase. She must be buying picnic supplies for an army, thought Josie satirically.

The girls amused themselves with everything. They were in high spirits.

"How about these?" said Eleanor to her friends, holding up a paper napkin garlanded with red hearts.

"Shall we get these and announce your engagement, Harriet?"

"Use them for your own," said Harriet. "I shan't be needing them unless you bring up a winner tonight."

THEY went on, selecting here and there.

"It's really good quality," said Eleanor. "You see most of the stuff is made by Tennison. And I adore coming into this place. It always fascinates me with its great heaps of things lying about. And the utter indifference of the way they treat you, my dear!"

She added the last sentence in a slightly lower key; but Josie heard it and colored a little as she accentuated her pose.

"I like ten-cent stores," said Mary. "You see the maddest people."

"Will you take these, please?" said Eleanor to the girl behind the counter. "How much does it come to?"

To her horror Josie had to stop and figure, conscious of the amused looks on the other side of the counter. She

gave the amount and then pushed the package across to her customer, receiving a "thank you" as perfunctory as the "please" and yet as disturbingly courteous.

That was all there was to it. She saw them go down the aisle, stop in laughter before the jewelry counter and then go through the doorway from which the heavy glass door was held aside to give more air on the hot summer morning.

IN her imagination she could see the chauffeur swing open the door of the car, the flirt of silk stockings as the girls got into it, and their progress down the street, so wrapped in themselves, so unconscious of everything that did not contribute to their pleasure.

She was feeling a little hot, angry, sure of a day about to go wrong. Why did those girls always affect her that way? It wasn't any business of hers, she told herself sharply, to bother about them. She didn't have any right—she knew it.

Yet it was always happening. When she read about them in the paper she followed them in spirit.

When she saw them on the street, she always turned, her pretty eyes narrowed in jealous admiration.

It had begun when she was a little girl of ten and had gone with Grace to the Barloughs. One of the nursemaids was ill, and Grace, the housemaid, had offered to take her place and to bring her young sister to play with the little Barlough girl. Grace was Josie's sister and "working out." That was what their mother called it, without affectation, though Josie and Grace herself always grew angry at the

[Turn to page 30]



Is your skin exceptionally sensitive?

Is your skin especially hard to take care of?

Wind, dust, exposure: do they continually irritate and roughen it?

You can correct this extreme sensitiveness. By giving your skin the special treatment it needs, you can overcome its tendency to become painful, irritated, on the least occasion. Use this special treatment for a very sensitive skin:

EACH night before retiring, dip a soft wash-cloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Then make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Then rinse, first with warm, then with clear cool water, and dry carefully.

Modern authorities have discarded the old idea, formerly held by some people, that washing the face with soap was bad for a delicate skin.

Skin specialists now agree that many of the commoner skin troubles are caused by infection of the pores through dust in the air. Dr. Pusey, a leading authority, in his book on the care of the skin, declares that the layer of dirt and oil accumulated on the skin when soap is not used, is a constant invitation to various disorders.

Why the skin of your face is especially sensitive

It is a well known scientific fact that the

nerves which control the blood supply are more sensitive in the skin of your face than elsewhere—and that consequently the skin of your face is more liable to disturbances.

For this reason the soap which you use daily on your face should be of the best quality obtainable.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin now to give your skin the special care that will keep it normally resistant to dust and exposure; soft, smooth, and fine as you want it to be.

In the booklet around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap you will find special treatments for each different type of skin. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Send 25 cents for these special Woodbury preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a miniature set of the following Woodbury skin preparations:

- A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.
- A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream.
- A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream.
- A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder.
- With the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1501 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1501 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP





What is your degree of cleanliness?

THERE is the cleanliness that merely looks clean.

There is the cleanliness that *is* clean, according to ordinary standards.

Then there is the cleanliness that is antiseptically clean—the cleanliness of the hospital. It is this last and highest degree of cleanliness that brings to the discriminating woman a sense of real satisfaction.

This sort of cleanliness requires more than soap and water. It must be attained in the same way that the doctor achieves it—by the use of an effective antiseptic and disinfectant.

Genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant, originally prepared for use by the medical profession, is ideal for every purpose of personal hygiene.

Genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant, in proper solution with water, is not caustic and does not irritate, no matter how often it is used.

Manufactured only by LYSOL, Inc.
635 Greenwich Street, New York City

Lehn & Fink, Inc., New York, Sole Distributors

Genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant is put up only in brown glass bottles containing 3, 7, or 16 ounces. Each bottle is packed in a yellow carton. Insist on obtaining genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant.

Complete directions for use in every package



Lysol

Disinfectant

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

An ideal personal antiseptic



Keep Him Sturdy

Additional Feeding Schedules for Your Child

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D.

LAST month, in my article, "After The First Year," I gave feeding formulas for normal children of ages ranging from one to three years. This month I am outlining correct feeding for children from three to eleven years of age. These schedules are planned, of course, for children who are well, and not for the sub-normal child.

From the Third to the Fifth Year:
Three Meals Daily.

7:30 A. M. Three or four tablespoons cornmeal, oatmeal, wheat cereal, hominy, rice (all cooked four hours the day before in water) served with butter or milk, with or without sugar. One slice of bacon or soft-boiled or poached egg. Cereal may be given with either bacon or egg, or egg may be given alone with milk and slice of bread and butter. Glass of milk. Breadstuffs.

12:30 P. M. Steak, chop, minced chicken, baked or boiled halibut or codfish. Baked or mashed potato. Two tablespoons spinach, asparagus, string beans, peas, squash, white turnip, stewed carrots, stewed onions, mashed cauliflower. Desserts: Stewed or baked apple, stewed prunes, rice, bread or tapioca pudding. Gelatin pudding with lemon, orange or vanilla flavor. Stewed or raw peaches and cherries. All stewed fruits in season except strawberries. Breadstuffs.

Rest one and one-half hours after this meal.

4 P. M. Scraped apple, pear or grapes.
6 P. M. Three or four tablespoons farina or finely milled wheat cereal (cooked two hours in water) or one of above cereals served as directed. Instead of cereal, may have spaghetti. Glass of milk or four ounces of milk, four ounces of water and one teaspoon cocoa with sugar, or eight ounces chicken or mutton broth. Desserts: Custard, cornstarch or junket. Cream cheese or honey on bread or crackers. (Either milk, cocoa or soup may be given at night with the idea of variety.)

Breadstuffs: High-grade wheat or oatmeal biscuit. Whole-wheat bread. Plain bread. Zwieback. Toast. Holland rusk.

From the Fifth to the Seventh Year:
Three Meals Daily.

7:30 A. M. Three or four tablespoons cornmeal, oatmeal, wheat cereal, hominy, rice (all cooked four hours the day before in water) served with butter or milk, with or without sugar. Bacon, soft-boiled, scrambled or poached egg or minced chicken. Glass of milk. Breadstuffs. (The child will do best at this age if he is given more than a cereal-and-milk breakfast.)

12:30 P. M. Steak, chop, roast beef, roast lamb, chicken, baked or boiled halibut or codfish. Baked or mashed potato. Two tablespoons spinach, asparagus, string beans, peas, squash, white turnip, stewed carrots, stewed celery, stewed onions, mashed cauliflower. Desserts: Stewed or baked apple, prunes, rice, bread or tapioca pudding. Gelatin pudding with lemon, orange or vanilla flavor. Raw and stewed peaches and cherries. All stewed berries in season except strawberries. Breadstuffs.

Rest one and one-half hours after this meal.

4 P. M. Raw apple, pear, grapes or banana.

6 P. M. Three tablespoons farina or finely milled wheat cereal (cooked two hours in water) or one of above cereals served as directed. Glass of milk or four ounces milk, four ounces water and one teaspoon cocoa, or 8 ounces chicken or mutton broth. When broth is given, stewed fruit may be given as dessert. Instead of cereal, may have spaghetti. Desserts: Custard, cornstarch or junket. Cream cheese or honey on bread or crackers.

Breadstuffs: High-grade wheat or oatmeal biscuit. Whole wheat bread. Plain bread. Toast. Zwieback. Holland rusk.

From the Seventh to the Eleventh Year:
Three Meals Daily.

7:30 A. M. Cornmeal, oatmeal, wheat cereal, hominy, rice (all cooked four hours the day before in water) served with butter or milk, with or without sugar. Occasionally a dried cereal, shredded wheat, cornflakes, puffed rice, or puffed wheat. Bacon, soft-boiled, scrambled or poached egg or minced

chicken or boiled fish. Glass of milk. Breadstuffs.

12:30 P. M. Steak, chop, roast beef, roast lamb, chicken, baked or boiled halibut or codfish. Baked or mashed potato. Spinach, asparagus, string beans, peas, squash, white turnip, stewed carrots, stewed celery, stewed onions or mashed cauliflower. Raw celery and lettuce. No milk at this meal. Desserts: Stewed or baked apple, prunes, rice, bread or tapioca pudding. Gelatin pudding with lemon, orange or vanilla flavor. Raw and stewed peaches and cherries. All stewed berries in season except strawberries. Breadstuffs.

6 P. M. Farina or finely-milled wheat cereal (cooked two hours in water) or one of the above cereals served as directed. Glass of milk or cocoa. Chicken or mutton broth or dried pea or bean soup. When broth is given, stewed fruit to be given as dessert. Instead of cereal may have spaghetti or baked potato or green vegetable. Desserts: Custard, cornstarch or junket. Cream cheese or honey on bread or crackers.

Breadstuffs: High-grade wheat or oatmeal biscuit. Whole wheat bread. Plain bread. Toast. Zwieback. Holland rusk.

In the foregoing schedules I have indicated the feeding time and the foods which a child of a given age with assumed weight and vitality may safely be given. The foods suggested are permissible, but it is not to be understood that the child must take all of them or any one of them.

At a hotel or restaurant the guest is given a bill of fare from which to select a meal. If he has not sense enough to make a proper selection he becomes ill and he deserves it. There are children who cannot tolerate eggs; in such instances it will be foolhardy to attempt to force eggs. Other protein foods may be substituted.

ALL meats should be broiled or baked except chicken which may be boiled, if desired. Bacon should be fried crisp. All breadstuffs should be dried or toasted.

Iced milk or drinks of any kind are not to be used. Vegetables are often cooked very indifferently and have been the cause in my patients, of many upsets. Fresh, tender vegetables should be selected. They should be washed thoroughly and cooked in a small amount of water until they can be mashed with a fork. They should be put through a coarse sieve until the child is three years old. After this age it will not be necessary.

It is a bad practice for the mother or nurse to test the heat of the prepared food or its flavor by means of the baby's feeding spoon. If such procedures are necessary use some other utensil than that which is to be used for the baby. Sugar is to be used scantily as a flavoring medium in puddings and stewed fruits. It is wisest to use only milk on the cereals if the child will eat them without sugar. Many children soon become tired of cereals given without any flavoring, and take but small portions or none at all. When difficulties of this kind arise, a small amount of sugar is permissible, or maple sirup may be substituted occasionally.

A portion of a crushed ripe banana added to the despised breakfast food often makes it very attractive. The banana should not be used before the second year. Give big generous meals with nothing between except as indicated on the diet schedules and there will be few attacks of indigestion.

If a meal is refused, the child is to go to the next regular mealtime and not have something given in between.

The first meal of the day should be given early and always on time. The tardy breakfast, at 8:30 or 9 o'clock, is responsible for many cases of an habitually poor appetite. Hundreds of such children come to me every year.

Never give orange juice on an empty stomach before breakfast. There are few practices in feeding worse than this. It is as bad for the stomach of the child as is the present-day, eighteenth-amendment, enshrined-and-haloed gin cocktail damaging to the stomach and other internal organs of adults of the so-called better classes.

The kind of cream for a thorough cleansing

Just enough oil and not a drop more



Each night your skin needs a thorough cleansing. Always use the cream with just enough oil

NO skin can be always lovely unless it is kept really clean.

To have skin with that lovely transparency, that softness and smoothness that is the easy possession of well-groomed women, you must give it a thorough cleansing *every night* and after every unusual exposure to dust and dirt.

Ordinary washing is not enough. It cannot reach the fine particles of dirt that bore deep into the pores. If this dirt is allowed to remain your skin becomes dull looking—it loses its lovely transparency. For a thorough cleansing your face needs a cream; and its choice is all important because it must be especially made for this purpose.

Only a cream made with oil can reach the deepest dirt. There must be *just enough oil* to remove every particle of dirt—not a drop more because creams with too much oil overload the pores and make the skin greasy. It must not be stiff because stiff creams are difficult to work in, and when once in the pores have a tendency to remain and stretch them. The cream that meets all the re-

quirements for a thorough and beneficial cleansing is Pond's Cold Cream—made by a formula carefully worked out by expert chemists at the laboratories of the Pond's Extract Company.

Start using this cream tonight

Wash your face first, with warm water and pure soap. Dry it carefully, then smooth in Pond's Cold Cream. In a minute it works its way deep into your pores and out again bringing every bit of dirt and powder with it. Wipe it off on a soft towel or bit of cloth. The grime will astonish you and convince you how necessary to your skin such a thorough cleansing is.

The oil in this cream keeps your skin supple and elastic, helps it resist lines and wrinkles. The thorough cleansing has a tonic effect and your skin cannot get that dull look that is caused by dirt left deep in the pores.

For daytime uses your skin needs another cream—a very different one—Pond's Vanishing Cream. Read about it in the column to the right.

Both these creams are so delicate in texture they cannot clog the pores. Neither contains anything that can promote the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

The kind of cream to use as a foundation for powder

Because powder put directly on the skin does not go on smoothly and stay on, women who are especially careful of their appearance use a powder base.

A cream for such a purpose must contain no oil. Oil reappears in an ugly glisten that powder cannot hide.

Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream first, then powder. The powder goes on evenly and it clings for hours to the smooth velvety surface the cream gives your skin. There is not a drop of oil to reappear.

Based on an ingredient famous for its soothing effect, Pond's Vanishing Cream is a perfect protection against wind and cold. Never go out in winter until you have given your skin this protection. It holds the natural moisture in the skin and prevents it from becoming rough and dry and coarse. The cold chapping winds cannot harm you.

Absorbed instantly, this fragrant cream freshens your appearance at once. Always smooth it on when you want to look your best at a moment's notice.



If you have not used Pond's Vanishing Cream steadily, begin now in this exacting winter season when social requirements make you doubly anxious to appear your best and when your skin needs protection against the cold.

POND'S
Cold Cream *for cleansing*
Vanishing Cream *to hold the powder*

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.,
269 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Beauty and charm;
sparkling eyes; a
clear and radiant
skin, lustrous hair;
the flow of health
and vitality—all
personal loveliness is
dependent on splen-
did physical health
and bodily vigor



A body that is
rightly nourished,
cleansed and rested,
that functions with
full vigor, and that
repels disease, must
be possessed by all
who desire to stay
young and healthy,
to be beautiful

Beauty Rides With Spur and Whip

By Dr. E.V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds

School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

"THE RIDERS," Mary Carolyn Davies has named her little poem which begins:

"Life is on a swift horse,
Youth is on a fleet,
Beauty rides with spur and whip
And nothing stays."

Yes, they are fast riders, but especially Youth and Beauty.

And it is easy, by being careless and indifferent and thoughtless, to hurry them off too fast.

The worst of it is, there really is no hurry. They need not go. We can urge them to stay, and if we really mean it and show that we do, they will be glad to linger. We ought to make the effort, for no friends half so dear will ever come our way again.

The clatter of the hoofs is everyone's warning. It is a warning to that pink-skinned school girl, so bright-eyed, vivacious and charming. She is a wise young thing, this school-girl of today, and though she does not talk much about it, the chances are that she is no one's fool, and is far too clever not to learn how to take care of her chief asset with a view to making it last as long as possible.

It is a warning, likewise, to the girl and the young man between the ages of twenty and thirty.

At this time of life, most persons are enjoying better health than at any other time of their lives. They can eat almost anything at any time of the day or night without feeling any ill effects. They can do without sleep in order to indulge in social diversions, and recover so completely and so quickly from the worn-out condition in which they return home, that it appears to them there is no limitation to their vitality. They come to think such things do not hurt them. But just round the corner there awaits a shock. If the young man or woman under thirty does not live in accordance with the rules of good health and in such a way that youth, health and vitality may be preserved, the age of thirty-five will tell a different story.

In the third place, the warning is an especial appeal to the mothers of families. They must consider how to lay the foundations of future good health for their children, and how to maintain for the whole family a method of living which will help their children to grow into successful, healthy, happy, clear-eyed, lovable, sweet-tempered members of society, rather than to be dull, unattractive, stodgy, crabbed, irritable persons, who have anything but a good time out of life.

EVERYONE wants to be young, healthy, attractive. How sincerely does everyone want it?

Foremost in importance in maintaining these desirable personal qualities, are proper food, bodily cleanliness—both internal and external—and proper rest.

Beauty must come from the inside out. This means living according to the rules of health, eating a properly safe-guarded diet, and always making sure that there is a condition of internal cleanliness.

As we have talked to you, in previous articles, about diet, we shall discuss first, in the present article, "internal bathing."

To such a great extent does health depend on keeping the intestinal tract clean and active that some of the conditions which are all but universal today are of shocking significance. When poor elimination becomes chronic, the intestine then harbors putrefying matter and feeds into the blood stream unwholesome products of bacterial action derived from certain foods lodged in the intestine. This is usually the source of "bad breath." The unwholesome gases formed in the intestine come up into the mouth in some

degree, though in part they may be derived from the breath. Cathartics are not remedies for the trouble. They act because they irritate, and they work steady damage to the system.

The worst of it is that if this condition is not corrected before a person is thirty-five to forty years of age, there is little chance of curing it afterwards, and the way is surely paved for much ill-health in middle life. Then you will

ability answer the questions in the box on this page. But health and the fine glow of youth and good looks, depend, too, on what we eat.

Years and years ago someone said, "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are." That pungent little saying holds as much truth as it ever did, and is capable of better interpretation than before, because of the discoveries that have been made about the parts which various foods play in keeping us well and strong, sleek, good-looking, free from disease, efficient and young.

But do we in America understand the facts which have been discovered and do we apply that knowledge when we get it? Apparently we do not. It is well known that abnormalities of the joints, skeletal defects, all taken together, and bad teeth, were second in importance as causes for rejection of young men for military service during the Great War. It is safe to say that poor food was responsible for the majority of these cases of physical unfitness.

What is wrong with the typical American diet? Not so much what is eaten, but what is not eaten. Meat, bread, potatoes, sugar, and desserts consisting largely of starch and sugar all too often make up by far the greater part of our meals. All of these are good foods, but a diet composed wholly of them does not supply enough of certain mineral elements such as the bones are made of, it does not furnish enough bulk and many times it utterly fails to provide sufficient vitamins which we must get in our food in order to be at our best.

It is just this sort of diet which may be responsible for premature old age.

THE body cannot develop nor stay in right condition, without minerals, bulky foods, and vitamins. Deprived of these things, it will develop troubles slowly perhaps, but none the less surely. Resistance to disease will be broken down, there may be difficulties with the teeth, poor skin conditions and early signs of aging such as the development of wrinkles and "crow's feet." The hair may lose its luster, and begin to fall out, the hairs will probably be unequal in length, dry, and easily broken. The intestinal tract loses its digestive power to some degree, and it becomes inactive, a never-ending source of trouble.

It is easy to learn how to keep the diet on the safe side! It involves no learning of long and intricate "calory" tables, no great amount of work or effort. It consists merely, as we have explained in previous articles, in making sure that each person in the family has every day:

1. A quart of milk or its equivalent in such forms as cottage cheese, cheese, custards, cocoa, milk toast, creamed vegetables, ice cream, junket, etc.

2. Two salads every day—perhaps one for lunch or supper, and one for dinner—which will supply fresh, uncooked fruits or vegetables such as cabbage (as it is served in cole slaw or cabbage salad), watercress, lettuce, tomatoes, oranges, or other fruits and vegetables which can be served raw.

3. One liberal portion of some cooked green leafy vegetable such as spinach, kale, cabbage, beet tops, turnip tops or Brussels sprouts.

When these rules have been complied with, the appetite may with reasonable safety be allowed to dictate the rest of the menu. Or, in other words, see that the salads, the green vegetables, and the milk or dairy products are supplied and eaten without fail; then go ahead at will with the breads, cereals, potatoes and meat. One more warning is needed. We eat in America entirely too much sweet food. It is best to leave our consumption of sweets until the very last thing in the meal when we will not be inclined to eat too much.

FOR upwards of seven years, the laboratory under Dr. McCollum's direction at Johns Hopkins University has been producing invaluable contributions to medical science.

Through McCall's Magazine, Dr. McCollum now tells you directly of these great discoveries, so that you can apply the principles in your everyday living.

Internal Bathing, one of Dr. McCollum's discoveries, is a fundamental health-and-beauty treatment of vital importance.

This practice of internal bathing, tested by Dr. McCollum and several hundred of his pupils over a period of years, has proved to be a marvelous method of clearing the body of those waste materials, which when allowed to accumulate and decay, form the poisons that cause disease or premature old age.

A booklet describing the plan of internal bathing and giving in full Dr. McCollum's three rules of diet, accompanied by suggestive menus for two weeks, embodying his dietary principles, will be sent free to any reader of McCall's Magazine who will to the best of her ability write out the answers to the following questions, thus giving Dr. McCollum information he needs in order to help you, fully, in the future.

How large is your family? How many children are there? What are their ages?

What is the father's occupation?

Does the mother earn any money, or contribute in any other way to the financial support of the family?

About how much money do you estimate is spent for milk? How much for meat?

What cuts of meat do you buy?

What cereals are the general favorites in the family, and how often are they eaten?

Is it possible to serve many fresh vegetables? About how often? Which vegetables are used?

Is it necessary to depend on canned vegetables to any extent? Which ones are used? How often?

What is the usual family breakfast?

Do the children drink tea or coffee?

How much fresh fruit is eaten? How much canned fruit?

Have the children been weighed in school? If so, were they normal, under or overweight?

In general is there much illness in the family?

Are there any foods which any members of the family will not eat? If so, what are these foods?

Do your children have good teeth? How many cavities has each one had filled? Are there any unfilled cavities? If so, how many?

All replies will be considered confidential. Send them to Dr. McCollum, in care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for posting the copy of his leaflet to you.

hear such remarks as, "I can't do that any more. I have to admit I'm not so young as I was."

One method of attacking this universal trouble has been worked out in our own laboratory, and practiced for years by some hundreds of persons with most gratifying results. There has not been room on this page to go into detail regarding this method of treatment, but this plan of "internal bathing" has been written up separately and will be sent free on request to each person who will to the best of her



A distinctive way to bake Premium Ham

Cover the butt end of a Premium Ham with cold water, heat slowly and simmer gently, allowing 20 minutes for each pound. Then remove the rind and—here's the special touch—spread mustard over the ham fat and sprinkle generously with brown sugar. Stud the top with cloves and bake for an hour in a moderately hot oven.

This you'll find a most appetizing dish.

Premium Ham to start with. Ham that's care-

fully selected for fine texture and for tenderness. Ham that's given a special sweet mild cure, then smoked over hardwood fires with patient skill till the Premium fullness of flavor is secured. This ham with its layer of fat made spicy sweet by the mixture of mustard with sugar that caramelizes in the baking!

Can't you imagine it on a platter—how impatiently the family will await its serving?

Swift's Premium Ham and Bacon



Swift & Company
U. S. A.



Out of the wheat field
cometh strength

Wheatena~all wheat, nut-brown and sweet

The one supreme food of the world, for ages, has been WHEAT. And the one supreme *whole-wheat, all-wheat* food cereal of America, for over 43 years, has been WHEATENA.

Wheatena is the pride of the wheat harvest—the plumpest, finest grain that's grown. All the great body-building, health-giving elements of the wheat are there—roasted and toasted to give them *that delicious nut-brown flavor*.

Wheatena is a man's food—packed full of hearty, strength-sustaining nutriment that “stick to the ribs.” Children love Wheatena—never grow tired of it. And it supplies just the nourishment they require for strong, vigorous growth of bone and tissue.

Serve Wheatena for breakfast tomorrow. One package gives you 12 pounds of the most appetizing and wholesome food you can buy. You just stir it into slightly salted boiling water and boil for 3 minutes, or more. Nothing simpler.

In thousands of households, Wheatena is used regularly in many other delicious ways—for gems, muffins and desserts—for thickening soups—for breading chops, cutlets, oysters, etc. Once you have tried Wheatena, you'll never be without it.

Wheatena is on sale everywhere—at practically all grocers. Also served in hotels, restaurants and dining cars.

Write at once for a free sample package of Wheatena. Also for a book of recipes showing the many dainty and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served.

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenville, Rahway, New Jersey

FIRST THING IN THE MORNING SINCE 1879

Fortune's Fool

[Continued from page 15]

must go before the justices, and frankly state your case."

"But, Your Grace, they will not believe me!" His Grace paused in his pacing, and smiled a little slyly.

"If some person of eminence and authority were to answer for your good faith, they would hardly dare to doubt."

Holles stared, suddenly hopeful, and yet not daring to yield entirely to his hope.

"Your Grace does not mean that you . . . that you would do this for me?"

His Grace's smile grew broader, kinder. "But, of course, my friend. If I am to employ you, as I hope I shall, so much would be a necessary preliminary."

"Your Grace!" Holles bounded to his feet. "How to thank you?" His Grace waved him back again to his chair. "I will show you presently, my friend. There is a certain task I shall require of you."

"Your Grace should know that you have but to name it."

"Yet, you may find the task distasteful."

"I doubt it. God knows I'm not fastidious nowadays. But if I do, I will tell you so."

"Just so." The duke nodded. He drew up a chair, and sat down, facing Holles.

"Have you ever heard of Sylvia Farquharson?"

"Sylvia Farquharson?" the colonel echoed, musing. "I've heard the name. Oh! I have it. That was the lady in the sedan chair Your Grace rescued yonder in Paul's Yard on the day we met. A baggage of a play actress from the Duke's House, I think. But what has she to do with us?"

"Something I think—unless the stars are wrong. And the stars are never wrong. It is written in them—as I have already told you—that we were to meet again, you and I, and be jointly concerned in a fateful matter with one other. That other, my friend, is this same Sylvia Farquharson." He rose, casting off all reserve at last, and his pleasant voice was thickened by the stress of his emotions. "You behold in me a man exerting vast power for good and ill. There are in life few things, however great, that I desire without being able to command them. Sylvia Farquharson is one of those few things."

He paused. The colonel stared, a faint color stirred in his haggard cheeks. At last he spoke, in a voice that was cold and level.

"Your Grace has hardly said enough."

"Why, man, I want her carried off for me."

They sat conning each other in silence now, the colonel's face utterly blank, so that the duke looked in vain for some sign of how he might be taking this proposal. He proceeded to inform him of the well-equipped house in Knight Ryder Street, which he now desired Holles to take in his own name. Having taken it, he was to make the necessary arrangements to carry the girl thither on the evening of Saturday next, after the last performance at the Duke's House. The colonel listened in stony silence.

"Taking what men you need," the duke concluded, "it should be easy to waylay and capture her chair as it is being borne home."

The colonel's face was flushed. He heaved himself out of his chair.

"My God! Are you led by your vices like a blind man by his dog? Is this service for a gentleman?"

The duke stepped back before the sudden menace of that tone and mien. At once he wrapped himself in a mantle of arrogance.

"Perhaps not. But a man standing in the shadow of the gallows should not be over-fastidious."

The flush perished in the colonel's face; the haunting fear returned to his eyes.

"But this . . . this . . ." he faltered. "It is a task for bullies, for jackals! I'll go my ways, I think," he said heavily, and half-turned as if to depart.

His Grace's need, as you know, was very urgent. Unless he could make of Holles the tool that he required so sorely, where should he find another? He set a friendly hand upon the colonel's shoulder.

And whilst the duke now talked persuasively, tempting him with promises on the one hand and intimidating him with a picture of what must otherwise happen on the other, the colonel's own tormented mind was reconsidering.

Were his hands really so clean, his life so blameless that he must boggle at this villainess? And what was this villainess when all was said? A baggage of the theater, a trull of an actress, had played upon the duke that she might make the greater profit out of him in the end. The girl was an actress and therefore, it followed, wanton. If she were a lady of quality, a woman of virtue, the thing would be different. Then indeed to be a party to such an act were a wickedness unthinkable, a thing sooner than which he would, indeed, suffer

death. The act required of him was one proper to a hired bully. It was ignoble. But was hanging less ignoble? Was he to let them put a rope around his neck and the brand of the gallows on his name out of tenderness for a baggage of the theater whom he did not even know?

All his life he had been a fool, scrupulous in trifles, negligent in the greater things. And now upon the most trifling scruple of all he would fitly sacrifice his life. Abruptly he swung round and squarely faced the duke.

"Your Grace," he said hoarsely. "I am your man."

THE hour of seven was striking from St. Clement's Danes as Colonel Holles passed the back door of the playhouse and the untended chair that waited there for Miss Farquharson. Farther down the narrow street a couple of men were lounging who at a little distance might have been mistaken for the chairmen who had that evening carried the actress to the theater. They were, however, two of Buckingham's men trained carefully by Holles in the part.

Sauntering casually, Colonel Holles came up with them.

"Is all well?" he asked them. "The people have quitted the theater some ten minutes since."

"To your places, then. You know your tale if there are any questions." They nodded, and lounged along, eventually to lean against the theater wall in the neighborhood of the chair.

Holles took cover in a doorway, whence he could watch the scene of action, and there disposed himself to wait.

At last, at a little after half-past eight, Miss Farquharson made her appearance in the doorway.

Gathering her hooded cloak about her, she stepped into the sedan without a glance at the chairmen who had sprung to their places.

The chair swung along Fleet Street in the deepening dusk of that summer evening, and, this being the normal way it should have taken, there was so far nothing to alarm its occupant. But as its bearers were about to turn to the right, to plunge into the narrow alley leading down to Salisbury Court, a man suddenly emerged from that black gulf to check their progress. The man was Holles, who had gained the place ahead of them.

"Back!" he called to them, as he advanced. "You cannot pass. There is a riot down there about a plague-stricken house which has been broken open, and the pestilence is being scattered to the four winds. You cannot go this way."

The bearers halted. "What way, then?" the foremost inquired.

"Whither would you go?" Holles asked him.

"To Salisbury Court."

"Why, that is my way. You must go round by the Fleet Ditch, as I must. Come, follow me." The chair resumed its way in the altered direction. Miss Farquharson had leaned forward when it halted to hear what was said. She had observed no closed house in the alley upon coming that way some hours ago in daylight. But she saw no reason to doubt the warning on that account. She sat back again with a little sigh of weariness, and in silence suffered herself to be borne along.

But when they came to the Fleet Ditch, instead of turning to the right, her bearers kept straight on, following ever in the wake of that tall cloaked man who had offered to conduct them. She leaned forward and called to them that they were mistaking the way. They took no more heed of her than if they had been stone-deaf. She cried out to them more loudly and insistently. Still they took no notice. They were across the bridge and swinging away now to the right toward the river. When the chair suddenly turned to the left in the direction of Baynard's Castle, her bewilderment redoubled.

"Stop!" she called to them. "You are going the wrong way. Set down the chair at once. Set down, I say!"

They only quickened their pace, stumbling over the rough cobbles of the street in the darkness that pervaded it.

She attempted to rise, to force up the roof of the chair, to thrust open the apron in front of her. She realized that both had been fastened. She yielded to terror, and her screams for help awoke the silent echoes of the street.

When one of the chairmen, in obedience to an order from the colonel, pulled the apron open, she at once leapt up and out, and would have gone speeding thence, but that the other bearer caught her about her slender body, and held her firmly whilst his fellow wound around her head a long scarf which Holles had tossed him for the purpose. That done, they made fast her hands behind her with a handkerchief,

[Turn to page 45]



The charm of your Complexion depends upon the care you give it.

PRACTICALLY everyone has a reasonably good skin. Barring digestive disorders which cause skin eruptions and can easily be remedied by proper dieting, the real cause for so-called "bad" skin is just neglect. This is not a pretty thought but a plain statement of fact. If you stop to consider the millions of atoms of dust and dirt with which you are thrown in contact in your everyday life, you can begin to see that a good deal of it probably works its way into the pores of your skin. If this is not cleaned out thoroughly at least once a day, particle collects upon particle and the result is clogged pores and muddy skin.

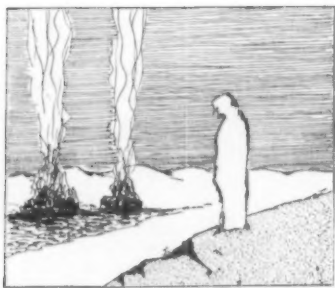
Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is the best skin cleanser you can use. It will remove the dirt from the pores and give them a chance to breathe, thus starting the blood circulating properly. A very simple treatment which applies to all skins is worked out as follows:

Just before retiring—this time is best because your facial muscles will be relaxed while you are sleeping—take a piece of cotton or soft gauze and squeeze it out in cold or tepid water. Dip this in your jar of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream and apply it liberally to the face, the neck, behind the ears, on the hands. Close your eyes and enjoy the delicious sense of relaxation. After a few minutes wipe away the cream with a clean soft towel or bit of gauze. Regular nightly treatment of this sort will make your skin as fresh and attractive as Nature ordained it to be.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is sold everywhere at Pre-War Prices. In Tubes, 10c, 25c and 50c. In Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c and \$1.50.

A FREE TRIAL—Write for a free tube of this perfect skin cleanser and complexion beautifier. Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 1332, D. & K. Building, New York.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind That Keeps"



Lot's wife is turned into a pillar of salt

The Egyptians had called these people Philistines, and they in turn called their own country Philistia, or as we now say, Palestine.

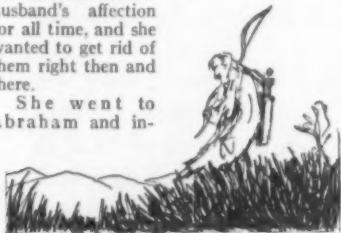
Abraham and his army of retainers marched bravely into the land of Philistia, and settled down near Beer-Sheba. There they built an altar to Jehovah. They dug a deep well that they might have fresh water at all hours, and they planted a grove that their children might enjoy the cool shade of the trees.

It was really a pleasant home, and here the son of Abraham and Sarah was born. His parents called him Isaac, which means "laughter," for surely it was happiness to have an heir when both the father and the mother had given up all hope.

When it seemed that there would be no descendants, Abraham had taken unto himself a second wife. This was according to the custom of the time and the country. The second wife of Abraham was not a Jewess. She was an Egyptian slave girl, named Hagar. Sarah, quite naturally, did not like her at all, and when Hagar had become the mother of a boy, who was called Ishmael, Sarah began to hate the other woman and tried to destroy her.

Sarah did not want another woman and another woman's child to share Abraham's love. She wanted to get rid of these dangerous rivals for her husband's affection for all time, and she wanted to get rid of them right then and there.

She went to Abraham and in-



Esau has lost his birthright

sisted that he send Hagar and Ishmael away. Abraham refused. After all, Ishmael was his own son and he loved the boy.

But Sarah was firm, and at last, Jehovah Himself told Abraham that he had better follow his wife's wishes. There was no use arguing.

One very sad morning, patient Abraham, for the sake of peace, bade farewell to the faithful slave-girl and to his child. He told Hagar to return to her own people. But it was a long and dangerous voyage from the land of the Philistines to Egypt. Before a week was over, Hagar and Ishmael had almost perished from thirst. They lost their way completely in the wilderness of Beer-Sheba and they would have died had not Jehovah rescued them at the last moment, and showed them where to find fresh water.

Eventually Hagar reached the banks of the Nile. She and Ishmael found a welcome home among their relations, and when the boy grew up, he became a soldier. As for his father, he never saw Ishmael again, and soon afterward, he almost lost his second son. That, however, came about in a very different way.

ABRAHAM, above all things, had always obeyed the will of Jehovah. He prided himself upon his righteousness and piety. Finally, Jehovah decided to try him once more, and this time, the result was almost fatal.

Suddenly Jehovah appeared before Abraham and told him to take Isaac into the mountains of Moriah, to kill him, and then burn his body as a sacrifice.

The old pioneer was faithful unto the last. He ordered two of his men to get ready for a short trip. He loaded wood on the back of his donkey. He took water and provisions and pushed into the desert. He had not told his wife what he was going to do. Jehovah had spoken. That was enough.

After three days, Abraham and Isaac, who had played happily by the roadside, reached Mount Moriah.

Then Abraham told his two servants to wait. He himself took Isaac by the hand and climbed to the top of the hill.

By now, Isaac was beginning to be curious. He had often seen his father make an offering. This time, however, something was different. He recognized the stone altar. He saw the wood. His father carried the long-bladed knife that was used to cut the throats of the sacrificial lambs. But where was the lamb? He asked his father.

"Jehovah will provide the lamb when the time comes," Abraham answered.

The Story of The Bible

[Continued from page 8]

Then he picked up his son and laid him upon the rough stone of the altar. Then he took his knife.

He pushed the head of Isaac back, that he might more easily cut the artery of the neck.

Then once more Jehovah spoke. He now knew that Abraham was the most loyal of all His followers, and He did not insist that the old man give further proof of his devotion. Isaac was lifted to his feet. A big black ram, which had been caught by his horns in a nearby bush, was taken and sacrificed in his stead.

Abraham seems to have taken a dislike to the country where he had experienced such unhappiness. He returned to the old plains of Mamre, where he had lived when he first had reached the west, and he built himself a new house.

Sarah was too old to stand the hardships of another trip. She died, and she was buried in the cave of Machpelah.

Then Abraham felt very lonely. He had lived an active life. He had traveled and he had worked and he had fought hard, and now he was tired and wanted to rest.

But the future of Isaac troubled him. The boy of course would marry. But all the girls of the neighborhood belonged to the tribe of the Canaanites, and Abraham did not want a daughter-in-law who would teach his grandchildren to worship strange gods, of whom he did not approve. He had heard that his brother Nahor, who had remained in the old country when Abraham had gone west, had raised quite a large family. He liked the idea of Isaac's marrying one of his cousins. It would keep the family together, and there would not be all this bother about foreign women.

And so Abraham called one of his oldest servants (who for many years had been the manager of his estate) and told him what to do.

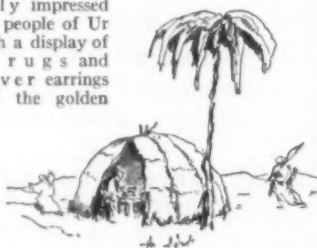
The servant took a dozen camels and loaded them heavily with gifts. For many days he traveled eastward, following the same route which Abraham had taken almost eight years before. When he reached the land of Ur, he went more slowly and tried to discover where the family of Nahor might be living.

ONE evening, when the heat of the day was giving way to the cool of the desert night, he found himself near the town of Haran. The women were just coming out of the city gate to fill their pitchers with water and prepare for supper.

The messenger made his camels kneel down. He was hot and tired and asked one of the girls to give him a drink. She said, "Yes, certainly," and was most cheerful about it, and when the man had had enough, she asked him to wait a moment, that she might give some water to his poor camels, and when he asked her whether she knew a place where he could spend the night, she told him that her father would be only too happy to put him up and feed his camels and let him rest until it was time to continue his voyage. All this seemed too good to be true. Here was the perfect image of the woman whom Abraham had described to his servant, and she was alive and young and beautiful.

One more question remained to be asked: Who was she?

Her name was Rebekah, and she was the daughter of Bethuel, the son of Nahor. The messenger knew that he had found the girl he was looking for. He went to Bethuel and explained his errand. He told the story of his master and of how Abraham was one of the richest and most powerful men of the country near the Mediterranean Sea. And when he had duly impressed the people of Ur with a display of the rugs and silver earrings and the golden



Jacob flees when Esau returns home

goblets which he had brought from Hebron, he asked that Rebekah might accompany him to become the wife of young Isaac.

Both the father and the brother were more than willing to make such an alliance. In those days, the girls were rarely consulted in such matters. But Bethuel was a reasonable man, who wanted his daughter to be happy, and he asked Rebekah whether she was willing to go to a foreign country and marry her cousin whom she had never seen. She answered, "I will go," and made ready to leave immediately.

Isaac married Rebekah, and very soon Abraham died and was buried by the side of his wife Sarah in the cave of Machpelah. Then Isaac and Rebekah inherited all the fields and the flocks and everything that had belonged to Abraham, and they were young and happy, and when evening came, they used to sit outside their tents and play with their boys, who were twins. The name of the elder was Esau, which meant the "hairy one" and the name of the younger was Jacob, and they were to have many strange adventures, as we shall now tell you.

Esau was a rough and honest young fellow, as brown as a bear. He had strong, hairy arms, and was as swift as a horse. He spent all his time out in the open, hunting and trapping and living with the beasts and the birds of the fields. Jacob, on the other hand, rarely strayed far away from home. He was his mother's darling, and Rebekah spoiled him badly.



Abraham and Lot reach the river Jordan

But facts were facts, even in those days, and Jacob had to content himself with the humble rôle of a younger son, while big, indifferent Esau was known far and wide as one of the most important men of the community.

The story of the plot between Rebekah and her son Jacob, and how mother and son finally tried to cheat the elder brother out of his inheritance—all this does not make pleasant reading. As it had great influence upon the rest of our chronicle, it must be told, although I would gladly spare you the details.

Esau, as we have just said, was a hunter and a farmer and a shepherd, who spent most of his time out in the open. Life to him was a simple affair of sunshine and wind and flocks of sheep—things that more or less took care of themselves. He was not interested in learned discussions. When he was hungry, he ate; when he was thirsty, he drank; when he was sleepy, he went to bed.

Jacob, on the other hand, sat forever at home and brooded. He was greedy. He wanted things. How could he get hold of what really belonged to his elder brother?

ONE day his chance came. Esau came home from a hunting-trip. He was as hungry as a wolf. Jacob was fussing around in the kitchen, making himself a fine stew of lentils.

"I am starving," Esau said. "Give me a plate of your lentils."

"What will you give me in return?" his mean brother asked.

"Anything," Esau answered, for just then he wanted to eat, and he found it very difficult to think of two things at the same time.

"Will you give me all your rights as the eldest son?"

"Certainly. What good are they to me when I must sit here and die of starvation? Let me have a plate of your stew, and keep all the old rights."

"You swear to it?"

"I will swear to anything! Give me some of those lentils."

Unfortunately, the Jews of those early days were very formal. Other people might have thought that such talk between young men amounted to no more than a jest—a hungry fellow who promised everything he had for a square meal.

A promise, however, in Jacob's eyes, was a promise.

He told his mother of what had happened. Esau had voluntarily and in consideration of a bowl of stew, surrendered his birthright. Now they must discover some way in which they could obtain Isaac's official consent, and then the contract would be formal.

The occasion offered itself very soon. Isaac was suffering from a complaint which is quite common among the people of the desert. He was losing his eyesight. He felt that he did not have much longer to live and wished to order his affairs that he might die in peace. And so he sent for Esau, his eldest son, and asked him to go out into the woods and shoot a deer and make a roast, such as he loved to eat. Then he would bless him and would bestow his goods upon him as was according to the law.

Esau said yes, he would do this. He fetched his trusted bow and arrows and left the house. But Rebekah had overheard the conversation and she now hurried to Jacob. "Quick!" she whispered. "The time has come. Your father is feeling very badly



Hagar's flight

today. He fears that he is going to die and wants to bless Esau before he goes to bed tonight. But I want you to disguise yourself and make the old man believe that you are Esau. Then he will give you everything he has, and that is what we both want."

Jacob did not like the idea. The plan seemed too risky. How could he, with his smooth skin and his high-pitched voice, pretend to be the hairy Esau? Rebekah, however, had thought it all out.

"It is simple," she told him. "I will show you."

She hastily killed two young goats and roasted the meat just as Esau used to do. Then she took the skins of the dead animals and tied them around the hands and arms of Jacob. She put an old, sweaty coat which belonged to Esau across Jacob's shoulders, and she bade him speak in a gruff tone and behave just as Esau did upon such occasions.

Isaac was completely deceived. He heard the familiar voice. He noticed the smell of the field which was forever in Esau's coat. He felt the strong, hairy arms of his eldest-born. And when he had eaten, he made the imposter kneel down and he blessed him and made him heir to all he possessed.

But as soon as Jacob had left his father's room, behold! Esau returned. Then there was a terrible scene. The blessing had been given, and Isaac could not go back on his word. He told Esau of his great love, but the evil had been done. Jacob was a thief. He had stolen everything that belonged to his elder brother.

As for Esau, he went storming about and vowed that he would kill Jacob as soon as he had a chance. This frightened Rebekah.



Rebekah's well

She told Jacob to flee and go east to the land where her brother Laban lived. And she told him he had better stay there until things had quieted down a little at home. Meanwhile, he might marry one of his cousins and settle down among his uncle's people.

Jacob, who was no hero, did what his mother told him.

But his bad conscience went with him, and he had to pass through several strange adventures before he dared to return home and face the brother he had so cruelly wronged.

He found the country of his uncle without much difficulty, but on the journey he had a strange dream. He had fallen asleep in the desert, near a place called Bethel. Suddenly, he said afterward, the sky had opened. He had seen a ladder which reached from the earth to the heavens. On the ladder were many of the angels of Jehovah. At the top of the ladder stood Jehovah Himself and Jehovah had spoken and had promised that He would be a friend to the fugitive and would help him during his exile.

Jehovah promised Jacob that he should be the head of a great and powerful family that should stretch across the country from north to south, and from east to west, and that the land upon which Jacob lay asleep should be given them for their own.

When Jacob woke up he remembered his dream, and he promised Jehovah that if He gave him all these good things he would serve Him forever. Jacob reached the land of Ur, and found his uncle willing to give him a home, but when he asked for the hand of his cousin Rachel, who was young and beautiful, Laban first made his nephew work for him for nothing for seven years, and then gave him his older daughter, Leah, whom Jacob did not like and did not want. But

[Turn to page 64]



The burial of Sarah



Would You Varnish Your Skin?

OF course you wouldn't, knowingly. But perhaps you're doing it just the same, unknowingly. What you call "cleanliness" may be something quite different. Without realizing it you may be clogging your pores with objectionable soap oils or solids just as effectively as if you actually varnished your skin.

Real cleanliness is a wonderfully simple thing. Yet so many people make it difficult, thinking that color and perfume are *always* evidence of soap quality. That is an old-world, old-time idea. The new idea—*American white cleanliness*—is fast replacing

it. The growing demand for Fairy, the *whitest soap in the world*, proves that.

Your skin must breathe. Your millions of pores must be free to perform their functions. And that demands a soap which will *cleanse* the pores without *clogging* them—a soap that will gently stimulate them without robbing them of their natural oils.

Such a soap should be thoroughly *pure*. It should also be free from harmful ingredients which may irritate the skin. Fairy Soap has that two-fold advantage. It is a soap made especially for

people who want to be *really* clean. It is soap in its purest form.

Fairy Soap makes absolute cleanliness easy. Its own clean appearance inspires your confidence. The rich, soothing lather it gives in any water is a revelation. It is *American white cleanliness* in whitest soap form, the choice of the foremost clubs, baths, and the thousands of homes where cleanliness is pore-deep instead of only-on-the-surface. Put it in your bathroom for the utmost in cleanly comfort.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

It Cleanses the Pores and Invigorates the Skin

COUNCIL ON ATHLETICS
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA
PHILADELPHIA
OFFICE OF THE GRADUATE MANAGER

The N. K. Fairbank Company,
65 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Fairy Soap is used in the dressing rooms and baths of the University of Pennsylvania. The men like it for its free lathering quality, as well as for the invigorating feeling which follows its use—especially after strenuous exercise. They find that it thoroughly cleanses the skin and aids the pores in their natural functions.

Yours very truly,
Ernest D. Lee
Acting Graduate Manager



FAIRY SOAP

HELPS THE BODY BREATHE



He never knew why

THEY met at a house party: she a charmingly demure young thing, that luminous blonde type so fascinating to most men; he an attractive, handsome young chap who already had achieved a very unusual start in business.

It looked like a new romance right from the start.

After the week-end they parted. Business took him out of town for several days. He could scarcely wait to get back.

The first thing he did on his return was to phone her from the station. He wanted to call.

She offered some excuse or other. It couldn't be arranged.

Again and again he phoned. Always something interfered.

He was persistent; but to no avail.

And he never knew why.

Some friend—some intimate friend—might have told him. It would have saved him endless hours of doubt and miserable speculation.

But somehow people don't speak of these things—even closest friends.

Of course, halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) is not a very pretty subject, yet why should it be allowed to stand in the way of some one's happiness?

Particularly, when a very simple precaution will correct such a condition.

Most cases of halitosis, fortunately, are only temporary, due to some local condition in the mouth. (When it is chronic, of course, a physician's advice should be sought.)

Listerine, the well-known antiseptic, used regularly as a mouth-wash and gargle, will usually defeat halitosis. It halts food fermentation and its remarkable deodorizing properties leave the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Fastidious people everywhere are making this use of Listerine a regular part of their daily toilet routine. It is a simple, scientific precaution that quickly puts an end to any misgivings you may have about your breath.

Any druggist will provide you with Listerine. And Listerine will put you on the safe and polite side.

—Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
Saint Louis, U. S. A.

For
HALITOSIS
use
LISTERINE



Nothing Over Ten Cents

[Continued from page 20]

phrase. Josie's mother had "worked out" herself, and the phrase came naturally.

The rather intricate machinery by which the three children, their father and mother and guests and servants were housed and fed, was well oiled both by efficiency and plenty of money. Mrs. Barlough was very kind to Josie, and realizing the detrimental effect on her own children if they should be allowed to presume on social differences at such an age, insisted that during Josie's stay she should be treated exactly like the other children. She had Grace alter some of Margaret's outgrown dresses for her, and in the simple frocks with their expensive touches of hand embroidery and the new hair ribbons—a present from Mrs. Barlough, too—Josie was no longer the waif of the flock.

Josie accepted life as it was during that halcyon summer, taking her status quite simply. But Grace resented her sister's intimacy with her employer's family. She had started to go with a young man named Ollie Burns, who was always affronted by having to call at the back door:

TWO months of privacy in the clean little cot bed at the Barloughs' had aroused all kinds of sensibilities in Josie. For two weeks, after Grace's employment in the Barlough family and her own visit had terminated simultaneously, she suffered. Then school began, the keenness of the Barlough episode lessened. She took her place again as Josie Jensen in the Garfield School, fifth grade.

Grace got a position in a match factory, went from there to a rug factory and then married her young man and set up house-keeping in a furnished room.

In the meantime Josie grew up. She went to work at the ten-cent store. She had been there for three years. She was now eighteen.

And all during the eight years, since she had spent those months at the Barloughs, always pricked by a repugnance to her surroundings and that stray glimpse of how more fortunate people lived, she had justified the accusation so often cast at her that she thought she was better than anybody else. Her starved desires and admiration had, under the suggestions of Ollie and Grace and the whinnies of her mother, become resentments and jealousies. Yet always, as if she had kinship with them, as if she were outlawed from a place to which she rightfully belonged, she followed the life of the group of personages in the city who owned the banks and shops and factories and around whom social life of consequence moved—the Barloughs and their friends.

SIX o'clock—dust covers on the counters now. The store emptied itself of customers. The girls settled their hats, flaunted their wisps and travesties of fashion before the flawed mirror in the employees' rest-room. Josie with the rest prepared for the street—a thin little wisp of working girl, common in everything except the undirected delicacy within her.

On the street-car she managed to get out of the crowd between the long side seats up to the narrower aisle between the rows of seats for two. A young man gave her his seat, and it embarrassed her. She was glad when the man on the inside of her seat left the car and the young man slipped into the seat beside her.

There was a sudden loud report, a flash from the motorman's compartment, and the street-car stopped, for a moment, with a jerk, throwing Josie violently against the young man at her side. Nature, having neglected this stray planting of hers for eighteen years, decided on a sudden that it was time to harvest. The young man and girl fell into conversation.

He worked in a printing- and engraving-shop, doing commercial advertisements, using a tiny talent for drawing in doing the odd work and small jobs that the experts and highly paid men could not bother with, borders on calendars which advertised somebody's brand of corned beef, and such things. To Josie, who had never met anyone who dealt even so remotely with drawing, he was an artist. He belonged to the more delicate spheres of life and labor. She liked his name—Leonard Gray—and to him she did a thing she never dared do to the others she knew—told him her name was Josephine Jensen. They talked together all the way home.

The next night he waited for her, and they rode home together again. And after that it became a habit. They were strangely alike in their little preferences, their sensitiveness. But gradually, as each other's company began to be so necessary, as Nature, impatient old soul, prodded them on, the time came when he kissed her, and Josie, full of queer painful throbbings, found the world satisfactory for the first time since she had left the Barloughs at ten years of age.

Eleanor Conniston announced her engagement to Mitchell Barlough about this

time and the city was interested throughout by that linking of millions.

The time came after several months when Josie represented the natural expansion of Leonard's life and he of hers. Finally, they announced to their families that they were to be married. Against everyone's advice they had taken two rooms and "use of bath" unfurnished and were, as Grace expressed it, going to "saddle themselves with debt." But Leonard's twenty-five dollars a week looked very large to Josie and she was not afraid.

And so they were married in early September. One day Josie looked her last at the glittering, colorful heaps of merchandise which she had been dealing out for three years and dropped her bonds.

They were married at the registry office, because that was one way to save money, and Josie had no desire for a wedding which must be shared with Grace and Ollie.

They had no wedding trip, but as it was Saturday and Leonard was free until Monday they had a day and a half together after they escaped from their relatives.

They rode home in the almost deserted street-car and found their two rooms already in readiness for them, for Josie had spent all her free time here for three days since their month's lease had begun. Josie was dumb with rapture. She turned on the light over the table, and they looked around at the furniture that was their own, sensed the peace and isolation and companionship that were theirs. Josie forgot all the things Grace had said and her heart swelled with joy at the possession of love. No one on earth could have anything finer than she had as she went into her husband's arms, and she knew it.

GRACE was absolutely right, and claimed so loudly, as she was bound to do. In the first place, of course, Josie had refused to take any of her advice and landed just where she deserved—having a baby right off the bat. In the second place Grace had always known that Leonard Gray had no get-up to him—and wasn't it proved by his incapacity to get a raise when he needed it so badly to take care of Josie and the baby that was coming?

In January, running sadly behind, they decided to give up one of their rooms. Josie declared that she could manage perfectly well in one and that they could rent the other again when they needed it.

It was her task to keep their lives comfortable and happy with a minimum of expenditure. She was god-driven by her own strange and limited gods. She had to keep the one room immaculate. If they must eat and sleep and live in one room, somehow it must be managed that that room was not a den of confusion, but bedroom, living-room and dining-room by turns. And so it was. But not without a vast expenditure of energy on her part. And Josie was not well. Never very well after those first two months.

They were in earnest and grappling life rather closely on this edge of parenthood which neither of them understood at all. With each new expense they seemed to slip backward a little financially. Nothing ever came in more than they anticipated, and money kept going out. They were trying now to anticipate Josie's confinement—two weeks at the hospital the doctor had said, and Josie was gathering together the things her baby would need to wear.

In Martin's one day she was looking at an array of bassinets.

"Just looking," she told the saleswoman, who promptly turned her back on her. Just then the elevator stopped and let out young Mrs. Barlough. It was early April, and she was swathed in furs; but even so dressed, the watchfulness of her mother, her own careful, slow walk and above all the look in her face revealed the new bond of kinship between her and the shabby young woman with a black coat and a tan wool scarf around her throat. Josie turned away and rang for the elevator. She could not bear to see that girl buying the things for her baby that Josie needed.

Outside, on the street, the ten-cent store sent a blaze of radiance across the sidewalk. In the garish window, crowded by other displays, was a collection of infant wearables, machine-knitted little jackets, small cotton blankets, tiny socks. They were what the sign declared, marvelous values at ten cents.

NOTHING IN THIS WINDOW OVER TEN CENTS
COMPLETE LAYETTES—MARVELOUS VALUES
BUY WHILE THEY LAST

Josie shuddered. She knew what she should do. She should go in and buy while they lasted. They were good values. Those little cotton blankets were bargains, and the ones at two dollars and a half in Martins, for all their gay borders of ribbon, would be no more useful. The baby jackets were coarse, but they were warm. And even as she realized all that, with her sense of values, she revolted from the

idea of buying those things for her baby. She didn't want her baby to be cheap. He wasn't to wear anything cheap. Yet—where was the money to come from?

The modest layette was eked out (as, of course, Josie had known that it must be) at the ten-cent store, and though Josie spent endless hours feather-stitching the little blankets to make them look "different," their sleaziness seemed to persist.

Spring came and raw weather during which Josie shivered interminably. Then came May, a month of sun and warming, and the young Grays took slow walks every evening and when it was warm enough sat on the park benches, and with Leonard's arm around her, Josie felt very content. Though as Grace used to say in derision—or possible jealousy—spooning was all very well but it didn't get you anywhere.

The day came when all the worry seemed to explode in a ball of burning fear and pain and then there succeeded marvelous peace. In one of the maternity wards at the big, splendidly endowed Green Hospital Josie lay for long hours with shut eyes, hardly conscious of the other women behind sheltering screens down the long room, conscious of very little for the first two days except Leonard when he came and sat triumphantly with her, bringing her a few street-corner daffodils, and of the nurse bringing her son to her now and then.

He was the type of baby who excites admiration even among hospital nurses, large, clear-skinned even in his earliest hours, handsome, overweight. The nurse on duty called him "teacher's pet" and told Josie all her son's fine points and pointed out the ways in which he excelled other babies.

On her fifth day, when the baby, according to her exact calculations, was three days and fifteen hours old, she was about to be settled for the night by the night nurse, who was full of excitement. The night nurse was talking with another private nurse, a friend of hers, and parts of their low-voiced conversation floated over to Josie in her bed. She caught the names. "Gaylor and Winman are both there . . ." "Husband about crazy. . . ." "Mrs. Conniston won't go home for a minute."

The night nurse came over to Josie as her friend hurried out.

"Has Mrs. Barlough's baby come?" "Sh," said the nurse, "we're not supposed to talk about cases, you know. But since you ask, yes," she went on in a low tone, "young Mrs. Barlough came in this afternoon—dreadfully sick, her nurse says—they have the specialist from Chicago; but it's an awfully bad case."

"But why?" asked Josie.

The nurse shook her head.

"Hard to tell. You can't tell. Might be any one of a dozen things. Now, you go to sleep, Mrs. Gray, and don't worry about anyone else. You just get strong to take care of that young man of yours."

Josie was obedient. But she found it impossible to sleep. She kept thinking of Eleanor Barlough, with her private room and her nurses and her specialist from Chicago—none of them able to help her, none of them able to keep her from going through—that—and perhaps dying—perhaps losing her baby. She thought of young Mitchell Barlough, "about crazy," the nurse had said—and of Leonard who had said his good night to her and gone home happily an hour ago. Values shifted, changed, swelled, shriveled. Strong forces of life swept a thousand petty accoutrements into the discard. There in the darkness Josie saw life and death, ranging their values. The sight burned into her mind, unforgettable. She did not want Eleanor Conniston to die. She didn't want that baby to be lost—that husband to suffer. Into her pillow she said a fierce little prayer for them.

In the morning she braved the nurse and asked her how Mrs. Barlough was. The nurse shook her head.

"Awfully sick. Yes, the baby's here, poor little fellow. He's had a hard time and he looks it."

Gossip penetrated about Mrs. Barlough. She was so conspicuous. The vast quantities of flowers which had come—though they were all sent to the wards, as Mrs. Barlough's nurse would have none of them in the room. A great bunch of American beauties which someone had sent to Eleanor Barlough and her tiny baby, who still hovered between life and death, stood in Josie's ward.

"For all their money, they can't nourish that baby properly. The baby needs nourishment and she can't take care of it. She's a wreck."

Mrs. Barlough's private nurse brought news to her friend who was in Josie's ward. They stood leaning against Josie's cot, discussing it.

The specialist had gone back to Chicago. Dr. Winman had the case now. He had

[Turn to page 70]



"Mother, you're looking younger every day!"

ONCE, such a remark would have been thought but affectionate flattery. Today, as the possibilities of intelligent care of the skin are becoming more generally realized, it is literally true that thousands upon thousands of women are growing younger in looks, and likewise in spirits.

The secret of restoring and retaining a youthful complexion lies chiefly in the faithful and well-directed use of the proper sorts of face creams. The constant employment of creams by actresses in removing make-up is largely responsible for the clearness and smoothness of their skins.

POMPEIAN Night Cream is made to promote skin health and cleanliness—the foundation of every beautiful complexion. It is a preparation so closely allied in its composition to the natural secretions of the skin that its use is simply an aid to nature, producing results by purely natural processes.

First, the beautiful skin must be clean, with a cleanliness more thorough than is attainable by mere soap-and-water washing. The pores must be cleansed to the same depth that they absorb.

This is one of the functions of Pompeian Night Cream. It penetrates sufficiently to reach the embedded dust. Its consistency causes it to mingle with the natural oil of the pores, and so to bring out all foreign matter easily and without irritation to the tissues.

The beautiful skin must be soft, with plastic muscles and good blood-circulation beneath. A dry, tight skin cannot have the coveted peachblow appearance; set muscles make furrows; poor circulation causes paleness and sallowness.

Pompeian Night Cream provides the necessary skin-softening medium to skins that lack the normal degree of oil saturation. Gentle massaging with it

flexes the facial muscles, stimulates the blood circulation and tones up all the facial tissues.

Upon retiring, first use Pompeian Night Cream as a cleanser, freeing the pores of all the day's accumulated dust and dirt. Then apply the cream as a skin food, leaving it on over night.

The faithful following of this simple treatment works wonders in the skin—removing roughness, redness, and blackheads, and warding off wrinkles, flabbiness and sallowness. It is the most approved treatment for restoring and retaining a youthful complexion.

POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM	50c per jar
POMPEIAN DAY CREAM (vanishing)	60c per jar
POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER	60c per box
POMPEIAN BLOOM (the rouge)	60c per box

At all Toilet Counters

The MARY PICKFORD Panel and five Pompeian samples sent to you for 10 cents

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this panel. Size 2 1/2 x 7 1/2. For 10 cents we will send you all of these:

1. The 1923 Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50c to 75c in an art store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
3. Sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder.
4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.
6. Sample of Pompeian Fragrance (a talc).



© 1923, The Pompeian Co.

Pompeian Night Cream

Cleansing and Skin-Nourishing

The Art of Powdering

By MME. JEANNETTE

As a rule, women give too little thought to the way they use powder. Perhaps one reason is that for so many years powder has been a necessary part of the toilette among practically all classes of women. Long before the present wide use of rouge and lip stick, it had become almost a mechanical habit to "dab" a little powder on the face.

This is why we often see such odd effects; at times, purplish or dead-white noses, or a broad band of white crossing the chin and half way up the cheeks. Pure carelessness can be the only reason for this grotesque mockery of nature's loveliest gift—a beautiful complexion.

Powdering correctly is so simple if you will just use a little thought.

Be sure to select a shade of face powder that will tone in with your own coloring. Many a lovely face has been very nearly spoiled by flesh-colored powder on an olive skin, or the rachel shade used by a delicately tinted blonde.

Powder should be placed first upon the portions of the face that are normally whitest—brow, chin and nose—then a delicate coating brushed over the whole face. And above all be sure that you *do* powder your face all over. It is impossible to emphasize this too strongly, for one of the greatest crimes against appearance is that the work of powdering is so often left unfinished.

A woman is too apt to forget that, when her face is freshly washed, the skin on her temples and under her chin is the same color; and never by any possible chance does nature make the mistake of having the one several shades lighter or of a different texture than the other.

So be sure that these often-neglected outside edges are given the same attention that you give to nose and chin. Nature always blends, and it is by powdering correctly that you can best get this desired effect.

It is always wise to cover the face with a delicate coating of Pompeian Day Cream before powdering. This is a vanishing cream and should be spread on very softly with the tips of the fingers. The powder will go on much more smoothly and will remain far longer with this cream as a foundation.

When you have that uncomfortable feeling that you need more powder, and there is perhaps no mirror near, always pass your handkerchief over your nose first. The pores of the nose are so constituted that there is usually more moisture there than on any other part of the face. This means that powder becomes damp and may cake, so it is wiser to remove what may be left of the first layer before using more.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is absolutely pure, and harmless to any skin. It is smooth, fine in texture, will not flake, and stays on unusually long.

Jeannette
Specialiste de Beauté

USE THIS COUPON

For Mary Pickford Panel and five free samples

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2005 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford, and the five samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Flesh shade powder sent unless you write another below



O-Cedar WAX

*The New Member of the
O-Cedar Family*

IF you have been using other furniture and floor wax—put O-Cedar Wax to every test and judge by the results.

Please pay particular attention to these

7 Points of Superiority

- (1) O-Cedar Wax is free from excess grease. This means no rubbing off or the soiling of clothes from furniture where O-Cedar Wax has been used.
- (2) Freedom from grit. This means no scratching of fine furniture or woodwork.
- (3) Easier to use. O-Cedar Wax requires less rubbing to produce a high, lasting lustre.
- (4) A clean and pleasing odor—the odor of O-Cedar.
- (5) A more convenient container. The wide opening of the container permits a more even distribution of O-Cedar Wax on the polishing cloth.
- (6) O-Cedar Wax is lower in price than other fine waxes.
- (7) The regular O-Cedar guarantee of satisfaction covers O-Cedar Wax.

50c to \$2.50 Sizes
At All Dealers Everywhere

THE first mission of the O-Cedar Polish Mop is to clean and dust.

It collects and holds the dust from every nook and corner.

It saves getting down on the hands and knees to dust the floor.

Then as it cleans and dusts it imparts a high, dry, lasting polish. It beautifies.

All of these things at one time.

O-Cedar Mop

\$1 and \$1.50 Sizes
(\$1.25 and \$2.00 in Canada)

Sold on Trial

Every O-Cedar Mop is sold under a positive guarantee to give absolute satisfaction, or your money refunded without a question.

All Dealers—Everywhere



O-Cedar Polish

FURNITURE and woodwork take on new beauty when cleaned, dusted and polished with O-Cedar Polish.

All dust, grime, grease and finger marks are removed.

Then a high, dry, lasting lustre is imparted.

All of this without hard rubbing.

If you will add a few drops of O-Cedar to your dusting cloth as you use it daily the O-Cedar lustre will last for months.

30c to \$3.00 Sizes

The O-Cedar Guarantee

Your nearest dealer (grocery, hardware, furniture, department or household supply store) makes you this offer: Simply deposit the price of O-Cedar Wax, Mop or Polish and take it on trial. If you are not delighted with the result it gives and the time, work and money it saves, your money will be refunded without a question.

CHANNELL CHEMICAL COMPANY - CHICAGO.
Toronto - London - Paris - Cape Town



The Charm You Covet

By Mary Marvin

ALMOST every woman has said at least once in her life, at the end of a painful afternoon or evening:

"My, but I'm glad to get these shoes off! My feet are nearly killing me!"

When we make martyrs of our feet, we pay for the experience with disagreeable tempers, frowning faces and ill health. For the injury which we do with ill-fitting shoes does not stop at the feet but frequently affects the general bodily health. Many a woman has suffered serious displacements because she insisted on stalking through life on exaggerated heels.

Practically all foot troubles come from a wrong choice of shoes, and reports show that seventy-five per cent. of the people in the United States suffer from foot trouble. Some statistics even place the figure as high as ninety per cent. It looks almost as though we took a positive delight in crippling our feet.

Frequently, too, ailments which we do not connect with the feet originate there. Many a twinge of so-called rheumatism is the cry of abused feet.

Many an aching back is nature's protest against crippling shoes.

Here are a few simple rules for foot comfort:

Bathe the feet carefully every day. If you do this in the morning as part of your regular bath and the feet are sensitive again by night, bathe them then a second time in warm water to which salt has been added.

Always dry the feet carefully after bathing them, especially between the toes, and dust freely with talcum or foot powder.

Change the stockings daily. (This is especially important in the summertime when the feet are perspiring freely.) Also be careful of the fit and quality of your stockings. Badly fitting stockings may increase foot discomfort greatly and a poor quality of stockings with cheap dyes and second-rate material are rarely a good investment either from the standpoint of comfort or appearance.

WITHOUT a sunny disposition, what woman can be lovely? Let her shoes be ill-fitting, her feet uncomfortable—and watch the tiny lines gather in her face to tell of her irritability!

If possible, do not wear the same pair of shoes two successive days. Each pair of shoes (even the same sizes) fits differently and it rests

the feet to change. Incidentally, this is good also for the shoes. The woman who keeps two pair of everyday shoes on hand, to be worn alternately, is preserving the good looks of her shoes beyond the average time, especially if she keeps the pair not in use on a pair of shoe trees.

In the selection of shoes, it is altogether possible nowadays to get really beautiful shoes which at the same time fulfil every common-sense requirement.

THE ideal shoe has generous toe-room, a straight inner sole, a flexible arch and a low heel.

The reason for the generous toe-room is obvious.

The straight inner sole follows the natural line of the foot and, therefore, gives greatest comfort to the foot. It is the forcing of the foot out of this natural position that causes bunions.

The flexible arch gives the arch of the foot the easy support which preserves and develops its natural strength and prevents flat foot.

The low heel permits graceful carriage of the body instead of throwing it forward into the unnatural position which frequently causes pelvic disorders.

If, in spite of everything, you feel you must indulge in the frivolous slipper of high heel and pointed toe, select it for evening or occasional use only.

Give your feet sensible care and they will repay you by allowing you to forget them completely, by contributing to your general well-being, and by helping to confer on you a sunny disposition unspoiled by physical suffering!

If you will write me, care of McCall's Magazine, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope, I shall be glad to send you some directions on common foot troubles and how to relieve them.



All the world loves beauty

EVERY woman wants to be beautiful, but many fail to realize that the most important element in the beauty of the face is the quality and condition of the skin.

If your features are irregular or your coloring drab, loveliness is not necessarily denied you, for every woman has complexion possibilities which can be brought out through simple rules of living. Cleanliness is the first.

Resinol Soap is a ready aid to those in search of skin health and beauty. All the properties necessary for overcoming complexion ills are combined in its generous, creamy lather. It refreshes and invigorates while it lessens the tendency to blotches, sallowness, clogged or coarse pores, oiliness, grime, roughness, or similar defects.

No matter how exacting your requirements may be, Resinol Soap is the pleasing fulfillment of them all. It is pure and free from harsh drying chemicals, making it specially suitable for the most delicate skin. It has no heavy perfume—only the pleasing Resinol fragrance. It lathers freely and rinses easily.

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The Wall

[Continued from page 7]

"Cynthia!"
 Cynthia stood sharply still, catching her breath.

"How you startled me! What is it? Why aren't you ready?"

"I am—at least, I've only got my frock to put on. I've been waiting for you. I want to show you something."

"Won't it do later? What is it? We shall keep them all waiting."

"No, we shan't. It won't take a minute. Oh, please, Cynthia."

Cynthia resisted for a moment, then gave in. "Oh, very well."

She went into the girl's room, and Pamela shut the door and pointed to a magazine lying open on the dressing-table.

"Look," she whispered. The magazine. Somebody must have put it there on purpose—perhaps Mrs. Graham did. . . .

Pamela ran back and took up the magazine, thrusting it into Cynthia's hand. "That poem! Read it! Oh, Cynthia, it might have been written for me!"

Cynthia's eyes scanned the first verse of the poem disinterestedly:

The cymbals crash and the dancers walk
 With long silk stockings and arms of chalk,
 Butterfly skirts and white breasts bare
 And shadows of dead men watching 'em there.

Shadows of dead men stand by the wall,
 Watching the fun of the Victory Ball.
 They do not reproach because they know
 If they are forgotten, it's better so. . . .

See, there is one child fresh from school,
 Learning the ropes as the old hands rule.
 God! how that dead boy gapes and grins
 As the tom-tom bangs and the "shimmy" begins.

"What did you think we should find?" said a shade,
 "When the last shot echoed and peace was made?"
 "Christ," laughed the fleshless jaws of his friend;
 "I thought they'd be praying for worlds to mend."

"Fish!" said a statesman standing near,
 "I'm glad they can busy their thoughts elsewhere!"
 "We mustn't reproach them, they're young, you see."
 "Ah!" said the dead men, "So were we!"

Cynthia stood very still, the magazine gripped hard in her trembling hands, and for a moment the warm comfort of the room vanished, and she was back once again on a gray day by the sea with the angry waves lashing the stone wall and the wind blowing savagely in her face: "You've given me something to remember. . . ."

Did he still remember, though she had done her best to forget? Did he still watch her across the wall of Eternity with sad eyes, wondering—puzzled?

Downstairs the first gong pealed through the house for dinner, and with a little shudder, Cynthia came to herself.

"Pam! You're not going to be influenced by that, are you?" she asked scornfully. She held out her hand. "Come along! You know what mother will say if I'm late."

But Pamela drew back, shaking her head.

"You go on! I'll come presently." Her little face looked drawn and white, and after waiting for an irresolute moment, Cynthia shrugged her white shoulders and turned away.

But outside on the landing she stopped for a moment and closed her eyes, sick with pain. Oh, God! if only there were no such thing as memory!

The great hall and the drawing-rooms beyond were crowded, but above the heads of the people Cynthia met the calculating eyes of the man to whom she was engaged seeking her out, and for an instant a wave of bitter cold swept her from head to foot as he came forward, his slow glance taking in every detail of her wonderful gown; then he smiled, well-pleased.

"You do me credit, Cynthia."
 She made some answer and laid the tips of her fingers on his arm, but she felt as if she moved and spoke in a dream, as if the throng all about her were shadows—unreal!

All that followed seemed unreal, too: the dinner with its forced, artificial gaiety, the long speeches, the clinking of glasses, and then the burst of music from the ball-room, and the laughter and chatter and blaze of gowns and jewels. Only two things seemed to stand out from it all in sharp definition: the quiet face of Mrs. Graham and Pamela's tragic eyes. To Cynthia's overwrought imagination it seemed as if a nimbus of light followed little Mrs. Graham wherever she went, shining on her gray hair and vesting her with a beauty and dignity which she had never before realized. Cynthia found her eyes turning to her again and again, very much as a drowning man may turn eyes of useless hope to a distant light where help and safety are both to be found.

But at Pamela she dared not look. It made her shudder to see the girl in the clasp of Basil Ryan's elderly arms; it made her shudder as she recalled Pamela's own hysterical words:

"It was as if someone had laid a hand on my shoulder and said 'Stop! Cynthia, I had a strange feeling that Ben was there, looking on, and that he knew and hated what I was doing.'"

Someone spoke beside her as for a moment she stood alone. "Lady Cynthia!"

She turned unrecognizing eyes on the man who had spoken: he was young, though his hair was gray, and he carried an armless sleeve at his side. He went on quickly:

"You do not know me, but my name is Sharpe. Perhaps you have forgotten, but I wrote to you—four years ago when Tempest was reported killed."

Her lips moved; but she could find no words, and he said again: "I came here with the Lashwoods tonight. I have so often hoped we should meet."

She laid her hand on his arm to steady herself. "Let us go where we can talk."

The sense of unreality was deeper now. She saw the men and women around her as if a mist shrouded them, and though she tried to keep her attention concentrated on the man beside her, her thoughts kept wandering away, and it was only with difficulty that she could recapture them. They had found a seat in a wide bay with a raised dais at one end of the ball-room that gave command of the brilliant gathering, and Cynthia found herself staring vaguely before her with unseeing eyes.

As one in a dream she heard the voice of the man beside her: "Tempest so often spoke of you and hoped that some day we should meet. He and I were at school together, you know, and we were always the greatest chums."

"Yes." There was a strange noise in her head and she could hardly breathe, she felt as if she were waiting for something great to happen . . . something—she knew not what—as the voice of the man beside her went on:

"It was like a chapter clean out of a book, wasn't it, when he turned up? Jove! I was never so glad in my life! And he's getting quite fit and strong again now, but, of course, you know—it's been a long time, but . . . Lady Cynthia, in God's name, what is it?"

A terrible, strangled cry had broken from her lips, and she had risen to her feet, ashen-faced and wild-eyed, her hands stretched out before her as if to ward off some dread presence which she alone saw.

Consciousness was fast leaving her, but for a little while she clung to it with every ounce of strength at her command, and in those few terrifying seconds the room before her seemed to undergo a strange and dreadful change. The gay throng seemed to fade away into gray, ghostly shadows, and all round the wall other living beings took poignant shape and life—men, all of them! Men in mud-stained uniforms with bandaged arms and heads and hands, men whose worn, ghastly faces seemed to wear a mocking, terrible smile as they looked silently on at the whirling phantoms before them. And then one, a boy with a wound on his temple about which the blood had caked and dried, took a sudden step forward and caught a girl by the arm, swinging her passionately away from her partner—a girl—Pamela! Cynthia tried to utter a warning cry, tried to move forward, and then it seemed to her that her way was suddenly blocked by a form she knew well—a man in whose arms she had first found Heaven, a man whom she had done her utmost to forget.

"Cynthia!"
 She gave one frantic look into his worn face and tore the diamond ring from her finger, casting it down at his feet, and wailing: "Forgive me! Forgive me . . . Forgive me. . . ."

Then the merciful darkness rose in a great wave and carried her away on its breast.

So, after all," Pamela said slowly, "it isn't only in books and stories that there are happy endings."

She looked across the firelit room at Cynthia—a radiant Cynthia who was hurriedly and with the clumsiness of great happiness ramming frocks into a deep trunk. She rose to her feet as Pamela spoke and stretched her arms above her head. "I'm so happy! I'm only so afraid I shall wake up and find it isn't true, after all."

Pamela smiled and shook her head. "You needn't be afraid—that sort of thing won't happen to you. I've always felt somehow that you'd have everything you wanted. Cynthia, it's only two nights ago that you said you hadn't."

"I know, but then . . ." Cynthia broke off introspectively and came to kneel down beside her friend by the fire.

"It's too wonderful to be true," she whispered, "to think that I've still got him—that he's mine!"

There was a little silence, then Pamela asked: "Cynthia! Why didn't he let you know before? Supposing you'd got married again?"

Cynthia closed her eyes as if in pain. "He was so ill, you see," she said at last, "and he thought I was quite happy without him . . . he thought I'd—forgot—"

[Turn to page 37]

Mother Goose's New Broomstick

An Airplane Cut-out For Children by Percy Pierce



The colored edges of the flaps are now folded over and pasted down on the cardboard A and B and the wings, being sure they thoroughly stick to each wing. Fold the goose's head along the dotted line and paste it over each side of the cardboard head. See Figure 1.

Bend each side of the tail out horizontally along the dotted lines, making it parallel with the wings. The flyer is now finished and should appear as in Figure 2.

Be sure both wings are even, as Mother Goose will not fly straight if one wing is turned up and the other down. Hold it at the front of the body between the thumb and forefinger as shown in Figure 2. If it dives, curve the rear edges of the wings near the tips, downward. If it turns to one side, curve the rear edge of the wing on the opposite side to which it turned, upward.

Mother Goose and her new broomstick will do all sorts of stunts, loop, come back, spiral, 'n'everything!

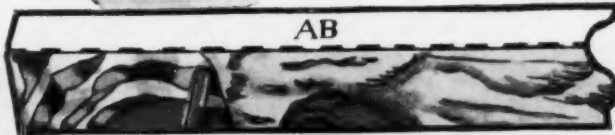
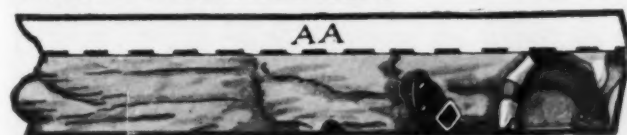
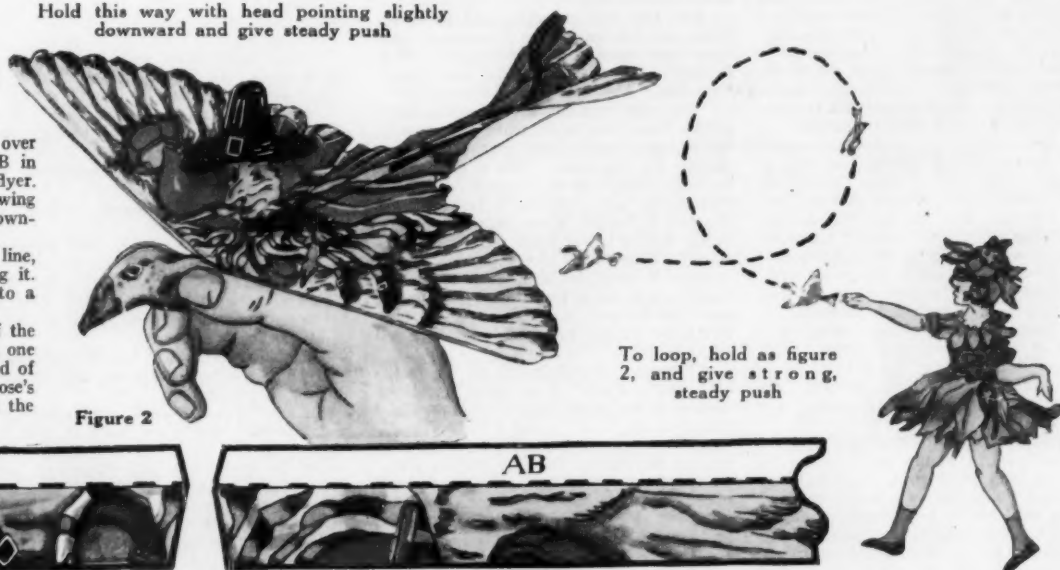
FROM a piece of cardboard, about the thickness of a writing tablet back, cut out one long and one short strip exactly like patterns A and D. These are to reinforce the front of the flyer. Cut C from cardboard too.

Paste the piece of cardboard A over the white space along the front edge. Turn the flyer over and paste the white edge of the flaps AA and AB in their respective places along the front edge of the flyer. Now turn it right side up again. The colored wing portions of flaps project out in front and face downward. The white section B is pasted over BB.

Fold the flyer down along the center dotted line, bending the cardboard with care to avoid breaking it. Now fold the wings down along the dotted lines to a horizontal position as shown in Figure 1.

Paste the small piece of cardboard D on top of the longer piece A directly in the center, extending from one wing to the other like a bridge. Paste the square end of the cardboard head C in the front end of the goose's body so that curved part of the head is even with the front edge of the wings, as shown in Figure 1.

Hold this way with head pointing slightly downward and give steady push



The One Hundred Dollar Bill

[Continued from page 11]

to her husband, gave him a shy little pat on the shoulder and laughed good-naturedly. "Of course you'll go," she said. "I do think you're silly about my never going out with him when it would give me a little innocent pleasure and when you're not home to take me, yourself; but I wasn't really in such terrible earnest, all I said. You work hard the whole time, honey, and the only pleasure you ever do have, it's when you get a chance to go to one of these little penny-ante stag parties. You haven't been to one for ever so long, and you never stay after twelve; it's really all right with me. I want you to go."

"Oh, no," said Collinson. "It's only penny-ante, but I couldn't afford to lose anything at all."

"If you did lose, it'd only be a few cents," she said. "What's the difference, if it gives you a little fun? You'll work all the better if you go out and enjoy yourself once in a while."

"Well, if you really look at it that way, I'll go."

"That's right, dear," she said, smiling. "Better put on a fresh collar and your other suit, hadn't you?"

"I suppose so," he assented, and began to make the changes she suggested.

When he had completed his toilet, it was time for him to go. She came in from the kitchenette, kissed him and then looked up into his eyes, letting him see a fond and brightly amiable expression.

"There, honey," she said. "Run along and have a nice time. Then maybe you'll be a little more sensible about some of my little pleasures."

He held the one hundred dollar bill folded in his hand, meaning to leave it with her, but as she spoke a sudden recurrence of suspicion made him forget his purpose. "Look here," he said. "I'm not making any bargain with you. You talk as if you thought I was going to let you run around to vaudeville with Charlie because you let me go to this party. Is that your idea?"

It was, indeed, precisely Mrs. Collinson's idea, and she was instantly angered enough to admit it in her retort. "Oh, aren't you mean!" she cried. "I might know better than to look for any fairness in a man like you!"

"See here—" "Oh, hush up!" she said. "Shame on you! Go on to your party!" With that she put both hands upon his breast, and pushed him toward the door.

"I won't go. I'll stay here."

"You will, too, go!" she cried shrewdly. "I don't want to look at you around here all evening. It'd make me sick to look at a man without an ounce of fairness in his whole mean little body!"

"All right," said Collinson, violently, "I will go!"

"Yes! Get out of my sight!" And he did, taking the one hundred dollar bill with him to the penny-ante poker party.

The gay Mr. Charlie Loomis called his apartment "the shack" in jocular depreciation of its beauty and luxury, but he regarded it as a perfect thing, and in one way it was: for it was perfectly in the family likeness of a thousand such "shacks." It had a ceiling with false beams, walls of green burlap, spotted with colored "coaching prints," brown shelves supporting pewter plates and mugs, "mission" chairs, a leather couch with violent cushions, silver-framed photographs of lady-friends and officer-friends, a drop-light of pink-shot imitation alabaster, a papier-maché skull tobacco-jar among moving-picture magazines on the round card-table; and, of course, the final Charlie Loomis touch—a Japanese man-servant.

The master of all this was one of those neat, stoutheaded young men with fat, round heads, sleek, fair hair, immaculate, pale complexions and infirm little pink mouths—in fact, he was of the type that may suggest to the student of resemblances a fastidious and excessively clean white pig with transparent ears. Nevertheless, Charlie Loomis was of a free-handed habit in some matters, being particularly indulgent to pretty women and their children. He spoke of the latter as "the kiddies," of course, and liked to call their mothers "kiddo," or "girlie." One of his greatest pleasures was to tell a woman that she was "the dearest, bravest little girlie in the world." Naturally he was a welcome guest in many households, and would often bring a really magnificent toy to the child of some friend whose wife he was courting. Moreover, at thirty-three, he had already done well enough in business to take things easily, and he liked to give these little card-parties, not for gain, but for pastime. He was cautious and disliked high stakes in a game of chance.

"I don't consider it hospitality to have any man go out o' my shack sore," he was wont to say. "Myself, I'm a bachelor and got no obligations; I'll shoot any man that can afford it for anything he wants to. Trouble is, you never can tell when a man can't afford it, or what harm his losin' might mean, to the little girlie at home and the kiddies. No, boys, penny-ante and ten-cent limit is the highest we go in this ole

shack. Penny-ante and a few steins of the ole home-brew that hasn't got a divorce in a barrel of it!"

PENNY-ANTE and the ole home-brew had been in festal operation for half an hour when the morose Collinson arrived this evening. Mr. Loomis and his guests sat about the round table under the alabaster drop-light; their coats were off; cigars were worn at the deliberative poker angle; colorful chips and cards glistened on the cloth; one of the players wore a green shade over his eyes; and all in all, there was a little poker party for a lithograph.

"Ole Collie, b'gosh!" Mr. Loomis shouted, humorously. "Here's your vacant cheer; stack all stuck out for you 'n' ever'thin'! Set down, neighbor, an' Smithie'll deal you in, next hand. What made you so late? Helpin' the little girlie at home get the kiddo to bed? That's a great kiddo of yours, Collie."

Collinson took the chair that had been left for him, counted his chips and then as the playing of a "hand" still preoccupied three of the company, he picked up a silver dollar that lay upon the table near him. "What's this?" he asked. "A side bet? Or did somebody just leave it here for me?"

"Yes; for you to look at," Mr. Loomis explained. "It's Smithie's."

"What's wrong with it?" "Nothin'." Smithie was just showin' it to us. Look at it."

Collinson turned the coin over and saw a tiny inscription that had been lined into the silver with a point of steel. "Luck," he read—"Luck hurry back to me!" Then he spoke to the owner of this marked dollar. "I suppose you put that on there, Smithie, to help make sure of getting our money tonight."

But Smithie shook his head, which was a large, gaunt head, as it happened—a head fronted with a sawtooth face shaped much like a coffin, but inconsistently genial in expression. "No," he said. "It just came in over my counter this afternoon, and I noticed it when I was checkin' up the day's cash. Funny, ain't it: 'Luck hurry back to me!'"

"Who do you suppose marked that on it?" Collinson said thoughtfully.

"Golly!" his host exclaimed. "It won't do you much good to wonder about that!"

Collinson frowned, continuing to stare at the marked dollar. "I guess not, but really I should like to know."

"I would, too," Smithie said. "I been thinkin' about it. Might 'a' been somebody in Seattle or somebody in Ipswich, Mass., or New Orleans or St. Paul. How you goin' to tell? It's funny how some people like to believe luck depends on some little thing like that."

"Yes, it is," Collinson assented, still brooding over the coin.

The philosophic Smithie extended his arm across the table, collecting the cards to deal them, for the "hand" was finished. "Yes, sir, it's funny," he repeated. "Nobody knows exactly what luck is, but the way I guess it out, it lays in a man's believin' he's in luck, and some little object like this makes him kind of concentrate his mind on thinkin' he's goin' to be lucky, because of course you often know you're goin' to win, and then you do win. You don't win when you want to win, or when you need to; you win when you believe you'll win. I don't know who it was that said, 'Money's the root of all evil;' but I guess he didn't have too much sense! I suppose if some man killed some other man for a dollar, the poor fish that said that would let the man out and send the dollar to the chair—"

But here this garrulous and discursive guest was interrupted by immoderate protests from several of his colleagues. "Cut it out!" "My Lord!" "Do something!" "Smithie! Are you ever goin' to deal?" "I'm goin' to shuffle first," he responded, suiting the action to the word, though with deliberation, and at the same time continuing his discourse. "It's a mighty interesting thing, a piece o' money. You take this dollar, now: Who's it belonged to? Where's it been? What different kind o' funny things has it been spent for sometimes? What funny kind of secrets do you suppose it could 'a' heard if it had ears? Good people have had it and bad people have had it: why, a dollar could tell more about the human race—why, it could tell all about it!"

"I guess it couldn't tell all about the way you're dealin' those cards," said the man with the green shade. "You're mixin' things all up."

"I'll straighten 'em all out then," said Smithie cheerfully. "They say, 'Money talks.' Golly! If it could talk, what couldn't it tell? Nobody'd be safe. I got this dollar now, but who's it goin' to belong to next, and what'll he do with it? And then after that! Why, for years and years and years it'll go on from one pocket to another, in a millionaire's house one day, in some burglar's flat the next, maybe, and in one

person's hand money'll do good, likely, and in another's it'll do harm. We all want money; but some say it's a bad thing, like that dummy I was talkin' about. Lordy! Goodness or badness, I'll take all anybody—"

He was interrupted again, and with increased vehemence. Collinson, who sat next to him, complied with the demand to "ante up," then placed the dollar near his little cylinders of chips, and looked at his cards. They proved unencouraging, and he turned to his neighbor. "I'd sort of like to have that marked dollar, Smithie," he said. "I'll give you a paper dollar and a nickel for it."

But Smithie laughed, shook his head and slid the coin over toward his own chips. "No, sir. I'm goin' to keep it—awhile, anyway."

"So you do think it'll bring you luck, after all!"

"No. But I'll hold onto it for this evening, anyhow."

"Not if we clean you out, you won't," said Charlie Loomis. "You know the rules o' the ole shack: only cash goes in this game; no I. O. U. stuff ever went here or ever will. Tell you what I'll do, though, before you lose it: I'll give you a dollar and a quarter for your ole silver dollar, Smithie."

"Oh, you want it, too, do you? I guess I can spot what sort of luck you want it for, Charlie."

"Well, Mr. Bones, what sort of luck do I want it for?"

"You win, Smithie," one of the other players said. "We all know what sort o' luck ole Charlie wants your dollar for: he wants it for luck with the dames."

"Well, I might," Charlie admitted, not displeased. "I haven't been so lucky that way lately—not so dog-gone lucky!"

All of his guests, except one, laughed at this; but Collinson frowned, still staring at the marked dollar. For a reason he could not have put into words just then, it began to seem almost vitally important to him to own this coin if he could, and to prevent Charlie Loomis from getting possession of it. The jibe, "He wants it for luck with the dames," rankled in Collinson's mind: somehow it seemed to refer to his wife.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Smithie," he said. "I'll bet two dollars against that dollar of yours that I hold a higher hand next deal than you do."

"Here! Here!" Charlie remonstrated. "Shack rules! Ten-cent limit."

"That's only for the game," Collinson said, turning upon his host with a sudden sharpness. "This is an outside bet between Smithie and me. Will you do it, Smithie? Where's your sporting spirit?"

So liberal a proposal at once roused the spirit to which it appealed. "Well, I might, if some o' the others'll come in too, and make it really worth my while."

"I'm in," the host responded with prompt inconsistency; and others of the party, it appeared, were desirous of owning the talisman. They laughed and said it was "crazy stuff," yet they all "came in," and, for the first time in the history of this "shack," what Mr. Loomis called "real money" was seen upon the table as a stake. It was won, and the silver dollar with it, by the largest and oldest of the gamblers, a fat man with a walrus mustache that inevitably made him known in this circle as "Old Bill." He smiled condescendingly, and would have put the dollar in his pocket with the "real money," but Mr. Loomis protested.

"Here! What you doin'?" he shouted, catching Old Bill by the arm. "Put that dollar back on the table."

"What for?"

"What for? Why, we're goin' to play for it again. Here's two dollars against it I beat you on the next hand."

"No," said Old Billy calmly. "It's worth more than two dollars to me. It's worth five."

"Well, five then," his host returned. "I want that dollar!"

"So do I," said Collinson. "I'll put in five dollars if you do."

"Anybody else in?" Old Bill inquired, dropping the coin on the table; and all of the others again "came in." Old Bill won again; but once more Charlie Loomis prevented him from putting the silver dollar in his pocket.

"Come on now!" Mr. Loomis exclaimed. "Anybody else but me in on this for five dollars next time?"

"I am," said Collinson, swallowing with a dry throat; and he set forth all that remained to him of his twelve dollars. In return he received a pair of deuces, and the jubilant Charlie won.

He was vainglorious in his triumph. "Didn't that little luck piece just keep on tryin' to find the right man?" he cried, and read the inscription loudly. "Luck hurry back to me! Righto! You're home where you belong, girlie! Now we'll settle down to our reg'lar little game again."

"Oh, no," said Old Bill. "You wouldn't let me keep it. Put it out there and play for it again."

"I won't. She's mine now."

"I want my luck piece back myself," said Smithie. "Put it out and play for it. You made Old Bill."

"I won't do it."

"Yes, you will," Collinson said, and he spoke without geniality. "You put it out there."

"Oh, yes, I will," Mr. Loomis returned mockingly. "I will for ten dollars."

"Not I," said Old Bill. "Five is foolish enough." And Smithie agreed with him. "Nor me!"

"All right, then. If you're afraid of ten, I keep it. I thought the ten'd scare you."

"Put that dollar on the table," Collinson said. "I'll put ten against it."

There was a little commotion among these mild gamblers; and someone said: "You're crazy, Collie. What do you want to do that for?"

"I don't care," said Collinson. "That dollar's already cost me enough, and I'm going after it."

"Well, you see, I want it, too," Charlie Loomis retorted cheerfully; and he appealed to the others. "I'm not askin' him to put up ten against it, am I?"

"Maybe not," Old Bill assented. "But how long is this thing goin' to keep on? It's already balled our game all up, and if we keep on foolin' with these side bets, why, what's the use?"

"My goodness!" the host exclaimed. "I'm not pushin' this thing, am I? I don't want to risk my good ole luck piece, do I? It's Collie that's crazy to go on, ain't it?" He laughed. "He hasn't showed his money yet, though, I notice, and this ole shack is run on strictly cash principles. I don't believe he's got ten dollars more on him!"

"Oh, yes, I have."

"Let's see it then."

Collinson's nostrils distended a little; but he said nothing, fumbled in his pocket, and then tossed the one hundred dollar bill, rather crumpled, upon the table.

"Great heavens!" shouted Old Bill. "Call the doctor: I'm all of a swoon!"

"Look at what's spilled over our nice clean table!" another said, in an awed voice. "Did you claim he didn't have ten on him, Charlie?"

"Well, it's nice to look at," Smithie observed. "But I'm with Old Bill. How long are you two goin' to keep this thing goin'? If Collie wins the luck piece, I suppose Charlie'll bet him fifteen against it, and then—"

"No, I won't," Charlie interrupted. "Ten's the limit."

"Goin' to keep on bettin' ten against it all night?"

"No," said Charlie. "I tell you what I'll do with you, Collinson; we both of us seem kind o' set on this luck piece, and you're already out some on it. I'll give you a square chance at it and at catchin' even. It's twenty minutes after nine. I'll keep on these side bets with you till ten o'clock, but when my clock hits ten, we're through, and the one that's got it then keeps it, and no more foolin'. You want to do that, or quit now? I'm game either way."

"Go ahead and deal," said Collinson. "Whichever one of us has it at ten o'clock, it's his, and we quit!"

But when the little clock on Charlie's green painted mantel-shelf struck ten, the luck piece was Charlie's and with it an overwhelming lien on the one hundred dollar bill. He put both in his pocket. "Remember this ain't my fault; it was you that insisted," he said, and handed Collinson four five-dollar bills as change.

Old Bill, platonically interested, discovered that his cigar was sparkless, applied a match and casually set forth his opinion. "Well, I guess that was about as poor a way of spendin' eighty dollars as I ever saw, but it all goes to show there's truth in the old motto that anything at all can happen in any poker game! That was a mighty nice hundred dollar bill you had on you, Collie; but it's like what Smithie said: a piece o' money goes hop-pin' around from one person to another—it don't care!—and yours has gone and hopped to Charlie. The question is: Who's it goin' to hop to next?" He paused to laugh, glanced over the cards that had been dealt him, and concluded: "My guess is 't some good-lookin' woman'll prob'ly get a pretty fair chunk o' that hundred dollar bill out o' Charlie. Well, let's settle down to the ole army game."

They settled down to it, and by twelve o'clock (the invariable closing hour of these pastimes in the old shack) Collinson had lost four dollars and thirty cents more. He was commiserated by his fellow gamblers as they put on their coats and overcoats, preparing to leave the hot little rooms. They shook their heads, laughed ruefully in sympathy, and told him he oughtn't to carry hundred dollar bills upon his person when he went out among friends. Old Bill made what is sometimes called an unfortunate remark.

[Turn to page 37]

The One Hundred Dollar Bill

[Continued from page 36]

"Don't worry about Collie," he said, jocosely. "That hundred dollar bill prob'ly belonged to some rich client of his."

"What!" Collinson said, staring. "Never mind, Collie; I wasn't in earnest," the joker explained. "Of course I didn't mean it."

"Well, you oughtn't to say it," Collinson protested. "People say a thing like that about a man in a joking way, but other people hear it sometimes and don't know they're joking, and a story gets started."

"My goodness, but you're serious!" Old Bill exclaimed. "You look like you had a misery in your chest, as the rubes say; and I don't blame you! Get on out in the fresh night air and you'll feel better."

HE was mistaken, however; the night air failed to improve Collinson's spirits as he walked home alone through the dark and chilly streets. There was, indeed, a misery in his chest, where stirred a sensation vaguely, nauseating; his hands were tremulous and his knees infirm as he walked. In his mind was a confusion of pictures and sounds, echoes from Charlie Loomis's shack: he could not clear his mind's eye of the one hundred dollar bill; and its likeness, as it lay crumpled on the green cloth under the droplight, haunted and hurt him as a face in a coffin haunts and hurts the new mourner.

It seemed to Collinson then, that money was the root of all evil and the root of all good, the root and branch of all life, indeed. With money, his wife would have been amiable, not needing gay bachelors to take her to vaudeville. Her need of money was the true foundation of the jealousy that had sent him out morose and reckless tonight; of the jealousy that had made it seem, when he gambled with Charlie Loomis for the luck dollar, as though they really gambled for luck with her.

It still seemed to him that they had gambled for luck with her, and Charlie had won it. But as Collinson plodded homeward in the chilly midnight, his shoulders sagging and his head drooping, he began to wonder how he could have risked money that belonged to another man. What on earth had made him do what he had done? Was it the mood his wife had set him in as he went out that evening? No; he had gone out feeling like that often enough, and nothing had happened.

Something had brought this trouble on him, he thought; for it appeared to Collinson that he had been an automaton, having nothing to do with his own actions. He must bear the responsibility for them; but he had not willed them. If the one hundred dollar bill had not happened to be in his pocket—That was it! And at the thought he mumbled desolately to himself: "I'd been all right if it hadn't been for that." If the one hundred dollar bill had not happened to be in his pocket, he'd have been "all right." The one hundred dollar bill had done this to him. And Smithie's romancing again came back to him: "In one person's hands money'll do good, likely; in another's it'll do harm." It was the money that did harm or good, not the person; and the money in his hands had done this harm to himself.

He had to deliver a hundred dollars at the office in the morning, somehow; for

he dared not take the risk of the client's meeting the debtor.

There was a balance of seventeen dollars in his bank, and he could pawn his watch for twenty-five, as he knew well enough, by experience. That would leave fifty-eight dollars to be paid, and there was only one way to get it. His wife would have to let him pawn her ring. She'd have to!

Without any difficulty he could guess what she would say and do when he told her of his necessity; and he knew that never in her life would she forego the advantage over him she would gain from it. He knew, too, what stipulations she would make, and he had to face the fact that he was in no position to reject them. The one hundred dollar bill had cost him the last vestiges of mastery in his own house; and Charlie Loomis had really won not only the bill and the luck, but the privilege of taking Collinson's wife to vaudeville. And it all came back to the same conclusion: The one hundred dollar bill had done it to him. "What kind of a thing is this life?" Collinson mumbled to himself, finding matters wholly perplexing in a world made into tragedy at the caprice of a little oblong slip of paper.

Then, as he went on his way to wake his wife and face her with the soothing proposal to pawn her ring early the next morning, something happened to Collinson. Of itself the thing that happened was nothing, but he was aware of his folly as if it stood upon a mountain top against the sun—and so he gathered knowledge of himself and a little of the wisdom that is called better than happiness.

His way was now the same as upon the latter stretch of his walk home from the office that evening. The smoke fog had cleared, and the air was clean with a night wind that moved briskly from the west; in all the long street there was only one window lighted, but it was sharply outlined now, and fell as a bright rhomboid upon the pavement before Collinson. When he came to it he paused, at the hint of an inward impulse he did not think to trace; and, frowning, he perceived that this was the same shop window that had detained him on his homeward way, when he had thought of buying a toy for the baby.

The toy was still there in the bright window; the gay little acrobatic monkey that would climb up or down a red string as the string slackened or straightened; but Collinson's eye fixed itself upon the card marked with the price: "35c."

He stared and stared. "Thirty-five cents!" he said to himself. "Thirty-five cents!"

Then suddenly he burst into loud and prolonged laughter.

The sound was startling in the quiet night, and roused the interest of a meditative policeman who stood in the darkened doorway of the next shop. He stepped out, not unfriendly.

"What you havin' such a good time over, this hour o' the night?" he inquired. "What's all the joke?"

Collinson pointed to the window. "It's that monkey on the string," he said. "Something about it struck me as mighty funny!"

So, with a better spirit, he turned away, still laughing, and went home to face his wife.

The Wall

[Continued from page 34]

ten." Her voice sank into a whisper, then suddenly she laughed.

"Poor father! You should have heard what he said about it all—and mother! I'm cut off with the proverbial shilling; but it doesn't seem to matter at all, somehow."

"Cynthia, you've never tried being poor—not really poor, you know!"

Cynthia turned her radiant face to Pamela's pale, tragic one. "And you've never tried being happy—not really happy," she said tremulously. "Pamela, there's something I want to tell you . . . The night of the ball . . . just before I fainted . . . I saw—something!" She shivered and for a moment covered her eyes with her hands.

Pamela sat very still, her face all cold and closed up like a sensitive flower that has been touched by a rough hand.

"I used to laugh at Mrs. Graham," Cynthia went on presently in a low, shaken voice, "but—I never shall again! Shall I tell you what I saw, Pamela? Will you promise not to laugh?"

"I shall not laugh."

"It was just before I fainted. . . . I told . . . Donald last night, and he said it was all just imagination, but I can't be sure . . . I can't be sure . . . It was so real! Everything seemed to change—you and all the rest. You looked

like gray phantoms, misty and unreal, but all round the wall, looking on, there were men—soldiers.

"They were all dressed in khaki, with muddy coats and dusty boots, and some of them were wounded—some of them . . . oh, Pamela! there was one boy—I can see his face now, though I had never seen it before. He looked—terrible! And as you passed him—you were dancing with Mr. Ryan—he moved forward and—caught you by the arm, dragging you away . . ." Her voice broke off with a sobbing breath of memory, and for some moments there was absolute silence, then Pamela said slowly: "I know! I know! That was—Ben! I saw him, too!"

"Pamela!"

The two girls looked at one another, wide-eyed and frightened. Then Cynthia tried to laugh. "It was just imagination—we'd been thinking about them so much! Oh, it must just have been imagination!" she cried passionately, as if with the intense desire to convince herself.

Pamela moved a little and pushed back the loose sleeve of her frock.

"Look!" she whispered. And just above her elbow on the white flesh, Cynthia saw four ugly, discolored bruises that looked as if they had been made by the savage grip of a man's fingers.



Why Some Women Like to Bake

FIND a woman who seldom has a baking-failure and you'll find one who really enjoys baking. Nobody enjoys work that only now and then brings successful results.

Home-cooking grows monotonous if new dishes are not occasionally introduced. Women know this, yet fear to try new recipes. Why?

It's easy to follow mixing-directions. The trouble is not there. Trouble starts when carefully-mixed ingredients are placed in the oven of a stove by one who has no knowledge of the exact Time and Temperature that should be used, or in an oven with no means of registering and controlling the heat when the exact Time and Temperature are known.

Now, baking-powder bread is easy to mix. When properly baked it is delicious. But, it's difficult to bake baking-powder bread to the center without burning the crust. However, with a Lorain Oven Heat Regulator, both center and crust can be baked perfectly.

Also, if you own a Lorain-equipped Gas Range it isn't necessary to let the dough stand in the pan twenty minutes before baking, as most recipes recommend. Instead, you put the loaf right in the oven.

Then again, it requires about one hour to bake a loaf of baking-powder bread. With an old style gas range it is necessary to open the oven door several times during that period to regulate the heat, and opening the door only increases the chances of failure.

With a Lorain-equipped Gas Range you merely set the Regulator at 300 degrees. Then you close the oven door and go where you please until the hour is up. Neither bread nor burner will require any attention during the baking period. Sounds very wonderful, doesn't it? And it is wonderful.

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LORAIN

OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Recipe
Lorain Date Bread

Set the Lorain Red Wheel at 300 degrees. Light the oven. (Preheat only if the stove-directions call for preheating.) Then place the date-bread-mixture in the oven and let it bake without attention for 1 hour. The ingredients of Lorain Date Bread and the method of mixing it follow. Level measurements should be made when measuring the ingredients.

1 egg	1/4 tsp. baking soda
1/2 cup sugar	4 tps. baking powder
1 1/2 cups sour milk	1 teaspoonful salt
3 cups flour	1 pkg. (or 10 oz.) dates

Break the egg into a mixing bowl, add the sugar and sour milk and mix. Sift some flour (preferably pastry), measure 3 cupfuls of the sifted flour. Add the baking soda, baking powder, and salt to the measured flour.

Remove the seeds from the dates and cut the latter into small pieces or put them through the food chopper, (using the coarse knife on the chopper). Sprinkle a few tablespoonfuls of the flour mixture through the dates. Add the floured dates and the remainder of the flour mixture to the egg mixture. Mix well and pour into a greased or oiled pan.

Sweet milk may be used instead of sour milk. If the substitution is made, omit the baking soda and increase the baking powder to 6 teaspoonfuls (or 2 tablespoonfuls).

This Recipe Prepared Especially for
American Stove Company
by CARLOTTA C. GREER
Head of the Department of Foods and Household Management, East Technical High School, Cleveland, and Author of: "Text-book of Cooking," "Food and Victory" "School and Home Cooking"



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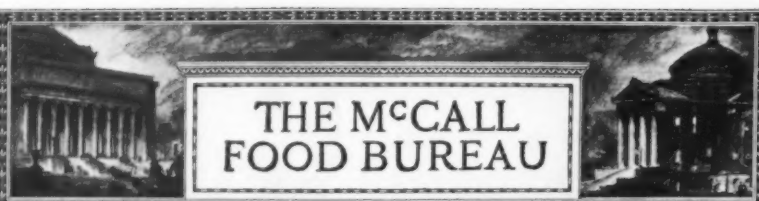


The label is red and white

Cream of Tomato Soup—2 tsp. sugar, ¼ tsp. soda, 1 slice onion, 1½ cups water, 4 tbsp. butter, ½ can tomato (2 cups), 2 cloves, 1 tsp. salt, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 cup water, 4 tbsp. flour, ¼ tsp. pepper, 6 pepper corns, bit of bay leaf. Cook tomatoes, 1½ cups of water, seasonings and sugar slowly for twenty minutes. Strain; add salt and soda. Melt butter; add flour, stirring constantly. Add Carnation Milk diluted with one cup of water. Cook until thickened, stirring occasionally. Combine with the strained tomatoes, adding the tomatoes to the milk. Serve at once. This recipe serves six people.

Clam Chowder—2 tsp. salt, 1 pt. clams, 1 onion sliced, ¼ lb. salt pork, diced, 1 qt. potatoes cut in ¼-inch dice, 8 crackers, 3 cups water, ¼ tsp. pepper, 2 tbsp. butter, 1 cup Carnation Milk. Clean and pick over clams and chop finely the hard parts. Try out the pork; add onion, fry five minutes, and strain. Parboil potatoes; drain and put a layer in bottom of stew pan to which the fat has been added. Add chopped clams, sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Add remaining potatoes, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and add two and one-half cups boiling water. Cook ten minutes, add milk, soft part of clams, and butter. Reheat and pour over crackers. This recipe serves six people.

The Carnation Cook Book contains more than 100 tested economical recipes. You will find many helpful suggestions in it. It will be sent free at your request.



THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

With Perfect Sauces

Even Every-Day Dishes Become Rich Delicacies

By Lilian M. Gunn

Department Foods and Cookery, Teacher's College, Columbia University

SAUCES enrich the flavor of meat and fish, puddings and vegetables. To be an expert maker of sauces, it is not necessary to know many recipes. Certain foundation sauces may be varied by addition of different seasonings, thus giving a wide range of variety from the same recipe. Take, for instance, the following which is called:

DRAWN BUTTER SAUCE

3 tablespoons fat ¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons flour Pepper
1 cup boiling water

Melt the fat, add the flour and seasonings and then the water, stirring slowly. For variety put in:

½ tablespoon lemon juice and ½ tablespoon chopped parsley; or,
1 hard-cooked egg, chopped fine; or,
The yolk of an egg, just as the sauce comes from the fire; or,
½ tablespoon chopped pickle or chopped olives; or,
2 tablespoons catchup or chili sauce.

For a foundation pudding sauce use:

¼ cup flour
1 cup sugar
1 pint boiling water
4 tablespoons butter

Mix the flour and the sugar and pour the boiling water in slowly, stirring all the time; then put over the fire and cook until it looks transparent. Remove from the fire and stir in the butter while the sauce is hot.

For flavor stir in the juice of:

½ lemon and 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind; or,
¼ cup orange juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind; or,
½ cup grape or currant jelly; or,
½ cup crushed fresh or canned fruit.

The foundation of this sauce may be kept and used as wanted, adding water, if required.

FROSTING SAUCE

White of 1 egg
2-3 cup powdered sugar
2-3 cup crushed fruit
½ teaspoon lemon juice

Put the egg in a bowl, add the fruit and the sugar gradually, beating with the egg beater. Beat until smooth and thick; then beat in the lemon juice.

BROWN SUGAR SAUCE

1 cup water (boiling) 2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ cup brown sugar Few gratings of nutmeg
1½ tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon butter

Mix the sugar and the flour; pour on the water slowly. Cook until clear and slightly thick; take from the fire; add the butter, lemon juice and nutmeg.

HARD SAUCE

1 cup confectioner's sugar 1-3 cup butter

Cream the butter, add the sugar very gradually, creaming in each small quantity.

For flavor add 1 teaspoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon grated nutmeg; or,
½ teaspoon lemon extract; or,
Make the sauce of brown sugar and add slowly to it 2 tablespoons cream, a little at a time.

RAISIN SAUCE

1½ tablespoons butter 2 tablespoons flour
½ cup sugar ½ teaspoon lemon juice
¼ cup raisins
1 cup water

Chop the raisins and cook in the water slowly fifteen minutes. Mix the

flour with about 2 tablespoons cold water and add to the raisins, cook three minutes. Cream the butter and sugar together and pour the raisin mixture over them. Add the lemon juice, if desired, though this may be omitted.

MUSHROOM SAUCE

3 tablespoons fat 1 pint or ½ pound
4 tablespoons flour mushrooms
1 pint stock 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon salt

Melt the fat and brown the flour in it; add the stock slowly and the mushrooms just long enough before serving to have them hot.

To prepare the mushrooms, scrape the stems and peel the caps. Wash quickly in salted water. Drain and dry. Sauté in a little hot butter three minutes. If large, cut in pieces. This sauce, poured over boiled rice is a delicious main dish for luncheon.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

½ cup butter
Yolks of 2 eggs
1½ tablespoons lemon juice
¼ teaspoon salt
Little cayenne
½ cup boiling water

Cream the butter, add the egg yolks one at a time, beating them into the butter. Add the lemon, salt and pepper. Do all this away from the fire. About ten minutes before serving, add the water slowly and cook over hot water, as you would cook a custard, until it thickens. Serve immediately.

BECHAMEL SAUCE

1½ cups white stock
1 slice onion
2 slices carrot
1 stalk celery
¼ cup fat
¼ cup flour
½ a bay leaf
1 sprig parsley
5 pepper corns
½ teaspoon salt
Pepper
1 cup milk

Cook the stock one-half hour with all the seasonings. Strain. Melt the fat, add the flour and gradually the hot milk and the stock. Add more salt and pepper if necessary.

TOMATO SAUCE

2 cups tomato 2 tablespoons fat
1 slice onion 3 tablespoons flour
Bit of bay leaf ½ teaspoon salt
1 clove Pepper

Cook the tomato, onion, bay leaf, and clove, slowly, twenty minutes. Strain. Melt the fat, add the flour and the seasonings, then the hot tomato slowly.

CUCUMBER SAUCE

1 large or two small cucumbers; pare and chop very fine, drain.
Add ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika and little cayenne.
Stir in ½ cup of vinegar or less if this seems too much.

Serve with fish.

SAUCE TARTARE

½ cup mayonnaise dressing
½ tablespoon chopped pickle
½ tablespoon capers
½ tablespoon chopped olives

Drain the pickles, capers and olives very dry and stir into the dressing.

In using the recipes on this page, remember that all measurements should be level. Also use standard measures—a standard measuring cup (not an ordinary teacup) and standard teaspoons.

Doctors say—

—that people would be a great deal healthier at this season of the year if they managed to eat some kind of greens every day.

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The Hall of Your House

By Ruby Ross Goodnow

THE hall of your house declares your manners and your character to your guests. It gives them a first impression that is not easily changed by the rooms which they enter thereafter, no matter how charming they may be. If it is too cold and empty it chills the entering guest. If it is carelessly furnished it proclaims you a housekeeper without dignity. If it is too full of things, too cluttered with personal belongings it embarrasses your guests by its intimacy. No matter how good the crowding things may be, it gives the guest a feeling of walking guardedly, of being stifled.

When the entrance-hall is designed to be a living hall, it may be treated as any living-room would be treated. It does not need special attention in this article.

The hall with which we are primarily concerned is that one designed to separate the guest momentarily from the family, and to preserve the privacy of the living part of the house. The average hall is necessarily dark, by reason of its openings being doors instead of windows, and it should therefore be kept as light and cool-looking as possible in its treatment. Nothing is pleasanter than the small white-paneled hall of the old American Colonial cottage. There is an impression of immaculate white paint and of orderly paneling that goes far toward furnishing a hall. A wall of this kind does not need pictures, though it will be found a very agreeable background to old prints if one has them.

The same straight-away hall, in a larger house, may have its walls covered with a reproduction of an old landscape paper, or its wide spaces may be broken into large panels by the application of moldings to the plaster. White-painted trim, yellow or pale green walls, and a polished stair rail and risers, make a cool, aristocratic country-house hall. One needs only a few pieces of old furniture and one or two good rugs to achieve real distinction. If your house is of the Italian or Spanish style, white paint is unsuitable. Plain rough plaster walls, left in the natural color or treated in some strong color tone, ceiling of the same, a floor of stone or tile (or of the effect of stone or tile) and the style is established. A heavy walnut console and an old gilt mirror, a bench or two, and your hall is made quite charming.

Very little furniture is required for the hall, but it must be good. Nothing should be used that has no reason for being there. The essential pieces are: a table, preferably of the console variety, to

STARTING in the hallway, Mrs. Goodnow's series of articles will take you through the entire home, giving a great decorator's plans for beautiful interiors.

hold mail, cards, and so forth; a chest which may hold the intimate family belongings—rugs and tennis rackets and such

—within, and on which the visitors' hats and folded coats may be placed.

The old-fashioned hat-rack has gone. A good vase of earthenware may be used to hold umbrellas and canes.

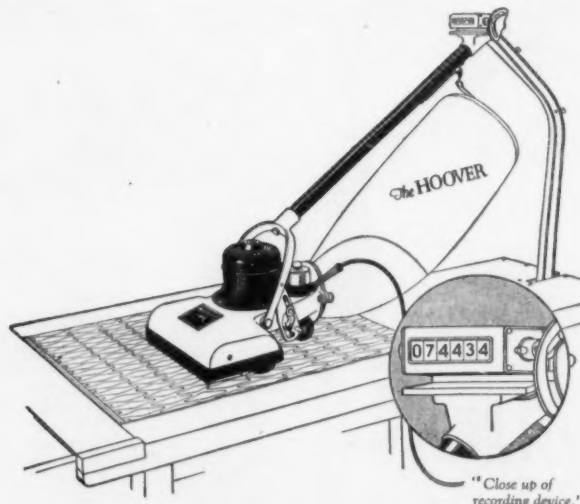
There should, of course, be a pair of chairs or a bench in the hall, where a caller may wait comfortably. Other furniture may be added; it all depends on the style and the size of the hall. If you have a grandfather's clock, it will be perfect in a hall of American or English character. The essentials are few; a place to sit, a place to leave one's things, a table to hold cards, and a mirror into which one may peep on coming and going.

THE hall should never be entirely covered with carpeting unless there is a vestibule between the main hall and out-of-doors, where small rugs and mats may collect the dust and dampness. If there are children and dogs coming and going through the house it is very impractical to have carpeting in any hall—whether in city or country. Such rugs as are used must be durable and easily cleaned. They should be heavy enough to lie firmly on the floor, because nothing is more distressing than to enter a house and to step upon a rug that shoots across the floor.

The ideal hall floor is of tiles, marble, stone, or some such washable material. There is a linoleum tile on the market at present which may be bought in blocks which gives the effect of a marble floor.

In my own little house, which is an extremely narrow city house, I used the old kitchen on the basement floor for the entrance hall. You enter directly into the hall, because a vestibule would have cut off the light. The floor is of black terrazzo, a composition of marble chips poured in cement, which is the universal floor in Italy. Inset in this black floor are brass stars, dotted at regular intervals. The walls are a light, gay blue, and the ceiling also. One wall is broken by a mantel, and against opposite wall is a quaint settle, made from the head-board of a Spanish bed, a beautiful painted wood board of blue ground covered with pink and red flowers and gold leaves.

I had an ordinary box built to use against this hanging board, and the whole hall is made gay by it. A pair of benches, a console, an old gilt wall clock, and one vase of greens on the mantel finish it.



74,434 trips equal 180 Years

In ordinary service an electric cleaner travels only 4 times over the same spot on a rug at a single cleaning; twice forward and twice back. Figuring 2 cleanings weekly, the same spot is thus cleaned 416 times a year. In a special test explained below, one Hoover was propelled 74,434 times across a Wilton rug, the equivalent of 180 years of home service, without the slightest injury to the rug.

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If you had heard the occasional remark that electric cleaners are hard on rugs, but could see a rug that had been cleaned by one for the equivalent of 180 years, you would be convinced that the rumor was untrue, wouldn't you?

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Here a stock Hoover, Model 105, was glided back and forth over the same small piece of ordinary Wilton carpet by a mechanical contrivance designed for the purpose. The Hoover, the carpet, the counter were carefully examined and sealed.

For six days the carpet was gently beaten and cleanly swept in the identical manner that rugs in over a million homes are kept free from destructive embedded grit and unsightly clinging litter.

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"At the conclusion of this test the exhibit was again inspected, the seals found to be intact, the counter reading showing that The Hoover had made 74,434 single strokes over the carpet. A careful examination of the carpet shows no appreciable wear or other deleterious effects."

Can you afford to let the life of your rugs be curtailed or their beauty diminished by the presence of destructive embedded dirt that only the gentle beating-sweeping action of The Hoover can thoroughly remove? Can you afford to undergo the tedious dusty labor of cleaning that The Hoover has banished from the lives of over a million housewives? Especially since The Hoover can be purchased on our convenient payment plan for only 17c to 23c a day.

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The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

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Philadelphia, Pa.
Age, 11 months.

"She was raised
on Mellin's Food
and milk. It has
always agreed with
her and I highly
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Sincerely yours,
Mrs. H. Davis

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Cincinnati, Ohio
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be thankful to
Mellin's Food and
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first and only food
that helped her."

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. Geo. C. Strang

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Double Doom

[Continued from page 18]

At length he reappeared in one of the arches of the gallery, beckoning with a jerk of his head. She followed, to be welcomed by a door that opened of a sudden, letting out a warm flood of light. Blinking, she found herself in a room wide and deep and little less bare than the cell of an anchorite.

The door closed behind Francesca; she was alone with an old man in a wheeled chair. He sat quite still, with hands like bleached claws of a bird folded in his lap: an old, old man, dressed in a heavy woollen gown, with a white neckerchief knotted around his throat, a plain rug over his knees. His head was finely modeled, as were the features over which the skin was taut and colorless. The eyebrows were jet black and the eyes beneath them black and of extraordinary fire and intelligence.

The unwinking stare of those uncanny eyes seemed to bore Francesca through and through. She felt suddenly a little faint and giddy with fright. She had enough presence of mind to offer the indispensable salute of profound veneration; then she lifted her head high to look down boldly upon that shape of strange immobility.

At length, as if despairing of the attempt to wear down her patience, a voice as coldly metallic as the sound of a steel bell issued from the cruel and pallid lips.

"Come nearer."

The girl complied without visible hesitation, and when she stood before the chair heard another word—"Kneel!"—and dropped upon a knee. Then a hand like a talon was lifted and proffered. She took it upon the tips of her fingers and pressed her lips to its back. An invincible shiver rippled down her spine, for it was as if she kissed something less than living flesh, something icy with the eternal cold of the grave.

"Arise."

She got up. The man in the chair lifted his gaze to her face, but finding the angle of vision difficult required her to stand back with a flint of the hand in which there was a hint of temper.

"Your name?"

"Francesca Barocco." The wraith of a mordant smile wrinkled the thin and bloodless lips, and the girl felt herself transfixed by a pang of pure fear. Did he then already suspect—?

The brilliant eyes clouded as if in an effort of memory. "There were two brothers of that name," he said with a faintly satiric inflexion. "If I am not in error, they emigrated to America, many years ago."

"My father and uncle."

"Yes?" A slight lift of the heavy black eyebrows lent this a supercilious accent. "Which was which?"

"My father's name was Aniello, my uncle's—"

"I remember: Liborio."

Francesca loosed an arrow into the air. "One was confident you would not have forgotten."

The faint stress she put upon the pronoun you earned her a hawklike glance of suspicion so strong that it nearly resembled alarm. So her arrow had found a chink in the armor! She wondered where. If only she knew!

"And these old friends—I might almost call them my brothers—they are well, I trust, and prosperous?"

"They are dead, *si masto*. They died at the same time, months ago."

The old head nodded thoughtfully. "It would have been like that with them. As my memory serves, they were twins."

"Like my brother and myself."

"You have a brother, then?"

"One. His name is Angelo."

"And is your brother much like you?"

"Very," she contrived to reply, feeling as if her knees were water.

"And do I understand that you have come from America to see me?"

"Yes, *si masto*. Some time before his death my father told me of a friend whom he had had in Naples, a dear friend to whom he had been fortunate enough to do a great service."

"He had a name, I presume, this famous friend?"

"*Si masto*, his first name was the same as my father's. For that reason they always called each other brother. The name was Aniello Aniello."

"I remember," said the old man, nodding. "I remember that one, too."

"He rose to a high place, *si masto*, a very high place; he became Supreme Master of the Honorable Society of Camorra."

"But then, as I recall, he died."

"He disappeared," Francesca corrected gravely. "He had made himself so powerful that the Italian Government itself came to fear him. He disappeared, and another took his place as Supreme Master. But it is said that he did not die, and his successors were mere marionettes that moved only when Aniello Aniello manipulated the strings."

"A fanciful story, Francesco Barocco. But if you seek this Aniello Aniello, your father's friend, I regret I can be of no service to you."

"I am not so sure," Francesca contended coolly. "There was a certain ring . . ."

The folded hands upon the rug stirred and unclosed; in the palm of one lay an old-fashioned signet ring, an onyx in a massy setting of gold.

"But for that ring I should not be here talking to you, *si masto*. I sent it to you by another hand with my petition for this interview. The ring was my father's. Aniello Aniello gave it to him in earnest of his gratitude and his promise to serve him in turn to the full of his power if ever my father were in need of assistance or protection. 'Either you or your children,' were his words as my father repeated them to me. I have come from America to ask the redemption of that promise."

"But since Aniello Aniello is no more, why do you come to me?"

"The pledge was given in the name of the Camorra by its Supreme Master. It is a matter of the honor of the Honorable Society, not of the person. Aside from that," Francesca added pointedly, "you are not dead, *si masto*."

"That is true," the old man admitted without betraying any resentment of her boldness; "in a sense I am not dead. But"—the wasted hands lifted suddenly, fluttering like dead leaves, in a passion of despair—"is it a life I live, and for thirty years have lived, confined to this chair, penned within these four walls? What are friends or enemies to one in such a plight as mine?"

The brittle voice continued: "What is it you want, then, of the Honorable Society?"

"Let it redeem its promise to the dead by permitting me to serve it."

"You!"

Of a sudden a horrible thing happened; the creature in the chair laughed aloud.

More frightened than affronted, the girl shrank back a step, with a movement of uncontrollable dismay and repugnance; and this seemed to bring the other to his senses, for his unholy derision choked in full peal.

"So you would serve the Camorra?" Francesca made an inarticulate sound of assent. "May one inquire in what way?"

With a great effort the girl made herself coherent. "There is treason—*nfamita*—at work among those who call themselves good Camorristi in America. This requires to be run down and exposed."

The shrewd, bright eyes narrowed intently. "Explain!"

As briefly as she might Francesca narrated the story of the raid upon the antique shop of Baroque Brothers. "Treachery alone did that," she concluded; "through treachery the Camorra has lost a source of great revenue—and I, a father and an uncle. With the Camorra *nfamita* calls for punishment; with me, blood cries aloud for blood."

"Before I can accomplish anything, it is necessary that I be accepted as a good Camorrista; before that can be, I must have your countenance. In America my suspicions are known to the guilty; they will not have me of their number lest I unmask them. But with your sanction . . . Furthermore, you alone can remit the term of my novitiate. If I must serve one year as a *piciotto* d'honneur and three as *piciotto* 'i sgarra'—what shall I hope to find out in New York four years hence?"

"That is the least of your difficulties. There are others, two others of major importance to be dealt with. The law of the Camorra may never be suspended in this respect, that he who would become a Camorrista in full standing must first prove himself a man of heart and worthy of such honor by performing some act of courage and devotion to the Honorable Society."

Francesca contrived to cover a shudder with a shrug. Too well she knew what was meant. "I am ready, *si masto*. Only tell me what I must do."

"That is not so easy to decide off-hand. But it is an obligation not to be forgotten, even if it were possible to circumvent the greater difficulty. The Camorra does not admit women to membership."

The girl uttered a cry of dismay, and began to tremble. "You knew!" she stammered. "You have known all along!"

The man assented with a deliberate nod. In terror she sank upon her knees, offering clasped hands of pitiful entreaty. The smile of scorn deepened the lines of the pallid mask that looked down upon her, a wave of negligent fingers bade her rise.

"Have I said that what you ask is impossible? But no: it can be arranged—and shall, if you continue of the same mind."

She could only stare, dumb in incredulity. The man was turning the ring over and over in his palm.

"A promise is a promise," he mused aloud. "What is it to me if to grant this request is to send you to your death? Shall a dead man hold the laws of the

Camorra more sacred than his pledged word? Listen to me, my girl: The Camorra is already tottering. This spirit alone—he tapped his bosom—"holds it together. A little, and I shall be dead. Then the Honorable Society will go down in ruin and be no more. Do I owe it so much for making me what I am, that I shall hesitate to speed its disintegration?"

He laughed again, and the insanity of his merriment chilled the heart of the girl.

"It shall be as you wish. Only I tell you—and remember, the dead know the future—that you shall gain your end only at cost of your life."

He lifted and rang a little silver bell that stood upon the edge of the table, convenient to his hand.

"Go now: Return to your hotel. Discreet arrangements will be made and communicated to you in due course. And be patient: the Camorra of Aniello Aniello will not fail to make good its pledge."

REACTION left Francesca so enervated in body and mind that, as she crossed the dark, still courtyard with her guide, she was dully conscious of wavering footsteps and, coming to the silent marble fountain, was fain to stop and rest a little upon its lichened coping.

"Wait!" she quavered. The Camorrista paused in staring annoyance.

"What's wrong?" he growled. "Why, you're trembling like a woman! One would think you'd failed to pass."

He spat in contempt, but in the next breath seemed to recognize some signal of which Francesca was unaware and, in a ferocious mutter bidding her stop where she was, bounded away to lose himself in the darkness beneath the gallery.

Glad of the respite, Francesca threw back her head and, looking up to the rectangle of star-stripped sky framed by the inner walls of the palazzo, filled her lungs again and again with the sweet breath of night, feeling as if she were washing them clean of the effluvia of a tomb.

She had just left her seat upon the coping of the fountain when, to her blank dismay, she found her guide before her, bowing and smirking in a change of attitude so entire that she could only gape in amazement. And then, before she knew what he was about, the man had caught her in his arms, embraced her affectionately, and printed an ardent kiss on each of her cheeks.

But she found herself free again before she could muster her wits to resent the indignity; the hands she raised to thrust the fellow away barely brushed his bosom as, scraping and grinning, he fell back.

"You beast!" she stormed furiously.

The Camorrista rounded the shoulders of humility and sawed the air with deprecating hands.

"But the accolade, O little comrade!—the accolade! Must you be angry with me if, having learned from the Old One himself what honor he has in store for you, I hasten to salute you with the kiss of confraternity?"

"Basta!" she silenced the man. "Enough! You surprised me, I did not understand at first. It is no matter. Let us go."

The guide now paced obsequiously by her side, only occasionally ranging on ahead a few yards to spy out the way, as if to make sure it was quite safe for his charge.

Perhaps he had received a warning of some sort, while waiting for her to finish her interview with the "Old One," to give him substantial grounds for misgivings; or it may have been simple premonition that weighed upon his spirits . . .

They were still far from the hotel, by Francesca's dead reckoning, when of a sudden, approaching a blind corner, the man stopped, grasped her wrist with a peremptory hand and, growling an imprecation, stifened like a jungle beast at the first wind of danger.

"What is it?" she breathed, unsuccessfully twisting her imprisoned wrist.

With an oath the Camorrista shifted his hold on her upper arm, and dragging Francesca with him, began to run back the way they had come, but within a dozen yards or so stopped short in midstride and again stood tensely poised in alarm. Somewhere on ahead, an unseen cat was mewing; and when its voice fell Francesca heard a man's, a melting tenor, softly singing near at hand a phrase of an old, old song she had heard her uncle hum a thousand times: "*Oi ne, trasteve, ca chiora!*"

And if one needed proof that this was a warning cue of the Camorra, Francesca had it in the wrench her arm suffered as her guide again wheeled about and broke into a run.

They were once more at the turning when, from the black mouth of a nearby doorway, a dark shape darted, a cloak flapping from its shoulders like wings of some monstrous bird of prey, and with incredible fury flew at Francesca's guide. Out

[Turn to page 70]



A Christmas Box For Every Kiddie

A Carton of Twenty-Four For One Dollar

Boys and girls know what **THEY** are!

No mistake—it's **CHRISTMAS . . . REALLY HERE! . . .** for there are *little raisins* to proclaim it . . . little red boxes almost calling out, "*Merry Christmas*" to them before they're half way down the stairs.

See them go for them—you *know* they love them.

And they're both good and good for them, like *natural confections*—fine little *seedless* fruit-meats, Nature's own delicious healthful sweets, "just made" for Christmas time!

Now don't you go and forget them, because forty million kiddies are *looking* for these little boxes in their stockings Christmas morning, and you *must make good*.

Better get them now to be absolutely, *positively SURE!*

Better get *two dozen*, in a carton, to serve as little gifts to anyone who may drop in to see the tree.

Make some twenty other little people happy besides your own—for a dollar.

Let's go get them **NOW.**

Little Sun-Maids

Christmas Raisins

5c Everywhere

SUN-MAID RAISIN GROWERS, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA



GOOD HEALTH is always a welcome guest at your table; but how often is "he" there? How often does "he" stay out of your dining room because you left out something in the kitchen? Do you ever have the uncomfortable feeling that many of your meals are "health-shy"? Or, have you found—as thousands of housewives are finding—that such a simple thing as prunes can swing the balance of health into your daily menus?

Prunes supply something the body needs—and needs every day. Nature has seen to that. But it is up to you to see that this fine fruit-food enters your menu-mind every day. Especially is this true of Sunsweet Prunes—the pick of California's pack. For Sunsweet Prunes are doubly rich in fruit sugar. That means quick-to-use energy. Then they give you tonic iron and other mineral and "vitamine" elements. And—more important than all—prunes are a natural corrective: a healthful laxative from Nature's own pharmacy.

Ask your grocer for these fine, juice-full, full-meated prunes in the new pantry-hand 2-lb. carton. And send for our Recipe Packet—50 Sunsweet ways to "Shake hands with health every day" Use the coupon—it's free!

SUNSWEEP CALIFORNIA'S NATURE-FLAVORED PRUNES

Sunsweet Prune Upside Down Cake

(Pictured below)

Wash and soak Sunsweet Prunes in warm water to cover several hours. Drain, remove pits. Beat 1 egg till light, gradually add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar; beat till creamy. Measure 1 cup sifted flour, sift again with 1 teaspoon baking powder. Add to egg mixture alternately with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk or water. Beat well; add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Melt 3 tablespoons butter in an iron frying pan. Spread $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar evenly over pan, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts. Cover with prunes then pour over the cake batter. Set in moderate oven and bake about 25 minutes. Turn upside down on serving plate.

Sunsweet Prune Charlotte

(Pictured below)

Prepare 2 cups prune pulp (cooked, pitted Sunsweet Prunes rubbed through a coarse sieve.) Add 1 cup chopped walnuts or pecans, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Soak 2 tablespoons gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water until dissolved; melt over hot water; add to prune pulp; mix well. Whip 2 cups cream; fold into mixture. Pour into wet mold; chill until firm. Unmold; serve with whipped cream.

Sunsweet Prunes with Tapioca

Soak $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pearl or minute tapioca in 1 cup of cold water 1 hour or more. Drain, add 1 cup hot water, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter. Cook in double boiler until transparent. Butter a baking dish, cover bottom with cooked, pitted Sunsweet Prunes, then cover with the tapioca. Bake in moderate oven about thirty minutes. Serve with cream or custard sauce.

Sunsweet Prunes with Rice

Pack hot boiled rice in buttered cup. Turn out at once into individual cereal bowls, surround with drained cooked Sunsweet Prunes, serve with sugar and cream. With coffee and buttered toast this dish makes a complete, wholesome breakfast.

Sunsweet Prune Betty

Two cups cooked, pitted Sunsweet Prunes; 1 cup toasted fine bread crumbs; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot prune juice; $\frac{1}{3}$ cup orange marmalade or juice and grated rind of orange; 1 tablespoon butter. Butter baking dish. Cover bottom and sides with bread crumbs. Add layer of prunes, layer of marmalade and layer of crumbs. Continue until all are used having last layer crumbs. Break butter into bits; sprinkle over top. Pour hot prune juice over all; bake in medium hot oven about 15 minutes.

Sunsweet Prune Juice

Wash Sunsweet Prunes, cover with warm water; let stand over night. Heat very slowly to simmering point, cook until tender; don't boil. No sugar is required. Pour off juice, straining through fine sieve. The prunes left can be used for prune desserts requiring prune pulp—such as prune whip, prune charlotte, prune cake filling, prune custard, prune velvet, prune chantilly, etc.

Mail this coupon for Recipe Packet—free!

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143 Market Street, San Jose, California
Please send me, without cost, the Sunsweet Recipe Packet.

Name _____

Address _____

The Bully of St. Ann's

(Continued from page 42)

She flew in between the men, and faced the newcomer, hands on slim hips, wrath in her piquant face.

"Bully!" she cried with fine scorn. "Coward! Because *le bon Dieu* made you big like the ox you think you can run over all others! *Non!* You cannot. I—even I—look you down—so—and bid you mind your own affairs. The hand of Cosan you shall not crush. I want that hand—I, Marcelle Morand—to work for me in the future. You shall not spoil my property!"

For a moment the man stopped, staring at her, then he threw back his huge head and laughed immoderately.

"Ah, *voilà!*" he cried, "ze little ruffie! pa'tridge! She defy ze panther. *Non, mon enfant,* ze big cat eat ze foolish bird," and with one long stride he swooped forward, leaned down, caught the girl about the knees and flung her on his shoulder.

Her small feet beat wildly on his hip and her flailing hands were gathered in one of his as he strode away toward the post, still laughing. There was a movement in the group behind, led by Cosan with his knife. But Du Bois, as if warned by some seventh sense, turned sharply round, crouched—and waited, his eyes upon them. At the look, the attitude, they stopped dead. The priest, who had raised a protesting hand, dropped it.

All the Northland knew Du Bois, knew his temper and his strength. So Cosan and those with him stopped, to bide their time. And the laughing Hercules from the wilderness marched up the main way of Fort St. Ann's that keen spring day with another man's sweetheart under his arm, and bowed low before Jean McQuoid, the factor.

"What's this?" asked the factor sternly, trying not to smile.

"Merely a little pa'tridge, M'sieu, w'at fly in ze panther's face."

He set the girl on her feet, brushed down her ruffled finery, and bowed.

"We can excuse you now, Ma'amsele," he said pointedly, "I would speak with my frien', Monsieur le Facteur."

All the Northland knew Du Bois. There was much to be known of him, for he had passed along its majestic reaches like a meteor. They knew of his prowess as a hunter, of the great stag moose he had followed for twenty days in snow time, bringing in its mighty head upon his shoulders, a feat for a superman. They knew of the panther he had killed with a club in open fight.

There was the man on Deer River whom he had all but killed, fighting over a woman. Du Bois took her—the other man's woman. It was an open theft. But look you—when she lay dying a year later at Lake-of-the-Woods she blessed his name to Father Tenu who gave her consolation! Strange, was it not? However there were those who said it was just as well she died, for Du Bois was beginning to tire of her. This he never heard—for none dared tell him the gossip.

But Father Tenu knew that the bully had knelt by that lowly couch in the wilderness and wept like a child, her dying hand on his head. He knew also that he, the priest, passing that way the following autumn, had visited the unmarked grave for humanity's sake and had found on it a little jar with flowers drooping in it, set there by one who must have journeyed far to place them there. So what would you? Who was there to say he knew the heart of this man?

A FEW days Du Bois stayed at Fort St. Ann's, filling his canoe with stores and smoking many pipes with McQuoid, the factor. The latter had promised a dance in the long room at headquarters to celebrate the marriage of Cosan to his Marcelle. The thought of this tickled Du Bois.

It would be great fun, dancing at the ceremony of a man who hated him! It came near, however, being more, for with his characteristic high-handedness the trapper took big Elsa from the very arms of Pierre La Forge in the middle of the figure and finished it out with her himself. Pierre was a small man, light and sinewy, but the spirit of warlike forebears lived in him, and he waited only for the dance to be done before he launched himself in the bully's face like a fury. It took Du Bois but a scant five minutes to punish him frightfully, to pick him up bodily and toss him away. But, as he straightened up with a laugh, he met Cosan's flaming eyes, and saw his fingers playing with a knife.

"How long, my frien'," cried Cosan, "are we goin' to be playthings of this fellow? How long?" At his electric cry, four youths, friends of his and Pierre, drew in behind him and faced Du Bois. Du Bois laughed again, shrugged his massive shoulders.

"Eh?" he asked, "an' w'at you goin' to do to Du Bois?"

"Lick you, M'sieu!" said Cosan through closed teeth. "Lick you like hell!"

It is hardly possible to describe what followed. There were five, standing to-

gether against this man, and yet those who witnessed the fight say that never for a moment did they have the advantage. Like a tree in a storm he stood among them, his great black head tossing, his huge arms flailing like pistons, his broad back and slender hips working beautifully, his powerful legs spread wide to stop the onslaught. And he laughed continually. One by one he sent his assailants down, Cosan, white and furious, last, with a threat and a menace for the future. As he stood swaying above his fallen foes, hands on hips, there fell from the breast of his torn shirt a small bright object that shone amazingly for a second in the light from the big lamp hanging above. Cosan, rising, snatched it up.

Instantly Du Bois was upon him again. He caught the hand that held the bauble and bent it forward at the wrist—a powerful pressure. The helpless fingers loosened and let fall a curious locket, like nothing ever seen at Fort St. Ann, so rich in workmanship was it. As it fell it opened so that Cosan looked for a moment into the lovely face of a woman, framed in gold and diamonds.

Du Bois picked it up and put it back into his breast again. He faced the circle, wearied, panting, his unkempt head lowered.

"Some more?" he said thickly. "Du Bois—is glad to accommodate."

As no one moved he flung back his shoulders, tossed the hair from his forehead and swung away down the floor.

GRAY dawn found him on the beach, stepping into his canoe, bound once more for his beloved wilderness. But he was not to leave without a farewell word, for the old priest stood at the shingle's lip and held his hand at parting.

"Son," he said sadly, "selfishness and arrogance are ear-marks of Satan. I would you had learned humility."

The bully looked at the man of God, and for a moment something flickered in his dark eyes. "Eh," he sighed, "who knows? Perhaps some day life, she is break Du Bois—bot zat ol' dame, she is have one time doing it." And he laughed gaily. The priest threw a little bundle into the laden craft.

"A book or two," he said, "and several pamphlets on scientific discoveries. They may interest you some lonely hour."

The trapper took the old man's hand once more. "Always the small kindness, Father," he said gravely. "None is so bad zat you do not love him. An' all the wilderness is love you in return. Adieu."

Two days later at dusk Du Bois shot his canoe up on a lonely point and strode eagerly forward to the cabin which sat at the forest's edge.

"M'sieu," he called, "it is only me—your frien'. Come hout."

At the farther wall a door opened a crack and a pale young face looked out fearfully, cautiously, as if to make sure by sight as well as by hearing that this was indeed Du Bois and none other. Then a slip of a boy stepped into the outer room. He seemed scarce twenty years old, and he had great, scared eyes of deepest blue. His thin hands moved restlessly. He came impetuously forward and laid his fingers on the other's arm.

"I've missed you, Du Bois," he said tensely. "God, how I've missed you! I couldn't have stood it another day. And to think if you had not found me and brought me here I would be rotting there now—I would have committed suicide I know."

"Non," cried the trapper sharply, "you would have foun' yourself instead. The soul, M'sieu, she is built of better stuff."

With the joy of perfect health he set about preparing a meal. At table he told the lad in detail about his trip, gripping his knife in his huge hand and leaning far over in his earnestness.

"Zat post St. Ann, she is one awful place. I go no more. Is no welcome for real man. An', M'sieu," as he finished the story of the fight, "I come mighty near losing these locket w'ich you give me for the safe-keeping. Those precious t'ing! I one fine frien' to lose zat, eh?"

"Don't lose it, Du Bois, ever," said the boy. "My mother had it made for me, and one like it for Mora. Because we're twins, you know, and she is—she is—" He gulped and swallowed, and the big blue eyes fixed on Du Bois' face clouded slowly with a mist of tears. The bully rose, lifted the lad to his feet and, putting his great arms about him, patted his shoulder as gently as a woman would.

"She is all t'ings sweet an' good zat ever lived in zis ol' worl', M'sieu," he said, "an', for her sweet sake, Du Bois, who have never look on her livin' face, would die with the laugh, jus' to save a scratch from the so small finger of her."

It awed Du Bois—this miracle, that he, light o' love that he was, should be humbled in the dust of abasement by this woman's pictured face. For two months now he had

studied it in firelight and at dawn, at noon and night, and ever the wonder of its beauty and innocence had bowed down his heart in worship. He opened it now and looked at it in its glittering case. "She is good, M'sieu," he said, "pure as lily w'at bloom in shade."

"And she believes in me," sobbed the boy, "she won't admit I'm all bad."

Du Bois shook his great head. "For sure! You are not bad at all, M'sieu, only ver' young, an' youth she do wild t'ings."

The lad clenched his hands. "If I only knew, Du Bois," he muttered. "For God's sake, why can't I remember?"

"I know I liked Van Blunt—had been at his apartment many times before. He was fine—kind, courteous, and very, very wealthy. All the fellows liked him. That night we had played and drunk a lot. There were about nine of us there. Kennet, Carson, Hargrave, myself and some others. We broke up late—I remember taking my hat and coat from Van Blunt's man who was waiting to go home then. All of a sudden a table seemed rising to meet me and—and I didn't know anything more until—" he stopped and shuddered, then went on as if he must tell it all, "until I waked in the gray dusk of dawn and saw—saw Van Blunt lying close to me—dead as a stone—with a knife in his white shirt-front. The room was in disorder. The little wall safe was open. And the strangest thing of all, Du Bois," (Du Bois was nodding in absorbed attention as if he were hearing the story for the first time), "the oddest thing was that my locket, which I always carried in a breast pocket, was lying open—on my own shirt-front—just as if someone had looked at the picture inside and then put it there. I was sober enough by that time, God knows, and I began to crawl out of that apartment. I got out of the building and out of the city. Yes, and finally out of the country. And finally I got here—in your cabin—a branded man—a man who doesn't know whether he is a murderer or not."

THE speaker knocked his thin fists together, and bowed his brown head over them. Once more Du Bois, the trapper, laid his broad hand on the slender shoulder with infinite compassion.

"So—so," he said simply, "we all sin, M'sieu, an' we mus' all sorrow. But zat great God, He is see in ze heart, an' ze good priest is assure me zat sin, sorrowed for, He is forgive."

The next day Du Bois set about mending his snow-shoes in preparation for the coming winter, looking over his traps, making new stretchers for skins. He tried to interest the boy in these homely tasks, but could not, so he bethought him of the books which Father Tenu had given him and unrolled the packet.

"See, M'sieu," he bragged, "I am of the inquiring mind—I would know of the outside world. You too, perhaps?" But the other shook his head. Idly the trapper ruffled through the package. Among the rest he came across a pamphlet whose strange illustrations intrigued him.

"Ah," he said, "ze thumb mark! Zat's fonn'y—all zese small tracks rounn' roun' lak fox w'at t'ink she's trick ze hunter. Mebbe lak june-bug w'at go crazy, eh, M'sieu?"

The boy, sitting on the rude bunk, shook his head and refused to look at the pictures. Du Bois, however, was all interest and laid aside his traps to play with the new idea. From the mantel he took his precious bottle of ink, and, dipping his great thumb in the liquid, made his mark all over the margin. He hunted in a can, and brought forth a dilapidated magnifying glass and studied it reverently.

"Zat's won'erful t'ing, M'sieu," he said presently. "Man—he is jus' lak bear—mak' his mark, an' all the world is know him forever after. Won'erful!"

But the boy only shrugged his shoulders and yawned wearily through the day. Du Bois, fascinated by this new study and his daily adoration at the shrine of the locket, was always busy.

Old Dame Fate was busy too, as she has a way of being when people have most thoroughly forgotten her.

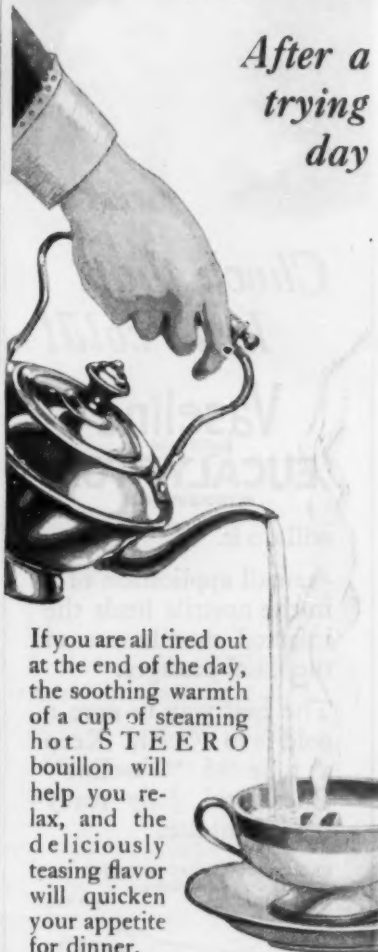
To the great gate of Fort St. Ann there came, one sweet spring day, a small cortège. That they had come far and were strangers to the land was very evident. The party consisted of an old man, evidently in failing health but with eyes bright with some consuming flame of the spirit, and a girl with deep blue eyes and of a great loveliness, who seemed, despite her long journey, still eager and unwearied. The rest of the party consisted of a man of middle age, handsome, courtly, with fine manners and a quiet tongue, a guide and several voyagers who manned the two canoes which served them. They were all anxious to rest for a few days at Fort St. Ann.

[Turn to page 44]

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The Bully of St. Ann's

[Continued from page 43]

McQuoid gave them welcome, and set aside a cabin for their use. He looked with amazed eyes upon the girl's lovely face. It was not often that the lonely reaches of the Qu'Appelle could boast such beauty.

It was little Marcelle, bold as usual, who approached the divinity first and made friends. And Marcelle found her very sweet and frank, and anxious to make friends in turn.

The little new wife was all sparkle and delight when she told Cosan of her so-kind gentleness, and she could tell him too why there was that ever-present sadness in her blue eyes.

"For that she is seek her brothaire, Cosan," she said, "who has long been lost from their hearts—an' le père, he is fail an' fail, onlee to see the face of his son before he dies. Lo, the pauvre dears! She is carry his face al-ways against her breast in fine locket, set thick with flashing stone."

"Eh?" said Cosan, alert on the instant, "w'at's dat you say, Marcelle?"

"Locket—fine locket, in which Ma'am-selle Mora, she is carry her brothaire's picture."

So it was Marcelle, who felt only admiration for the stranger with the deep blue eyes, who brought about the workings of Fate, for Cosan, the vindictive, recalled at once the flashing bauble which had fallen from the garments of Artine Du Bois that night of the battle on the dance floor.

So it was that when, on the morning set for the departure of the small cortège on its vague quest up the Qu'Appelle, that meddlesome old woman Fate sent into Fort St. Ann another traveler, to whom Cosan went at once and with whom he held secret speech. It was Lieutenant Cameron of the Royal Northwest Mounted, whom Cosan had served many times before.

As a direct result of this conference, the little party, intent only on its own affairs, was burdened at the start with company it least desired in all the world—an officer of the law. An officer, armed with all Cosan knew of the two lockets and the pitiful quest. And also armed with all the Service knew concerning the murder of Van Blunt in New York a year ago.

"My Lord," said Rodney Blake, twisting his thin hands together, "what jest of Fate is this, Hargrave? What shall we do?"

But it was the girl who answered. "Let us go ahead," she said, "and trust in God. There was never a murderer of Blake blood yet. I'll stake my soul on Roger."

In the meantime, Du Bois, at his lonely cabin, had made a great discovery with the help of his old magnifying glass, the precious locket, and the ever entrancing game of the thumb marks. It was a discovery which set him watching the lad with new and eager eyes, which sent him stealthily to the other's bedside at night to get a print of his thumb.

Then, on a golden morning when all the wilderness was one vast sparkle of dew and sunlight, when bird-calls enhanced the silence of the forest, and the soft voice of the river called him, he came upon his destiny—for swinging along the pebbly shore he met suddenly a girl in the smart garments of another world—a girl who stood and looked at him with fearless blue eyes that stopped the careless song on his lips—for they were the eyes of the locket! "Nom de Dieu!" he whispered soundlessly. "Ma'am-selle Mora—his sistaire!"

The old cap came from his black head and the natural grace of his manners was enhanced a thousandfold by the humility that softened his whole demeanor.

She stopped on the trail and stared, for this was such a man as she never in her life saw before, a glowing god of a man, with tossing hair and red cheeks, with magnificent muscles showing beneath his rough garments.

With the simple directness of those meeting in lonely places they accounted for their presence at the river's lip, and in a few minutes Du Bois had heard enough to send him back to his cabin and tell the boy there what he had just heard and whom he had met. Like a wild thing the lad would have flung himself outdoors to see his own. He tore at the iron grip in which Du Bois held him.

"Not yet, M'sieu," he begged earnestly, thinking of the thumb marks and the discovery, "there is much here to be unraveled—to be onderstan'. Trust Du Bois and wait."

The trapper visited the camp below the river's bend. He saw with quick eyes the tragic situation—the father, strung to breaking with fear and longing; the girl, strong in her courageous love; the man who loved her, and the stranger who was unwelcome because of the uniform he wore. He knew that first day that here was tragedy, only biding its time. He hated the lieutenant. And for Hargrave he felt a sudden swift antipathy, as if a snake had rustled unseen at his feet.

But over everything was the glamour of the adoration which had held him ever since he first saw the face in the locket. Now it was before him in the flesh—and Du Bois, famous for his loves, had met Love for the first time in his life.

Day by day he met the girl, for Mora, unconscious as a child, looked eagerly for his coming. Always the two looked into each other's eyes, the blue orbs and the black, wondering, absorbed, innocent, and did not guess that the ancient miracle was beginning to work. Time between them was as if it had not been. A day—or a year—what mattered it when heart spoke to heart?

But, if these two lost sight for a few magic moments of the deep thread of the situation, there were those who did not—the lieutenant, who watched Du Bois like a hawk, and Hargrave, who watched everybody.

Alas for high resolves and roseate dreams! While the simple man of the forest knelt in his cabin loft and promised the impossible to quiet the boy's terror—promised nothing less than that, on the honor of Artine Du Bois, all should yet come right—Hargrave sat at the camp on the river, and told a tale of gossip he had heard at Fort St. Ann.

"And so," he finished smilingly, "it would seem our friend of the woods and river is somewhat notorious among women. It was as well the stolen woman died, for they say he was beginning to tire of her anyway."

Mora Blake arose and entered her tent very quietly, but there was a great and terrible sickness inside her, and all the new world of forest and stream had become desolate and hateful to her.

When Du Bois came to the camp that day she did not appear. Never again would she look into his eyes, she told herself—he was nothing but a trader in emotion, a thief, a profligate. With whirlwind decision she told her party that they would get ready to press on—lieutenant or no lieutenant—now that the canoe was ready.

With early day the little group was ready, its canoes waiting. They bade farewell to Lieutenant Cameron at the river's lip, for the man of the Mounted was to stay behind.

But, as they rounded the bend and saw the cabin of the trapper set against its wall of green, Rodney Blake wanted to stop and thank the man who had added so greatly to their comfort.

Du Bois stood in his door, a pipe between his teeth, his great figure alert, his black hair sparkling from his morning plunge in the waters of the Qu'Appelle. The end of the world seemed upon him as he watched them come, for he knew that they were going on, that the woman of the locket would soon be again merely the woman of the locket—and what about the boy beneath the eaves?

"Holy Mary," he prayed silently as Blake, Mora and Hargrave disembarked and came slowly up the shingle, "hol' him steady. Don't let him betray himself," for he felt, sure as death, that there was danger in this man Hargrave—vague danger, but real, with Lieutenant Cameron a stone's throw away.

"Ma'am-selle," he started, stopped, swallowed, and went on again, "Ma'am-selle—I would—would tell you—would have you know—"

Mora raised her eyes and they were hard and bright as jewels. All the light of the miracle was gone from them.

The trapper, quick to understand, shrunk back into himself.

He held out his hand to Rodney Blake, and to Mora—but not to Hargrave who was already turning back to the canoes. At that moment there came a step in the fringing forest and Lieutenant Cameron stood there, come by short-cut across the bend.

Du Bois hardly saw him. He was watching Mora go down to the canoes, her sweet face cold as stone for some unknown reason. He doubled his hand helplessly against his heart, and pondered on the cause of such a change.

Drawn suddenly by some sixth sense, he turned and looked at the lieutenant. His black eyes widened, every nerve in him tensed, for Lieutenant Cameron was looking over his head, straight at the cabin's eaves. Instantly Du Bois followed his gaze and beheld a thin young arm in a faded sleeve, with fingers spread in anguished appeal toward those two departing heads, the old gray one and the shining brown one. Blood was calling to blood at the risk of life itself!

"Bon Dieu," he breathed to himself, and shot a glance at the officer's face. That face was adamant, expressive only of duty.

Du Bois in the doorway waited tensely. Cameron, keen dealer in danger and death, knew this man and read the signs in his face. For some unknown reason the trap-

[Turn to page 64]



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of McCall's MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1922.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared John D. Hartman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Asst. Treasurer of The McCall Company, publishers of McCall's MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 433, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher: The McCall Company, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor: Henry P. Burton, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor: None. Business Manager: None.

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J. D. HARTMAN, Asst. Treasurer
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Fortune's Fool

[Continued from page 27]

thrust her back into the chair, and shut her in.

All that she knew now was that the chair was moving. On it went, away to the left, and up the steep gradient of Paul's Chains, and lastly to the right into Knight Ryder Street. Before a substantial house on the north side of this, between Paul's Chains and Sermon Lane, the chair came to a final standstill and was set down. The roof was raised and the apron pulled open, and hands seized upon her to draw her forth. Then she felt herself bodily lifted in strong arms, and swung to a man's shoulder.

Thus Holles bore her into the house. The colonel turned to the right of the roomy hall and entered a square chamber, somberly furnished and somberly wainscoted from bare floor to whitened ceiling. In the middle of the room a table was laid for supper and on its polished surface gleamed crystal and silver in the light from the great candle-branch that occupied its middle. The long window overlooking the street was close-shuttered, the shutters barred. Under this stood a day-bed of cane and carved oak, furnished with velvet cushions of a dull wine-color. To this day-bed Holles conveyed his burden. Having set her down, he removed the handkerchief that bound her wrists.

He turned away, to close the door, tossing aside his hat and cloak, and mopping his brow as he went. Whilst he was crossing the room she struggled to her feet, and her hands being now at liberty she tugged and tore at the scarf until she loosed it so that it slipped down from her face.

"Sir," she said, "you will let me depart at once, or you shall pay dearly for this villainy."

He closed the door and turned again, to face her.

"Unless you suffer me to depart at once, you shall . . ."

There she paused. Abruptly she broke off, to lean forward, staring at him, her parted lips and dilating eyes bearing witness to an amazement so overwhelming that it overrode both her anger and her fear. Hoarse and tense came her voice at last:

"Who are you? What . . . what is your name?"

He stared in his turn, wondering what it was she saw in him to be moving her so oddly. Where she stood, her face was more than half in shadow, whilst the light of the cluster of candles on the table was beating fully upon his own.

"You are Randal Holles!"

He advanced a step in a sort of consternation, breathless, some sudden ghastly emotion tearing at his heart, eyeing her wildly, his whole face livid as a dead man's.

"Randal Holles!" she repeated in a tortured voice. "You! You of all men—I!"

Where there had been only wild amazement in her eyes, he beheld now a growing horror, until mercifully she covered her face with her hands.

The years rolled back; the room melted away to be replaced in his vision by a cherry orchard in bloom, and in that orchard a girl on a swing, teasing yet adorable, singing a song that brought him, young and clean and honorable, hastening to her side. He saw himself a lad of twenty going out into the world with a lady's glove in his hat—a glove that to this day he cherished—bent upon knight-errantry for that sweet lady's sake, to conquer the world, no less, that he might cast it in her lap. And he saw her—this Sylvia Farquharson of the Duke's Theater—as she had been in those long-dead days when her name was Nancy Sylvester.

He reeled back until his shoulders came to rest against the closed door, and stared and stared in dazed amazement, his soul revolted by the horror of the situation in which they found themselves.

"God!" he groaned aloud. "My Nan! My little Nan!"

He staggered forward, and fell on his knees before her.

"Nan! Nan!" he cried in a strangled voice. "I did not know. I did not dream . . ."

No whiter than her oval face was her gown of shimmering ivory satin. About her eyes dark stains of suffering were growing whilst in their blue-green depths there was nothing but stark horror.

"You did not know!" Pain rendered harsh and rasping the voice whose natural music had seduced whole multitudes, and the sound of it was a sword of sharpness to that kneeling, distracted man. "It is then as I thought. You have done this thing at the hiring of another. You are so fallen that you play the hired bully. And you are Randal Holles!"

On his knees he dragged himself nearer to her very feet.

"Nan, Nan, don't judge until you have heard, until . . ."

"Heard? Have you not told me all? Do you think I cannot guess who is the master-villain that employs you for his

jackal? And you did not know it was I—that it was one who loved you once, when you were clean and honest . . ."

"Nan! Nan! O God!"

"But I never loved you as I loathe you now for the foul thing you are become, you that were to conquer the world for me. You did not know that it was I whom you were paid to carry off! And you are so shameless, so lost to honor that you dare to urge that ignorance as your excuse. I hope that if any lingering sense of shame abides in you it will scorch your miserable soul to ashes. Get up, man. Will groveling there mend any of your villainy?"

He came instantly to his feet. Yet it was not, as she supposed, in obedience to her command, so much as out of a sudden awakening to the need for instant action.

"What I have done, I can undo," he said. "Come! As I carried you hither, in defiance of all, so will I carry you hence again at once while yet there is time."

She recoiled before the hand that he flung out as if to seize and compel her. There was a sudden fury of anger in her eyes, a fury of scorn on her lips.

"You will carry me hence! You! I am to trust myself to you! After this?"

"Aye, after this. Because of this. I may be as vile as you are deeming me. But I never could have been vile to you. It may not excuse me to protest that I did not know it was against you that I was acting. But it should make you believe that I am ready to defend you now—now that I know. Unless I meant honestly by you why should I be urging you to depart? Come!"

This time he caught her by the wrist, and maintained his hold against her faint attempt to liberate herself. He attempted to draw her after him across the room. A moment she hung back, resisting still.

"For God's sake!" he implored her madly. "At any moment Buckingham may arrive!" He snatched up hat and cloak from the chair where he had tossed them, and drew her across the room.

And then, just as they reached the door, it was thrust open from without, and the tall, graceful figure of the Duke of Buckingham stood before them, a flush of fevered expectancy on his handsome face. In his right hand he held his heavily feathered hat: his left rested on the pommel of the light dress rapier he was wearing. The pair recoiled before him, and Holles loosed her wrist upon the swift instinctive apprehension that here he was like to need his hands for other things.

The duke came slowly forward, leaving the door wide behind him. He bowed low to the lady without speaking; as he came erect again it was to the colonel that he addressed himself.

"All should be here, I think," he said, waving a hand toward table and sideboard. Holles half turned to follow the gesture, and he stood a moment as if pondering the supper equipment, glad of that moment in which to weigh the situation. Out there, in the hall, somewhere just beyond that open door, would be waiting Buckingham's four French lackeys, who at their master's bidding would think no more of slitting his throat than of slicing the glazed capon on the sideboard yonder. And once there was an end of him, Nan would be entirely at the duke's mercy.

Holles turned. "All is here, under Your Grace's hand, I think," he said quietly. "Your Grace, I take it, will not require me further tonight?"

His Grace considered. Beyond the duke Holles had a glimpse of Nan, standing wide-eyed, livid as death, leaning against the table, her right hand pressed upon her heaving breast as if to control its tumult.

"No," said His Grace slowly, at last. "Yet you had best remain at hand with François and the others."

"Very well," said Holles, and turned to go. The key was, he observed, on the outside of the door. He stooped and withdrew it from the lock. "Your Grace would perhaps prefer the key on the inside," he said and made the transfer.

Having made it, he closed the door swiftly, and he had quietly turned the key in the lock, withdrawn and pocketed it before His Grace recovered from his surprise at the eccentricity of his behavior.

"What's this?" he demanded sharply, taking a step toward the colonel, and from Nan there came a faint cry—a sob, scarcely more, to announce the reaction caused by sudden understanding.

"It is, Your Grace, that I desire a word in private with you, safe from the inconvenient intrusion of your lackeys."

The duke drew himself up, very stiff and stern but quite master of himself. Fear, as I think I have said, was an emotion utterly unknown to him.

"Proceed, sir," he said coldly.

Holles, too, spoke quietly. "This lady, Your Grace, is a friend of mine, an . . ."

[Turn to page 71]



Morning exercise for your hair

AT NIGHT your hair is tired. Let it rest and give it a chance to breathe fresh air by spreading it out over your pillow. Then, in the morning, exercise it by brushing briskly with a Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Hair Brush.

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Is The Human Race on its Way Down Hill?

By James Harvey Robinson

[Continued from page 12]

thing with a modern city street. His first blast would blow up gas mains and water mains, sewer pipes and electric conduits. He would plunge a whole section in darkness, endanger its health, render it dumb, cut off power and raise havoc in general.

And daily our inventors, with the fervor and fertility of the genius of the age, are rendering our world more and more complicated and more vitally interdependent, literally and figuratively. Yet in all that touches the conduct of our supreme concerns today, our leaders think with the concepts of the farmer of pre-revolutionary days—with what terrible consequences!

While our inventors are making more and more complicated the machinery of our day, the minds of those who are put in charge of that machinery lag far behind. The result is such a catastrophe as our late war; and the consequence is that, as many prophesy, it is not impossible that we are in for some three hundred years of deterioration.

Already that deterioration has set in, aside from the war. Spiritually it had to, our chief preoccupation being what it is. All the varied possibilities of our life are subordinated in our time to material prerequisites, much as if we were back again to the stage of impotent savagery, scratching for roots and looking for berries and dead animals.

In our daily life we are constantly defeated in our endeavors and hopes by the gross requirements of our time. Our poets, preachers, story-tellers, editors, for example, don't express the things they would like to, because their bread-and-butter would be affected. Our teachers don't dare teach what many know to be the truth, because their positions would be endangered. Many of our young men don't dare marry unless such and such is the relation of their salaries and the cost of living. We don't dare tell the truth or resent impositions in our jobs for fear of losing them. We seek refuge not in changing conditions but in flights from actuality by indulging in rosy mental pictures we call ideals.

Up-to-date education and the honest facing of things as they are and as they might be are the hope and remedy for this age. By that I don't mean that we are to spend more of our time thinking of ideals as something apart from living. Quite the contrary. We must spend less time in our impossible and, in the main, tawdryly conceived paradises. We must live much more in the reality of the Here and Now. But we must infuse more of an ideal into our common and daily actions. Let us accept our daily defeats with less docility, put up a stiffer fight against what corrupts us. If you are a reporter and have found facts that your newspaper owner won't like, you will not content yourself with dreaming of a time when you can tell the truth. You will take a stiffer chance at being "fired" and tell some of the bitter but necessary facts in your story. If I am a teacher in possession of knowledge the authorities won't let me teach, I must content myself less with dreaming of the ideal academy where there will be complete freedom to teach; and I must exercise greater ingenuity in the fight against the perversion of truth.

If we are not to degenerate permanently, we must use the great stock of scientific knowledge on hand today with the minds of today, not with presuppositions inherited from our grandfathers, who lived in far other conditions and knew less about the world and themselves. We must face new ideas and truth with more frankness and courage. And we must make our lives more expressive of the best we know and learn.

By Lincoln Steffens

[Continued from page 13]

stocks and nations; but also our whole age and civilization. Ask people, what is a rich man? And from China to New York, from Portland, Maine, to San Diego you will get the answer: "One who doesn't have to work!"

Our ultimate ideal today is that of a leisure class. In our greatest centers of civilization, that is to say, where our richest men and women gather, we have essentially the same spectacle as in Rome in its decline. We see the same extremes of riches, luxury, extravagance on the one hand; and the same great masses of wretched poor on the other. We see among the rich the same vices, the same process of degeneration; and on the part of the poor, the same reaching out for a place in the same sun.

In the United States, in such regions as Alaska, or the Northwest, men still grapple with nature barehanded, wresting its riches from it, producing, creating. In the middle west, say in Ohio, you find the procession

at the top of the hill—settled communities, rich, still vital because its leaders are the men who have wrought and fought and more or less created. In the east you find the successes of yesterday, the men who have left to their children only the problem of realizing the ultimate ideal of the age—a life of idleness. And it is here that you find the good old American stock gone to seed, degenerated; the stock of which Dr. McDougall speaks, that will not reproduce.

Dr. McDougall seems to think that all that is needed to save our civilization from decay is for us to take thought; for the successes of our day to reproduce themselves. Then will we avert our doom of deterioration. But, see what so often becomes of the children of those who have achieved the ideal of our age! Will the bringing into the world of more children similarly disposed save our civilization?

A changed ideal. That's one thing that will do it. A change of direction both for the individual and the race. Dr. McDougall thinks that an increase in the number of the best people will save us. But what is "best"? It is plain from what I have said, I think, that the better a man is, according to our present ideals, the nearer he or his offspring is to deterioration. On the other hand, the "best" men today are constantly being recruited from proletariat stock, whose comparative fertility Dr. McDougall views with uneasiness.

No, if creation of social value rather than individual aggrandizement is the saving pursuit—as I believe—then we must get the mothers of today and of tomorrow to say and think something new for their children. Today a mother dreams for her son, "I want him to become a millionaire." But if we are to be saved, mothers must dream, "I want my boy to build a railroad!" Or to paint a great picture. Or to organize a great educational system.

This does not call for an impossible change in the human animal. It only calls for a change of emphasis. Instead of aiming to build a railroad, as one does today, with the idea of making so much money that there will be no more need for the builder or his children to work, there will be dominant the thought, "I want to build!" We need not wait for a humanity that will work without any other reward but the thought of good. Rest assured that any intelligent society will reward the creator and give him incentive to create more. But it will be no longer a reward of the individual at the expense of the many; it will not be an incentive to quit work and loaf.

By Gabriel d'Annunzio

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Our civilization today has taken to material things as its main interest. Not a life of thrill and lofty adventure is our hunger but how to make a million dollars. The result is that men will fight for a market for "pig-iron" and remain indifferent to the fact that there is no outlet for the artist in man, for the youth in him that wants life to be vigorous rather than merely comfortable.

Thus it was in 1914. Then the natural result of the struggle for markets and the instinct for self-preservation on the part of human nature, resulted in the conflagration of the Great War. Very well. For four years human nature, purged in the great fire, showed itself again keen and clean and brave and stripped of fat. For, certainly, if from suffering emerges the soul, the world has suffered enough in the war. And we thought we overthrew the bestial powers of greed and gluttony that threatened our civilization. But at Versailles, at the making of the "peace," met a coalition of all the forces of evil, all the agents of the devil of material rapacity, all the factors that make for fat on the soul—and concocted a "peace" that has sent the world back to the trough, disheartened and robbed of the spiritual fruits of the purgation the world has gone through.

By Max Nordau

[Continued from page 13]

attain still greater speed? I don't know. But I do know that while his speed achievements grow in arithmetical progression his craze for more will leap ahead by geometrical progression.

The heart of wisdom is desire so simple that its attainment is possible. Consider from what varied sources comes agreement on this subject. The Bible says that the poor in spirit, that is those who ask but little, are blessed. Voltaire, the arch-atheist, says the ripest wisdom is to cultivate a garden and grow cabbage. Folk lore tells of the king who looked for the shirt of the happiest man in the world that he might wear it and become happy thereby. When he found the happiest man he saw that

there was no shirt to his back; for the man was poor, hence happy.

But there will be no moral advance internationally until there comes to be a single standard of honesty both for individuals and for nations. A man steals a gold watch, and he is put into prison. A nation steals a gold field. But who is there to put it into prison? In the one case the world calls it theft. In the other conquest. You see, then, don't you, that might makes right in this civilization of ours? In a real League of Nations there may be salvation. Also in great movements of people from the cities back to the simple, healthy, creative life of the soil. And, above all, in the administration of all the goods of the earth in the interest of all the peoples of the earth—and the spirit that should be behind such an administration!

By Dr. William McDougall

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and are born into the world with special talents, or rather with the possibility of developing special talents. These inherited possibilities are what we commonly call "gifts."

Secondly, I assume as a truth fully established by common observation and by science, that children on the whole resemble their parents; not merely because they are trained by their parents or strongly influenced by their example, but also because they inherit their nature, the sum of their "gifts," from the same ancestors. There are of course striking exceptions to this rule; but on the whole and in general it holds good. It follows that the "gifts" of all the individuals composing a nation are its most precious possession; and that the continued welfare and progress of any people depend upon the sum of these "gifts" being passed on undiminished from generation to generation.

Now, the argument insists that the high level of the sum of the "gifts" or talents of a people, such as the American people, can only be maintained if the more gifted members produce on the average at least as many children as the less gifted. If in each generation there is any considerable deficiency in the number of their offspring, as compared with those of the less gifted members of the community, then there must gradually result a general lowering of the level of natural endowment of the whole population.

There is only too good reason to believe that in our civilization there is such a lowering in process. There is ground for thinking that a serious depreciation in the value of the stock, of the sum of "gifts" or talents of the whole people, is already beginning to make itself felt.

In each generation a certain considerable number of persons born in all the various social classes and of all racial stocks rise to fill the positions of most responsibility and influence. They fill the learned professions. They become the leaders in industry, commerce, education, the arts and all the great callings. It is a fair assumption that, in a democratic country and above all in America, where the educational ladder is offered freely to all and careers are open to all the talents, the persons who attain to these positions are in the main more gifted than the average. Now, it has been shown that there is a serious deficiency in the number of children produced by these persons who, rising from all classes and levels to take the leadership in all walks of life, are the cream of the American people.

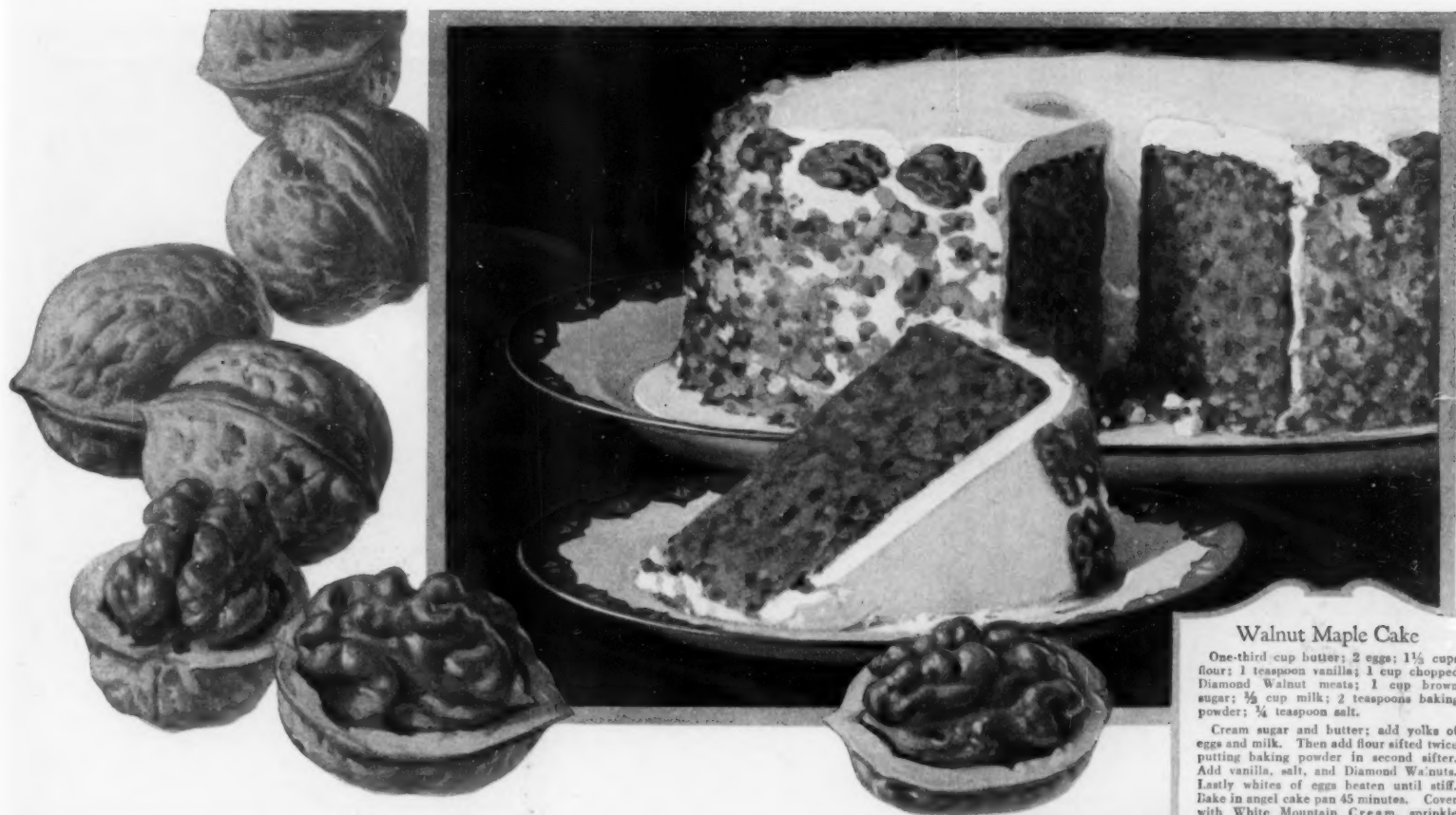
Not only do such persons fail to increase and multiply as their less gifted brothers and sisters do; but also they do not produce children equal in number to themselves. Very roughly we may say that, while of the general mass of the population each 1,000 leaves about 1,500 children, of this most gifted part, the cream of the people, each 1,000 leaves only some 500 children to perpetuate its "gifts."

It follows that the continuance of the present state of affairs must in the course of a few generations very seriously injure the American people.

Moreover, in this, as in all civilized countries, a considerable fraction of the population is so little gifted that its members cannot assume any responsibilities, and cannot without careful supervision and constant guidance support themselves in decency and comfort. These are the feeble-minded, variously estimated as forming from one-half of one per cent. to four per cent. of the whole population. These feeble-minded are on the average much more prolific than any other class and they transmit their peculiar deficiencies to their offspring.

It seems, then, only too probable that under the present conditions of American life, in each generation the highly gifted are becoming rarer, and the poorly gifted or mental defectives more numerous; while the average endowment of the great mass

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Walnut Maple Cake

One-third cup butter; 2 eggs; 1½ cups flour; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1 cup chopped Diamond Walnut meats; 1 cup brown sugar; ½ cup milk; 2 teaspoons baking powder; ¼ teaspoon salt.

Cream sugar and butter; add yolks of eggs and milk. Then add flour sifted twice putting baking powder in second sifter. Add vanilla, salt, and Diamond Walnuts. Lastly whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Bake in angel cake pan 45 minutes. Cover with White Mountain Cream, sprinkle sides with chopped Diamond Walnut meats. Put a row of halves around the edge.

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Holiday dinners will have even greater appeal and goodness if you add a few crisp, plump, choice California Walnuts to almost any of the foods you serve.

Salads, cakes, desserts, turkey dressing, and other delightful parts of the Christmas dinner taste better and are better when Walnuts are included. And of course, Walnuts are essential for the nut bowl.

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Try adding Walnuts to the Christmas dinner as an important part of the menu—you will learn a secret of cooking which many chefs use to add a distinctive and delicious touch to favored dishes.

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Use Walnuts frequently, get quality which is sure to be satisfactory by insisting that the grocer fill your order from the big sack marked with the Diamond trade mark, like the one on this page.



Walnut Bread

Three cups flour (sift before measuring); ¾ cups brown sugar; ½ teaspoon salt; 3 teaspoons baking powder; 1 cup Diamond Walnuts; ½ cup raisins; 1 egg; 1 cup milk.

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Mix in Diamond Walnut meats. Add egg well beaten and milk. Pour into greased pan. Bake an hour. Have oven barely warm the first fifteen minutes, gradually increasing the heat.



Walnut Banana Salad

Slice ripe bananas lengthwise and sprinkle with chopped Diamond Walnuts. Serve on lettuce leaf with mayonnaise dressing.

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MANY recipes just as tempting as those on this page are contained in the revised edition of "100 Delicious Walnut Recipes," which includes the favorite dishes of the Wives of the Walnut Growers, as well as those of a leading culinary expert. You may have one on request. Address Dept. 906.



DIAMOND California WALNUTS

Crackin' Good Walnuts



The Boy Who Wanted Christmas to Come Twice a Year

By
Cynthia Comstock



I WISH, I wish," began Jamie, looking up from his big blue bowl of bread and milk at his mother across the table.

"O Jamie!" cried his sister Jane, putting her spoon down in the big blue bowl that was the twin of Jamie's. "You promised mother not to wish for a week! Didn't he, mother? And your promise just started yesterday afternoon."

Mother shook her head sadly. "Some day the wrong wish will come true," she said, "and then how sorry you will be!"

Jamie felt very bad that he had so soon forgotten his promise, and he was very sure he would not forget that promise again for the rest of the week.

"Mother," he said, that night, as mother was arranging the covers, "I'm so tired of my old toys. I do wish Christmas came twice a year."

He saw by the expression on mother's face that something was wrong—and he realized he had broken his promise and wished again. Mother shook her head sadly, and, as she pulled down the shade, she said, "O Jamie boy, suppose one of your wishes came true some day, and after you got it you found you didn't want it, but had to take it!"

Jamie felt so sorry that, long after Jane was asleep in her little bed, he was still thinking about what mother had said.

Suddenly he saw a little man, very round, and dressed in a yellow suit, sitting on the foot of his bed, looking at him solemnly.

"I believe you are James Leroy Allen, Junior," he squeaked.

Jamie was too much surprised at first to do anything but stare at his visitor. After a while he managed to say, "Yes, sir."

"Very well," nodded the little old man. "You are expected. Get your hat and coat and overshoes and hurry along."

Jamie got his sweater and cap, found his overshoes, and followed the little old man out into the warm July afternoon. He saw no one—no mother, no gardener, not even Spot, who had a bark for all visitors. In the drive stood a little racing-car pointed and colored like a holly leaf. The little man hopped into it and beckoned Jamie. Out of the yard they went, on and on down the road, for hours, it seemed to Jamie, till the air grew cold and Jamie felt a flurry of snow on his cheek. And this was happening in July! But he did not dare ask anything of his silent guide.

The snow whirled around them thicker and thicker, and when Jamie suddenly found a lovely bearskin over his knees, he drew it up close to his chin, for he was getting very shivery. At last the little old man stopped in front of a long, low building. They left the car, and the little man led the way into the house. There were other little old men here, and they all looked at Jamie in a sorrowful way and shook their heads.

A jolly plump old lady bounced out of a doorway, took off his sweater and cap and overshoes, shook them out well, and rubbed Jamie's fingers to warm them.

"Will you tell him the little boy is here, Mrs. Claus?" asked the little old man, and, when she nodded, he trotted off importantly, as if his duty had been well done.

Mrs. Claus, with a final pat, handed him over to another little man, dressed in purple, with mistletoe buttons; and the little man led Jamie through a long hall till they came to a room, on the door of which was printed in gold letters, "Santa Claus, His Office."

At a businesslike desk sat old Santa Claus himself, fat and comfortable. Jamie stood shyly near the door.

"So this," boomed Santa Claus, "is the little boy who wanted Christmas to come twice a year!"

SUDDENLY Jamie thought of mother, and remembered her sorrowful face as she hoped that if one of his wishes came true he would not be sorry after he got it.

"Yes, sir," he said faintly. "Well, Jamie, we decided to bring you up here and let you see what it would be like to have Christmas come in July as well as in December. After you've looked things over carefully, you come round here and tell me how you like it. Here, Piper, you take Jamie around to the shops and show him his own Christmas as it looks right now."

Piper was dressed in bright yellow, with tiny green buttons, shaped like trees, on his suit. He took Jamie's hand and drew him down the long hall. He opened a door into a room that resounded with hammering. It was full of pieces of hobby horses, sleds, wooden toys still unpainted. Little red and green and yellow men flew back and forth. There was a

yellow curtain drawn across one corner, and the little guide beckoned Jamie to come over there.

Suddenly Jamie realized that this was just like Christmas at home, when Daddy pulled away the big curtain and the wonderful tree and all the presents were spread before his and Jane's happy eyes.

THE little guide drew the curtain, and there was Jamie's Christmas—the one he had wished might come twice a year. But the more Jamie looked, the worse he felt. There was a tree, but it was a very thin one. It had not yet grown its warm winter coat, and it looked as if it did not belong there at all. The candles were lighted on it, but they were little things, the size that come in doll-house candlesticks. And they were pale, not bright and red as they ought to be.

The strings of popcorn were not even popped, and the cranberries had scarcely begun to turn a faint pink, to say nothing of being the warm glowing crimson that Jamie loved.

Round the tree were his presents. But, oh, what presents! There was a bicycle, but it was unpainted and unpolished, and it had no spokes or tires. There was the stamp book he had been longing for, but, when he eagerly opened it, he found the pages had not been printed yet. There was a Scout watch, without a face or hands or key stem to wind it. There were the honey cakes he loved best of all, but when he looked at them closely he saw they were only dough. The big bowl of apples and nuts that mother always set

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Once It Happened in the Black Tents

(Continued from page 5)

which had captured him. But they had been eager to jump over the barrier which the prejudices of a dozen centuries have erected between East and West.

Unfortunately the girl had a brother, her sole living relative, M. le Comte de Lubersac, who was cursed with a malignant form of racial and class consciousness. This morning there had been a scene when Mohammed ibn Rashid had asked for Marie's hand.

Not exactly a scene, though, at first. For both men were gentlemen, and M. de Lubersac had been carefully impersonal in marshaling his reasons, biological, social and theological, why he was opposed to the match, while the Arab, as carefully impersonal, had refuted the other's arguments point for point. They had been perfectly good-humored until a chance word—fleeing, negligible—and afterward it made no difference what it had been or who had spoken it—had destroyed the delicate equilibrium; and on the spur of that moment these two cultured representatives of East and West had crystallized in their brains all the hate and contempt their two races have felt for each other since the world evolved from a mote of star-dust. But the dangerous moment had passed, and Mohammed ibn Rashid had turned to Marie, who had sat there, silent, trembling. "After all, dear," he had said, "it is your life. It is for you to decide if . . ."

"Marie!" M. de Lubersac had interrupted. He had spoken a dozen words, no more; and her love for the Arab had not been able to stand up to her brother's chilly contempt. There had been one last flicker of revolt in her silly, fluttery heart.

"Please—!" she had called after Mohammed ibn Rashid, whose hand had already been on the door knob.

"Yes—?"
"I love you, but— Oh, I can't—I can't. . ."

His words had cut through her like a knife:

"God curse you! God curse you and yours! God curse your race, your faith, your land!"

Then the door had shut on his broad form with a sharp dramatic click.

"Don't you see, Marie?" her brother had asked. "The man is a savage! Don't worry, child. You'll forget—and so will your quaint young friend."

Evening was beginning to fall. Mohammed ibn Rashid sat by his window. The yellow lights in the houses flared up like evil, winking eyes, and the shadows seemed to wag at him with mocking fingers.

"Marie must marry an equal, *mon cher monsieur!*"

He heard again the words of M. de Lubersac. He curled his fingers like question marks, curving the palms, causing the muscles to coil and recoil, the skin to tighten beneath the pressure of tissue and bone; and with the physical action came a mental reaction, an atavistic echo of the Black Tents—the lust for revenge. His body hungered for realization of the thought, brutal, concrete.

"Henna mah na sadiqin billah—are we not confiding in Allah? Has He not made manifest that revenge is just?"

Suddenly he rose and crossed the room. In the farther corner, in an Arab box gaily painted with flowers, he had kept all these years, half ashamed of the contents, a few things which he had brought with him from Tunis: a wooden Moslem rosary, a hand-written Koran, a string of blue beads to give protection against the evil eye, and his father's dagger, an exquisite Moorish blade with jeweled hilt and scabbard. He took the weapon, unsheathed it, tried its sharpness, sheathed it again. Then he slipped it into his pocket, picked up his hat, and went into the street. He would go to the house of M. de Lubersac. He would make his honor white. He would kill.

He turned the corner of the Rue Palatine and walked south where, black beneath a black sky, the roofs of Paris lay bunched in a carved, stony immensity. He stopped to light a cigarette. In the lemon spurt of the match he saw that his hand was trembling violently; and, with tragic suddenness, he felt something rush across his mind as with a veil of thick, bitter smoke, felt a terrible truth steal upon his soul with a clay-cold, freezing touch.

"Why," he spoke the words out loud,—"I am afraid!"

And at that moment he knew that, though there was still in him the lust to kill, these ten years of soft Paris had sapped his manhood and withered his courage. The match flamed to the end, burning his fingers. He did not notice it.

"I am afraid!" he whispered; and again, the words bubbling to his lips with a froth of hate, he cursed France. He stood there, beneath the rushing of the night, his head flung back, and he stared with his cold, black eyes at the cold, black sky, and he cursed Europe, the west, Christendom. He

cursed this land which had taken from him his manhood and courage and strength and had given him nothing in return except a trick of polite phrases and a handful of empty shibboleths: Liberty, Fraternity, Equality.

"Are you going away, monsieur?" asked his janitress the next morning as his trunks passed her lodge.

"Yes, home," came his short reply.

"Home—?"

"Yes. To Africa—to Tunis. . ."

The woman laughed. "Ah—monsieur is an Arab—I had almost forgotten."

"So had I."

"Is monsieur going home for good?"

"No. Just to find something I lost."

"I hope monsieur will find it."

"So do I. *Au revoir, madame!*"

A day and a half across the Mediterranean. And nothing worth recording happened until the second evening out when a fellow-passenger asked him a casual question. He shook his head. "I do not speak French," he replied in Arabic, and he walked away.

Tunis jumped out of the morning fog with a scent of remembrance. Mohammed ibn Rashid stood on the top deck. He was excited. Yet his excitement was neither violent nor sentimental. It was like a delicate network of feelers connecting him with this motley Islamic world which lay there at his feet—"a bride awaiting the bridegroom's coming"—the simile came to him.

The landing pier was a panorama of all Africa. There were Frenchmen, bullet-headed Sicilians, Maltese, Jews of every land; and all about them, like a sea on which these Europeans were but driftwood, the natives, every last strain of the littoral and the desert.

He stepped out into the street, and immediately a crowd of men in every conceivable state of raggedness pounced upon him and implored him in a bastard mixture of French and Spanish to hire them as porters, guides and dragomans. They surged about him, shaking greasy testimonials under his nose; and for a moment he stood bewildered, sorry that he had left Paris. Then, when a six-foot, plum-colored Saharan negro clutched him boldly and addressed him as "*Nasrany—Christian!*" suddenly his patience gave out and long-forgotten words of abuse came to him.

"Away!" he cried in the acrid slang of the Tunis bazaar. "Away, O black wart on your mother's nose! O son of a drunkard and an odorous, spotted she-hyena!"

Silence. Astonishment. Then laughter, gurgling, high-pitched, typically Oriental, the negro laughing more loudly than the rest.

"A Moslem!" he proclaimed, kissing Mohammed ibn Rashid's hand. "Listen to him—giving the lie to his trousers and stiff hat!"

The crowd broke into boisterous greetings.

So he took the road to the Street of Terek el-Bey, in the heart of Old Tunis, where, clustered in by trees and flowering shrubs, squatted the house of his ancestors.

He had left Paris suddenly. He had not written of his coming to his father's old servants who kept this home properly cared for to await the young master's return. He had not been home in ten years. He dropped the knocker. Shortly afterward an aged woman appeared on the threshold, berry-brown, gnarled, gnemlike. "Heart of me!" she cried. "Dear, dear heart of me!" And she rushed up to him and hugged him to her breast with all the strength of her withered arms.

"Allah karim!" her voice came in thick sobs. "And have you then come home to me, to your old nurse, your own Habeebah? Ho! Long have I waited for the coming of your feet! And now I hold you in my arms, O Crusher of Hearts."

Suddenly she ran into the house; and a moment later she could be heard inside.

"Away!" she cried. "Away to the cook pots, the sauce pots, O ye daughters of skulls! The saffron—where is the saffron, in the name of eleven thousand first-class devils? And the eggplants? Stuff well the eggplants; my lord likes eggplants!"

She was out again like a small brown whirlwind, drawing him across the threshold.

"Home!" she said. "You have had enough of life among those swine-fed northerners? You will now stay here and take a wife and make for yourself stout men-children?" She lowered her voice.

"Listen, Crusher of Hearts! You came at an auspicious moment. I know a girl—*kayah!*"—she threw a kiss into the air—"a girl the rose of whose body will make you rigid and trembling in turns and . . ."

"No," he interrupted. "Never mind this girl. I cannot stay." And he told her of the slight which M. de Lubersac had put upon his honor.

"God's curse on all unbelievers!" she said fervently, and she added: "But you were wrong!"

[Turn to page 50]



Good News That millions of women tell

Millions of women, all the world over, have found a way to prettier teeth. Some by dental advice, some by this ten-day test.

They have spread the news to others. Now wherever you look you see glistening teeth, and more smiles to show them.

We urge you again to accept this test and prove to yourself what they know.

Must combat film

Pretty teeth cannot exist, coated with dingy film. Nor clean teeth, nor safe teeth—that is sure.

That viscous film you feel on teeth must be combated daily. Otherwise it clings, enters crevices and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats, including tartar. It dims the luster of the teeth.

It also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

Why it remains

The tooth brush and the ordinary tooth paste cannot effectively combat it. So nearly everybody, however careful, had teeth discolored and decay.

Dental science has for years tried to combat this condition. Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them, and leading dentists everywhere now urge their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been perfected, called Pepsodent. It corrects some old mistakes. These two great film combatants are embodied in it for daily application.

It does far more

Pepsodent does more than that. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

It omits soap and chalk, which now are known to bring undesired effects.

Thus to millions of homes in forty nations it has brought a new dental era.



You'll know at once

Pepsodent brings quick results. A week will make them conspicuous. Once you see and feel them you will never go without them, or let your children miss them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Learn the delights of Pepsodent, with the added protection and beauty it brings.

Do this without delay. Cut out the coupon now. This is most important.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.
The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by authorities and advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over today. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 956

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 465, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

Mrs. Rosenbach Needed Money

—And how she turned spare hours into \$179.62—all in just a few weeks—and without stepping out of the house.

IT was neither his fault nor hers that the Rosenbachs were so often hard pressed.

Mr. Rosenbach earns good wages. And Mrs. Rosenbach knows how to make every dollar go as far as a dollar possibly can.

But somehow the week's pay was never quite enough.

No matter how carefully she planned and figured or how carefully she economized, there were always things she had to do without—things she had set her heart on.

But now all that is a thing of the past.

Mrs. Rosenbach no longer has to make last season's dresses or suits or hats do her another year. She no longer has to mend and re-make the children's old clothes instead of buying new ones. If she wants a new rug or a new piece of furniture, or wants to go to a theatre or have some other pleasure, she no longer has to be satisfied with merely wishing for it.

What Has Brought This Happy Change?

It is an interesting story. And all the more so because any woman with two hands and a little spare time—may easily straighten out the money problem in the same way Mrs. Rosenbach solved hers.

The Secret

Here is the whole secret—Mrs. Rosenbach has become one of the many spare-time home workers employed by the Home Profit Hosiery Company.

Whenever she has a little time, Mrs. Rosenbach sits down at the handy little Home Profit Knitter sold to her by the Home Profit Hosiery Company and knits socks—men's, women's or children's.

This wonderful little machine shapes and knits each sock or stocking leaving only a few stitches by hand to close the toe. Mrs. Rosenbach says it is all so easy—and such a pleasant change from housework—that it doesn't seem like work at all to her.

Above all, every minute that Mrs. Rosenbach spends at her Home Profit Knitter means extra money for her. She sends the finished hose to the Home Profit Hosiery Company and gets good pay for every pair she knits in accordance with specifications—all guaranteed in advance.

\$10.59 Extra Each Week

Mrs. Rosenbach received her knitter last April. Between then and the last week of August—a period of 17 weeks—she received from the Home Profit Hosiery Company a total of 17 checks, amounting to \$179.62.

That is an average of \$10.59 per week. Every penny of it earned in spare time—time that would otherwise have been wasted.

Then, too, Mrs. Rosenbach earned this extra money in the privacy of her own



home—didn't have to step out of the house. All without interfering with her regular household duties. Started and stopped her knitting just when she felt like it—did as much or as little each day or each week as she pleased. At all times absolutely her own boss. No wonder that Mrs. Rosenbach, like so many others, says that this is the ideal way to add to one's income.



MRS. E. ROSENBACH
437 17th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

17 Checks in 17 Weeks Altogether \$179.62

Here are the exact dates and amounts of the 17 checks sent to Mrs. Rosenbach of Brooklyn, N. Y., for spare-time home work during the 17 weeks from April 25th to August 25th—a total of \$179.62, or an average of \$10.59 per week.

April 25.....	\$ 9.38
May 8.....	9.05
May 22.....	11.15
June 5.....	11.19
June 18.....	9.11
June 27.....	9.38
July 10.....	18.65
July 11.....	7.59
July 12.....	7.49
July 17.....	9.40
July 20.....	11.29
July 23.....	11.35
Aug. 1.....	9.59
Aug. 17.....	11.29
Aug. 22.....	11.31
Aug. 25.....	11.31
Total.....	\$179.62

More Home Workers Needed

The Home Profit Hosiery Company wants more spare-time home workers like Mrs. Rosenbach—many more.

The demand for genuine home-knit wool hose of the kind so easily fashioned on the Home Profit Knitter is greater than we can supply—because these hose wear longer, fit better and look better than most factory hose.

Mrs. Rosenbach will tell you the work is simple, easy, pleasant and profitable.

It doesn't matter where you live—whether on a farm, in a small town, or in a large city.

You don't have to know anything whatever about knitting of any kind when you begin this work—the machine itself does both the shaping and the knitting, and our highly illustrated instruction book explains the operation in a most simple and easily understood manner.

The Pay is Guaranteed

We guarantee to take all the standard socks and stockings you knit on our machines in accordance with specifications, and to pay you a guaranteed and fixed-in-advance price for every pair. And an equivalent amount of yarn for every pair you send us is furnished free.

How much you can make at this work simply depends on how much time you give it—and that of course rests entirely with you. A few minutes now and then—an hour a day—two hours—just as you find time and have the inclination.

You can always count on getting a check from us just as often as you send in standard hose, whether you knit two or three dozen pairs a day or only that many in a week or month. How often you receive a check and the size of each check is entirely up to you.

If You Have Two Hands and a Little Spare Time

Maybe you want more clothes for yourself. Maybe something for the house. Maybe clothes or other things for the children. Maybe it's some old bills you have been worrying about. Maybe to help pay for a home. No matter for what purpose you want extra money, here is a pleasant and sure year-round way to earn it. All you need are two hands and a little spare time.

Even \$2 extra each week means \$104 a year. \$5 extra each week means \$260 a year. \$10 extra each week means \$520 a year. Think of all the things you can buy—all the pleasures and comforts you might have—with that much additional money.

But you don't need to decide now. Merely let us send you full information about this easy and interesting home work plan that every week and every month is bringing in extra money for so many others—then judge for yourself. Simply sign and mail this coupon. That won't cost you anything or obligate you in any way, yet it can easily mean hundreds of dollars a year to you.

Home Profit Hosiery Co., Inc.

Dept. 5, 872 Hudson Ave.
Rochester, New York

Home Profit Hosiery Co., Inc.,
Dept. 5, 872 Hudson Ave.,
Rochester, N. Y.
Send me full information about making money at home in my spare time with the Home Profit Knitter. I am enclosing 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, and I understand that I am not obligated in any way.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Write Name and Address Plainly.

Once It Happened in the Black Tents

[Continued from page 49]

"How?"

"Why did you ask the girl's brother? If you love a woman and she loves you, ask neither brother nor father nor Allah nor the devil. Take her! If you love her and she loves you not, take her by force. Woman—*wah*—was made for love. Now—as to this girl I spoke to you about—"

"No, no, no!" he exclaimed.

Habeebah shrugged her shoulders. "Very well, my lord. Then return to Paris and bring me this other woman."

"Impossible!" he smiled.

"Why?"

"The Frankish laws are different from ours."

"Break their laws. Are you not an Arab and a Shareef?"

"It is also," he went on, "that I lost my strength. So I came here to regain it. And then—"

"You will take the woman?"

"I do not know. Perhaps I have already forgotten her. But the man—"

"You will kill him. Very proper! I shall feed you well and make your body fat and your sword-arm strong."

He gave a little laugh. "It is not the strength of my arm which I lost, Habeebah."

"What then?"

"My strength of will. I need the desert and the sweep of the desert. I shall return to my own people, to the Black Tents of the Ouled Seyda. I start for the South tomorrow."

She looked at him, questioningly, from beneath lowered eyelids. "Ten years since you left Tunis," she said.

"I know."

"And seven years since your father—may Allah rest his soul in paradise and give him a thousand hours to make soft his couch—left this world."

"And—?"

"Even during your father's lifetime the ties which bound the tribesmen to him were but slight, ties of the heart more than the body. Now you—*kayah!*—you have become almost a Frank. You never wrote. You never came. You never cared. You forgot the tents of your people."

"I know. But I am still their chief."

"Be pleased not to go, my lord."

"Why not? The Ouled Seyda are mine own people, blood of my blood and bone of my bone."

"Aye, my lord. But—" she slurred, and continued: "They cannot give you strength. They need strength of another's giving—strength of seed and strength of sword."

ENOUGH babblings, old woman. Give me truth."

"*Iqetter khirak*—may Allah increase your happiness!" she murmured, inclining her head as if in resignation to the inevitable; and she told him how these last few years a change had come over the Black Tents. The Ouled Seyda had always been a small tribe, jealous of their Shareefian blood and unwilling to sully it by intermarriage with the rude Bedouins who were all about them. There had been—"el *owad*, destiny!"—commented Habeebah, few men-children born to them, and they had gradually decreased in numbers of fighting-men, becoming a prey to the razzias of the Bedouins. Then one morning two years ago the Ouled el-Kleybat, a raucous-tongued, hard-riding breed, had swept out of the desert toward the Bordj M'Kuttaba, the chief oasis of the Ouled Seyda.

Mohammed ibn Rashid's soul echoed to Habeebah's telling. Clogged cells in his brain opened to receive the picture of it.

The peaceful oasis, greenly athwart the yellow swash of the sands, stippled with the *bayt es-shaar*, the "booths of hair" black as the tents of Kedar in Hebrew Scripture; the pessimistic grunts of the camels; the barking of the shaggy *slouguy* greyhounds; the protesting crunch of the lumbering carts that carried the grain to the barn; the swish-swish of the flails winnowing the wheat; the nasal crooning of the women; the creaking of the water wheels; the gay refrains of the young men and then, suddenly, a puff of cloud on the horizon. A savage humming and roaring; a faint neighing of horses; a jingling of headstalls; a tinkling of camels' bells—the attack!

Now the Ouled el-Kleybat lorded it in the tents of the Ouled Seyda.

"Slaves, our people," wound up Habeebah, "crouched on the threshold of rude Bedouins! Today it is the sheik of the Ouled el-Kleybat who rules your kin, my lord. A Touareg from the far South," she continued with a queer, fleeting smile, and when he seemed incredulous, reminding her that Touaregs and Bedouins were of different races, even enemies, she insisted that she was right and added in proof that the sheik of the Ouled el-Kleybat never went abroad without the black face veil hiding his features, all but the eyes, which is the Touareg's distinctive tribal peculiarity.

"How do you account for it?" he asked. "These Bedouins would not swear fealty to a stranger. They are clannish—"

"Aye—and secretive!" And had Mohammed ibn Rashid not lived too long in Europe he would have noticed that her eyelids were fluttering in the fashion of one who is weaving lies. "A Touareg, he, and a great warrior! A hawk in pouncing, a fox in slinking. . . . Be pleased not to go, my lord."

Suddenly she rose and motioned toward the curtain spanning a doorway in back of Mohammed ibn Rashid's chair whence came a rustle of silken garments and faint, fluting laughter, then the sound of bare feet pattering away as Habeebah broke into shrill vituperations, winding up with: "Be-gone, O daughter of a noseless she-camel!"

She turned to the Arab. "A kitchen wench," she explained, "curious to behold her young master's face."

He did not reply at once. He felt dispirited with all sorts of doubts. What were the Ouled Seyda to him? Strangers, after all, removed from him by ten years of life, and hundreds of civilization. Paris was his home. He would return there.

No, came the next thought, he hated Paris, the French, all the West. And the Ouled Seyda were blood of his blood. He had been willing to ask them for the strength which he needed. Now it appeared it was they who needed strength. His impersonal attitude became untrue. He saw his duty. He would go to them. He was sure of only one thing: that before he could regain his own strength he must find in himself the strength to give to his tribesmen. For they needed him.

"They need me," he said aloud.

Habeebah bowed her head. There was a glint of triumph in her red-rimmed old eyes. "Go, my lord," she said. "Believe you will succeed!"

So he was off the next day, telling Habeebah to see that nobody knew of his going: "Perhaps I, too, have some of the fox's stealth."

He traveled by train and caravan, silent with his thoughts amidst the clanking of the little French engines, the cries of food-hawkers at wayside stations, the hustle of the caravanserais where he changed from train to horse, the squealing of the pack animals, the beating of wooden drums that spoke day and night with the Morse code, the chant, the gossip of all Africa.

He pulled into Wargla, white as a leper with the dust of the road, traded his stallion for a racing-dromedary, and was off again, alone, riding down the clearly defined caravan trail which leads toward Timbuktu. He reached the heart of the desert on the seventh day out of Tunis, and he stopped for a long time on a little hillock, watching the spawning eternities of the sands. He had come prepared to loathe and fear them. But, strangely, they seemed to inspire him with high courage and hope, seemed to show him behind their mask of yellow death a great, cosmic pulsing of accumulated life force, waiting for the touch to break forth terrific and uplifting. The feeling intoxicated him. From the whirling sands there came to him a flavor of utter, sharp freedom which seemed to him the breath, the soul of the land as he remembered it deep in his racial consciousness.

"Home—and the scent of the home winds!" he thought. Impatience overtook him. "Home, lean daughter of unthinkable begetting!" he shouted at the snarling dromedary, urging it on to greater speed.

The farther desert came with orange and purple, and a carved aridity, a great solitude, a sterile monotony flowing on vague horizons. It came with drab, saw-toothed rock ranges shelving down into avalanches of pebbly strata; with ever and again the sardonic cadence of far signal drums; with an occasional oasis where single palms rose solemn and austere. It came with a sudden, small walled town that was a shimmering haze of flat, white roofs. It came to him with physical exhaustion as he stabled his dromedary in the courtyard of an inn and fell asleep, the drums punctuating his dreams with their staccato measure.

It came lastly that afternoon, as he walked through the bazaar to buy a new water-skin, with a girl's face, more disclosed than hidden by the thin veil that covered it from the soft curve of her chin to the tip of her nose.

She stopped at a jeweler's booth, followed by a giant negro servant. Mohammed ibn Rashid stopped too. She seemed lithe and tall beneath the rose-red swathings of her burnoose. He stared at her. Instinctively he smiled; and, fleetingly, she smiled back with all the shrewd demureness of her girlhood, with all the ancient wisdom of her sex. And something in him quickened—something that had never stirred before. The Arab eyes were black and liquid above her veil, and some silent presence seemed to finger his nerves and his spine with an unerring touch that was both sweet and hurting.

And words bubbled to his lips—epically, as they come to Arabs in moments of

[Turn to page 62]

THE OUTLOOK

By
ANNE RITTENHOUSE

THE first question asked a woman when she steps on the pier from an incoming French steamer is: "Are skirts really again shorter?" The answer of an unprejudiced observer is: "Yes." Will this battle of skirt lengths ever end? Just what reason there is for keeping it going and going, no one knows. It is more than a four years' war. It has so obsessed women that they never ask of sleeves or fabrics or girdles until they have satisfied themselves concerning skirts.

Those who study conditions believe that the so-called woman movement is behind the changes. America started the long skirt for experimental reasons during the year of the Armistice. France started the long skirt a year later for industrial reasons. America took it up after a year of deliberation. France now makes ready to discard it. The last collections I saw in Paris, after the commercialists had left and the town was given over to the women bent on society, emphasized short skirts in the majority of models. Street skirts were again eight and ten inches from the floor, evening frocks were eight inches up, and only what is called the *robe de style* was long. There were draped skirts with certain sections of the hem reaching to the ankles, but they were worn at dinner parties, not for dancing. Jeanne Lanvin had a pronounced success with her Second Empire frocks at a spectacular ball at Biarritz which represented the palace of the Tuileries when Eugenie reigned. The King of Spain and the Queen were there and the Americans were placed in a superb tableau as received by the Empress Eugenie; after their presentation they danced the Sir Roger de Coverly or Virginia Reel. The robes of mother of pearl taffeta swept the floor, the silver lace berthas reached the waist, forming sleeves as they went; small circles of roses were placed as decoration. The observers made much of the glory of these gowns, but the practicalists knew that they could not be worn by the majority of modern women. They may bring back into fashion the deep bertha, for whose reincarnation certain dressmakers have struggled. But clothes follow the flag of women's marching throughout the centuries and we have reached an epoch in our development that suppresses certain kinds of costumery because they impede our actions and they do not fit our modes of transportation. Such practical details unceasingly govern acceptance of fashions.



3011 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 940

No. 3011, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer No. 840 may be used for bead trimming.

No. 2984, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 18-inch for yoke. Width, $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

A MINOR fashion that has drifted out is the abnormally low girdle. Still another is the bathing-suit sleeve, plain, short, tight-fitting. Sleeveless frocks continue to be worn in the day hours by the ultra-fashionables, but they appear sensational. The long sleeve in various guises covers the arm. The sleeve cut like Chinese trousers, wide at the armhole, tight and wrinkled at the wrists, where it is heavily ornamented, is sponsored by the best. It is shown in the Venetian clothes which have swept over Paris like a summer shower. Americans bought them last summer and find them a topic of conversation as well as decorative. "People should discuss a frock as they do a picture if it is to be a success" is the verdict of the woman who cares. So as soon as observers say, "Paris, my dear" when a woman enters a room, she says, "Venice, my dear" and the game is on.

The two Venetian houses in Paris are Babani and Fortuny. They undersell the big dressmakers, their supply is large. Women are easily fitted into the almost shapeless garments, and the coloring is alluring. Heavy Venetian Renaissance lace, silvered, is the usual decoration, also blue and gold embroidery, that blue of the Lido. In all such garments is the Chinese trouser sleeve or the Mandarin's sleeve.

In other clothes, we must emphasize the sleeve that holds itself closely to the wrist and covers the beginning of the hand. The small armhole is not popular. Width is preferred until the sleeve reaches the elbow where it begins to wrinkle itself into the arm.



2984 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

3002 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46



3018 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1148

No. 3018, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer No. 1148 may be used for embroidery.

No. 3002, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

IT is interesting that the Indo-Chine influence remains. It appears to be more enduring than the Russian influence which began and ended its career last February. Possibly the reason for this lies in the greater artificiality of the Cochinchina workmanship, a thing mellowed by antiquity, softened by sun and climate. It has none of the crudity, the hardness of the Russian work and coloring. The French brought it into dressmaking through its success at their Colonial Exhibition at Marseilles. Hordes of Americans saw the sights at this place and were impressed with the costumery. Therefore, they take it up with certain happy memories of swaying, orche-colored dancing women, gorgeous furniture, the sparkle and sprightliness and jewel-bestrewn garments, of that oldest city of France.



3011 3018 2984 3002

Fashion Unfolds 1923 Modes



2992 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Girdle Transfer
No. 1216

2999 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer No. 1044

No. 2992, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch printed, 2 yards of 40-inch plain. Width, 1½ yards. Girdle Transfer No. 1216 may be used.

No. 2999, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer No. 1044 is suggested.

No. 3012, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards.

No. 2921, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer No. 888 may be used.

No. 2933, LADIES' DRESS; three-piece draped skirt with uneven lower edge. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 3000, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece circular skirt. Size 36 requires 5½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 4½ yards. Transfer No. 1226 may be used.

No. 2919, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 36-inch figured and 1½ yards of 40-inch plain. Width, 1½ yards.



3012 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46



2921 Dress
6 sizes, 34-50
Transfer No. 888



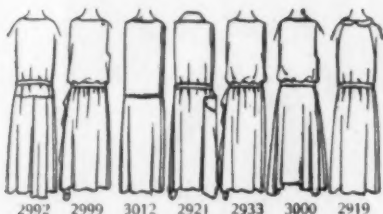
2933 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44



3000 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer No. 1226



2919 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46



Mid-Winter Afternoon Frocks

No. 2984, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material and 1¾ yards of 18-inch for yoke. Width, 3¾ yards. Transfer No. 1147 may be used.

No. 3002, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material and ¾ yard of 40-inch for sleeve insets. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 3005, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material and 2¾ yards of 40-inch for skirt. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer No. 1243 may be used.

No. 2994, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; four-piece circular gathered skirt. Size 36, 5¼ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 2¾ yards. Transfer No. 1232 may be used.

No. 2995, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch material and ½ yard of 40-inch contrasting. Width, 3¾ yards. Transfer No. 883 is suggested.

No. 2987, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards. Transfer No. 936 may be used.

No. 3012, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material and 1¾ yards of 36-inch for bands. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer No. 924 may be used.



2984 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer No. 1147



3002 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

3005 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer No. 1243



2994 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer No. 1232



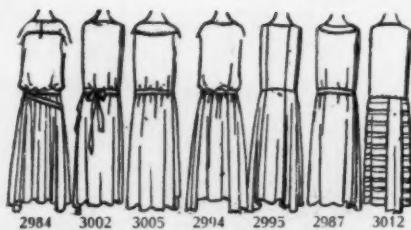
2995 Dress
8 sizes, 34-48
Transfer No. 883



2987 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer No. 936



3012 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer No. 924



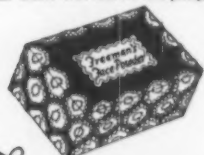


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The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

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No. 2985, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women; four-piece circular gathered skirt. Size 16 requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, 3¾ yards.

No. 3018, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material and ½ yard of 40-inch for sleeve insets. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer No. 1227 may be used.

No. 3001, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; four-piece skirt with shirred insets. Size 16 requires 5 yards of 36-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch lace. Width, 2¾ yards.

No. 3011, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material and ½ yard of 36-inch for collar. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer No. 802 may be used.

No. 2996, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer No. 883 may be used for embroidery.

No. 2894, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material and 2½ yards of 40-inch contrasting. Width, 1¾ yards. For girdle, Transfer No. 1243 may be used.



2985 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

3018 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1227

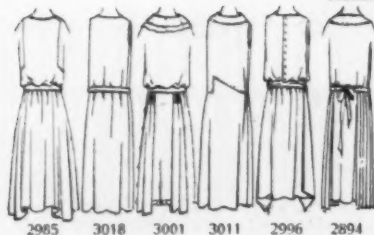


3011 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 802

2996 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 883

3001 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2894 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1243



2985 3018 3001 3011 2996 2894

Frocks With Uneven Hems Gain Headway

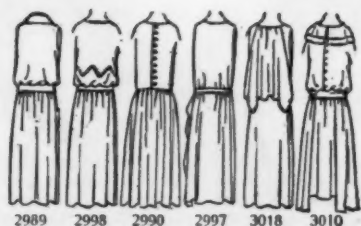


2989 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2998 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



2990 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1232



2989 2998 2990 2997 3018 3010



3018 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1243

No. 2989, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch for collar. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 2998, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 1 yard of 36-inch printed chiffon and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch plain silk. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 2990, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material and 3 yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer No. 1232 may be used.

No. 2997, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. For the pretty bead trimming, Transfer No. 1176 is suggested.

No. 3018, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer No. 1243 may be used for girdle ornament.

No. 3010, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch for collars. Width, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer No. 890 may be used for the embroidery.



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3010 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 890

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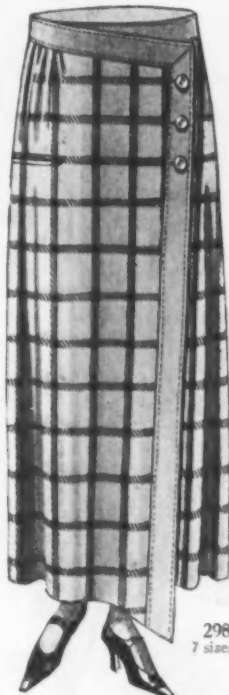
The Doings of Blouses and Skirts

3007 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46



3016 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

No. 3016, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE CIRCULAR SKIRT. Size 26 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 3¼ yards.



2988 Skirt
7 sizes, 26-38

No. 2988, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires 1¼ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1¼ yards.



3009 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46

No. 3009, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; closing at shoulders and lower left side. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3007, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; closing at left shoulder and lower left side. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material.



2986 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44

No. 2986, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material. The blouse worn over the skirt has sprung into popularity again.

No. 3017, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material and ¼ yards of 36-inch contrasting.



3017 Blouse
9 sizes, 34-50



3008 Skirt
9 sizes, 24-40

No. 3008, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT; with drapery at left side. Size 26 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards when tacked.



3019 House Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

No. 3019, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS. Size 36 requires 1¼ yards of 36-inch check, 2¾ yards of 36-inch plain. Width, 1½ yards.



No. 3003, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1¼ yards.



3015-2240

The Long Coat is Rivalled by Suits With Short Coats

No. 2927, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 54-inch material and 3¾ yards of 36-inch lining. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards.

No. 2923, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE; 48-inch length. Small size requires 4 yards of 48-inch material and 5½ yards of 36-inch silk for lining. Width, 2½ yards.

Costume Nos. 3015, 2240. Medium size requires 5½ yards of 40-inch material. No. 3015, LADIES' AND MISSES' SURPLICE SUIT-COAT; with shawl collar. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 48-inch material and 2½ yards of 36-inch lining. No. 2240, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards of 44-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards.

No. 3013, LADIES' AND MISSES' SURPLICE BLOUSED COAT. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 40-inch material and 1¾ yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 3008, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires 1¾ yards of 45-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards when tacked.

No. 3014, LADIES' AND MISSES' SURPLICE COAT; uneven lower edge. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 54-inch material and 4½ yards of 36-inch silk for lining. Width, 1¾ yards.



2927 Coat
7 sizes, 14-16;
36-44

2923 Cape
Small, medium, large



3015 Coat
7 sizes, 14-16;
36-44
2240 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

3013 Coat
7 sizes, 14-16;
36-44
3008 Skirt
9 sizes, 24-40

2927 3013-3008 2923

3014 Coat
7 sizes, 14-16;
36-44



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2072 Nightgown
8 sizes, 1-14
Transfer No. 1086

2289 Nightdrawers
6 sizes, 1-10

2586 Pajamas
6 sizes, 4-14

No. 2586, GIRL'S PAJAMAS. Size 4 requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material and 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting for bands.

No. 2072, GIRL'S NIGHTGOWN. Size 6 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. Transfer No. 1086 may be used for owl appliqué

No. 2289, CHILD'S NIGHTDRAWERS. Size 6 requires 2 3/4 yards of 32-inch material.



2488 Set of Underwear
7 sizes, 2-14
Transfer No. 987
View B



2488 Set of Underwear
7 sizes, 2-14
View A



2300 Bathrobe
7 sizes, 2-14

No. 2300, BATHROBE; suitable for boy or girl. Size 8 requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material and 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2488, GIRL'S SET OF UNDERWEAR. Size 8, View A, requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Size 4, View B, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch. Transfer No. 987 may be used for motif.

No. 2635, GIRL'S COMBINATION. Size 10, View A, requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Size 4, View B, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch. For embroidery, Transfer No. 1120 may be used.

2635 Combination
5 sizes, 4-12
Transfer No. 1120
View B

2635 Combination
5 sizes, 4-12
View A

For Little Girls Who Go To School or Kindergarten



2819 Romper
4 sizes, 1-4
Transfer No. 1192

2981 Romper
4 sizes, 1-6

2891 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10

No. 2981, CHILD'S ROMPER.
Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch figured material and ½ yard of 36-inch plain.

No. 2891, CHILD'S ROMPER DRESS; closing under leg. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch plain and ¾ yard of 36-inch check material.

No. 2819, CHILD'S ROMPER. Size 3 requires 2 yards of 32-inch material. For smocking, Transfer No. 1192 may be used.

No. 2983, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 6, 1½ yards of 36-inch material. Transfer No. 1186 may be used.

No. 2935, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 6, 2 yards of 32-inch material and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Transfer No. 1050 may be used.

2935 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer No. 1050

2983 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer No. 1186

No. 2926, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material and ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3006, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 10 requires, waist, 1½ yards of 36-inch material; skirt, 1¼ yards of 40-inch.

2926 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

3006 Dress
6 sizes, 4-14

2891 2819 2981 2983 2935 2926 3006



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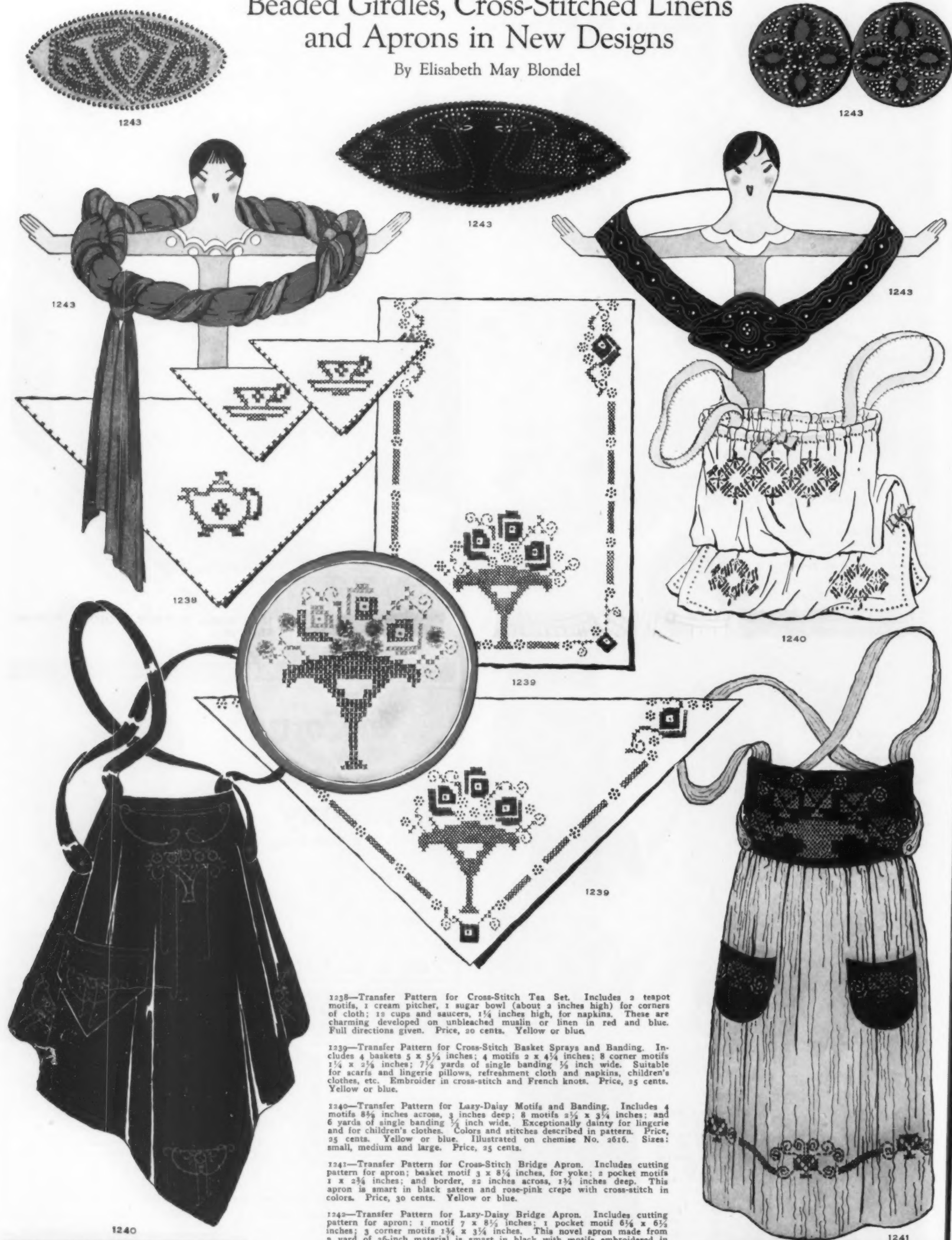
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1242—Transfer Pattern for Lazy-Daisy Bridge Apron. Includes cutting pattern for apron; 1 motif $7 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ inches; 1 pocket motif $6\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ inches; 3 corner motifs $1\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. This novel apron made from a yard of 36-inch material is smart in black with motifs embroidered in colors. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

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6 sizes, 4-14

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Overcoat
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4 sizes, 2-6

2980
Suit
5 sizes
6-14



2637 2843 2901 3004 2913 2916 2910 2980

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The Nursing Mother Advice of Doctors

THE nursing mother yearns to see her babe develop into sturdy, vigorous childhood. But to insure the infant a proper foundation of health, she must watch her own well-being. Constipation in the mother is particularly dangerous at this time because of its effect upon the quality and quantity of mother's milk. Poisons form in accumulated food waste and are absorbed by the blood which carries them through the body. They thus reach those cells in which milk for the baby is produced. If nursing mothers could only realize, as do physicians, how tainted milk becomes a source of danger to the tender infant, who must rely upon it alone for nourishment!

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Once It Happened in the Black Tents

[Continued from page 50]

great emotion. He wanted to tell this girl out of the nowhere that hers was the stroke and slash of his dagger, hers the eloquence of his tongue, the twistings of his brain, the passion of his body; wanted to tell her that his heart was a carpet for her small feet to step on gently, gently . . . words unspoken. For the negro recalled him to his senses with loud-mouthed abuse that—by Allah!—these were wretched manners, manners of infidels and bad Moslems, to ogle thus a woman in the bazaar.

"A foreigner you seem! An eater of dried fish from the North—of stinking fish." Mohammed ibn Rashid flared up. "Better dried fish in the North than a naked blade in the South!" he cried while the dagger leaped to his hand.

But the girl's sudden, mocking laughter stopped his hand. "Have you no other use for your weapon," she asked, "than to stain it with a woolly one's blood? No other use for your strength?"

He picked up the word. "Right!" he said. "There is threefold work waiting for me. There is a Touareg to be humbled, a Frenchman to be killed, and a woman's lips to be kissed."

"Who is she?" came her purring question.

"Yourself, O Delight!" And he laughed triumphantly as she blushed an even rose and walked away with her servant, turning at the end of the bazaar into a house the gates of which shut after her with a click.

"Whose house?" he asked a beggar who squatted near the threshold, whining for alms.

"The house of Kathafa bent Saad."

"And she is—?"

"The daughter of a rich Southern shiik, goes the telling. Few know her. She comes here once, twice a year to buy things and"—he winked shamelessly—"to give money to the poor."

Mohammed ibn Rashid tossed him a handful of copper coins.

So he rode out of town toward the farther desert and the Bordj M'Kuttaba, the chief oasis of the Ouled Seyda where the wild Bedouins were lording it, thinking that here, now, was a third issue for his endeavor, that three were his paths: the path of revenge, the path of duty, and the sweet path of passion . . . and again, with the thought, came a memory of Marie de Lubersac—to be dismissed with a yawn of boredom.

By this time he had evolved the germ of a plan. He remembered his father having told him how the Touaregs still clung to their ancestral customs reaching back to the days of Moorish chivalry when nobles fought tournaments for the price of a lady's glove before the trellised harem retreats of the Jardin de los Adarves, high up on the verge of Alhambra's hill; how to this day they decided the fate of warring clans by single combat between chief and chief. This Touareg, Habeebah had said, wore the face veil of his race, was thus doubtless an orthodox adherent of the old traditions. On the other hand he ruled a tribe of lawless Bedouins who, if they heard of Mohammed ibn Rashid's intentions, would not permit their sheik to risk all in single combat. But if he could approach the other stealthily, without the Bedouins' knowledge, if he could persuade him to fight a duel and pledge his honor on the issue, the Ouled el-Kleybat would not break their chief's covenant.

Secrecy, stealth—there lay his chance. And as he heard the signal drums spanning the distance, he prayed that Habeebah had succeeded in silencing the servants' leaky tongues—he remembered the kitchen girl who had listened at the curtain—and that the gossip of his enterprise was not already being bruited about in the Black Tents.

He felt keenly elated. With every mile he sensed that this land was claiming and welcoming him, rising about him in an enormous tide to wipe from his brain all memory of the past. It was with an effort that he recalled the double quest, of revenge and duty, which was carrying him South.

"O Allah!" he cried, opening his hidden self to the desert's call; and, curiously, it seemed that the veiled girl whom he had met in the bazaar was a transcendental part of both the land and his longing for the land, that whatever fate awaited him in the Black Tents was vitally connected with her. He said to himself that he would finish his business in the Bordj M'Kuttaba, then he would return to her. He would claim and take her with his new-found strength, and he smiled as he remembered Habeebah's saying that women was made for love. Wise, wise, the old unlettered Moslem woman; wiser than the erudite professors of the Sorbonne, than all the teachers who had deviled his young soul with logic and similar western fetiches.

There was now no thought in him at all of Marie nor of returning to Paris and taking toll with steel, as he rode beneath a vaulted sky that burned with a stupendous

glare. The desert was silent, lonely, yet throbbing with vital energy. It seemed as if any minute it might burst into a whirl of flame. The sand passed from yellow to amber, from amber to sullen gold, from gold to a sheen of dazzling whiteness. The heat scorched his face and hands. So he sought rest beneath a clump of palms that fretted a tiny oasis with lacy, blue-green finials. He hobbled his dromedary and dropped off to sleep, dreaming vividly. There was in his dream the desert with its listening, waiting dunes, its eery whisperings among the wind-flayed rocks, its sudden, dramatic jumping to life with a tinkle of camels' bells, then a woman's silken laughter and a man's raucous voice addressing the animal with full-flavored speech:

"Down! Down on your knees, O lust-scabbed spawn of a hyena and a bloated she-devil!"

He listened in his dream, moved—and the movement awakened him. He stared dazedly for a moment, then saw that the dream was true. There, on the farther end of the oasis, a camel was being forced through the elaborate process of squatting, snarling wickedly, twisting its rocco neck with the evident intention of biting its driver's hip. Mohammed ibn Rashid laughed as he recognized in the latter the negro of the bazaar, as he saw, perched between the camel's humps, a *shagduf*, a tent-shaped woman's litter, gaily painted, its sides closed with fluttering, yellow silk. The animal squatted, bending its forelegs then its hindlegs suddenly double like a jack-knife, the *shagduf* tilting dangerously; the negro walked away to cut an armful of grass; and through the litter's curtain a bare foot appeared showing an inch of loose, green trouser tight around the ankle, a heel stained red with henna, and a star-sapphire in a silver setting twinkling on the big toe.

Mohammed ibn Rashid rose, crossed over rapidly, and kissed the tiny, bare foot. It wriggled, withdrew, and a voice asked:

"Is this your way of greeting strangers, Arab?"

"Strangers? Did I not look into your eyes for a fleeting glance in the bazaar? Was not that glance an eternity? Listen—"

"To what?"

"To the tale of my love."

"Suppose I do not believe the tale of your love?"

"Then shall I prove it."

"How?"

"For the sake of my love I would bring you the treasures of all the world to heap on your lap—"

"And what then?" she asked ironically.

"Are you a Nasrany, a foreigner, that you measure all life with gold?" Came a silken rustle, and her unveiled face appeared between the curtains, with a low, white forehead, the reddest of lips, black eyes below boldly curved brows. "Look well!" she said. "Am I not worth the struggle?"

He stared at her. He read in that face the promise and flame of eternal passion, eternal thrills.

"Heart of my heart," he replied humbly. "There is nothing, nothing I would not do for the sake of my love!"

"Words—a mirage!" was her curt comment. "The deed alone counts—the strength. . . ."

"The deed?" He drew himself up. "Girl," he went on, "there be a Touareg's head which I shall throw at your feet in sign of deed, of fealty and strength—it is so written! But"—he paused, smiled—"Where shall I find those small, small feet of yours?"

"Where?" There was in her voice a ripple of mocking laughter. "Why—down there—in the Bordj M'Kuttaba!"

"What?" He looked up sharply, doubting his ears.

"In the Bordj M'Kuttaba," she repeated. "In the tent of the sheik. Perhaps—ah"—she smiled slowly—"is he the very Touareg whom you . . ."

"Allah!" He pressed closely against the *shagduf*, rage, suspicion, jealousy surging through him in crimson waves. "What do you know about me, about him? What is he to you?"

"Perhaps," she said, "I am his sister. Perhaps his daughter. Perhaps—who knows?—his wife." She laughed as Mohammed ibn Rashid's face grew black. "Does the thought hurt?"

"I want the truth!"

"Find it out through the deed! Words count for nothing among the Black Tents, O Arab, who is almost like a Frank!"

And when just then the negro returned she dropped the curtains rapidly, while Mohammed ibn Rashid walked away, a prey to conflicting emotions: suspicion, fear that the drums might have preceded his coming and that this was only a trap, but chiefly jealousy. What was she to the sheik of the Ouled el-Kleybat? Sister? Daughter? Wife? The last thought clutched his soul with giant pincers. The

[Turn to page 68]

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An Old-World Charm

In the Delightful Lines of This Italian House

By Lewis E. Welsh

AS OTHER portions of the world have produced architecture suitable to their climate, materials and mode of life, we in America, because we belong to a much younger country, are able to take from the mother countries such of their architecture as may be of use to us.

In the South and Southwestern parts of this country the climatic and other natural conditions are such that we find the Italian and Spanish style of architecture especially suited to the needs of the people there. This is very fortunate for it allows an American designer of houses to reproduce some of the splendid details and types of those countries. It allows him to bring in the color, surface treatment and above all the fine roof-lines and wall surfaces of these early prototypes.

In the house shown here we have attempted to design a small house using the general motifs and certain of the details of the Italian work. At least one large, airy room is necessary in a house of this style, and so it seemed best to make a very large living-room, taking in the space ordinarily allotted to a dining-room.

This change is made possible by the desire of many people to use a dining-alcove directly off the kitchen,—a feature which works into this plan very well for the reason that we are able to place it in a corner with fine light and air.

The entrance to the house is placed so that it, with the small hall and stairs, both up and down, are exactly in the middle of everything. There may be a prejudice in the minds of some persons against a kitchen at the front of the house, but it will be seen by looking at the plan that there are no windows on the street, and the kitchen porch is screened and made to form part of the house by carrying the front wall down to a gate. This gateway also takes care of a drive to a separate garage in the rear of the lot.

The stairs to the second story are in two short runs with a landing, without winders and are lighted by a large window at this landing. In the second story we have three bedrooms with an especially large amount of closet room.

Two of the bedrooms get light and air on three sides, and the other smaller bedroom on two sides. This is most unusual and is due to the fact that an angle plan is used. From the larger bedroom over the living-room a door leads to an open deck over the porch. This deck is flat and could be used as a sleeping-porch by having an awning over it. Such an awning would add considerably to the colorful effect of the house.

THE color, surface treatment, and fine roof lines and wall surfaces are adapted, in this home, from the architecture of one of America's mother-countries.

There are certain well-known economies which under some conditions cease to be economies. In placing the bath-

room we might have tried to use the same line of plumbing as in the kitchen, but in this particular house the portion allotted to the bathroom is the least desirable and least exposed. The actual cost in money is more than offset by the convenience of its present location.

The entrance walk should be a curved one from the corner of the lot and if the lot slopes to the front as is shown, then a few steps in the walk itself will give a more interesting effect than the ordinary and expensive method of terracing the entire lot.

THE exterior of the house should be of stucco either on frame construction with metal lath, or over a masonry shell. The latter is, of course, preferable because of its permanence, but is more expensive. The stucco might be left white or tinted a blue, buff or pink, but all very much washed-out.

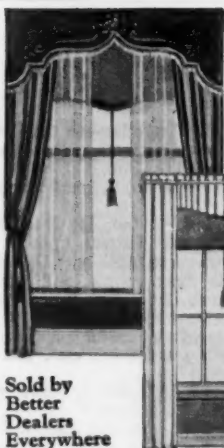
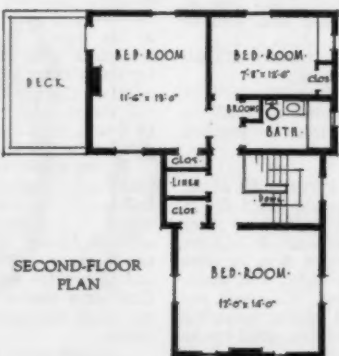
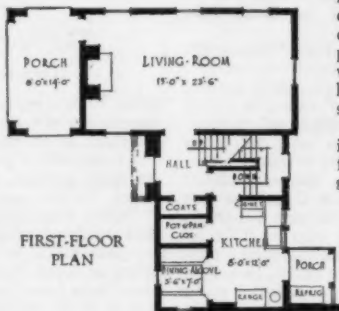
There are several good makes of stucco stains which improve with age and which are cheaply and easily applied. The roof of course should be tile, either of Spanish or Italian design, not the glaring red we see so much, but brown, and if possible variegated as to shades, never glazed. The exterior woodwork should be painted a contrasting color to the stucco and the undersides of the roof beams in the cornice touched up with bright blue, red and gold paint, as is done in the old world.

In the interior, plaster should be used for all window reveals and wood trim reduced to a minimum. Window sills could be of small, glazed, brightly-colored tiles set into the rough plaster. The ordinary white of the modern kitchen should be replaced by gaily tinted woodwork and

walls, with cheerful hangings at the windows. Otherwise the dining-alcove in its close proximity to the kitchen, would be considerably less inviting than it should be.

While this house in itself requires a small frontage of lot, the prospective home builder should realize that the more ground he has the more pleasure he will take in his home. It means greater privacy, space for a pleasant garden, and best of all, is a precaution against the intrusion of objectionable houses and neighbors.

Laurels and dwarf evergreens might be massed effectively about the porch, and a tall cedar planted in silhouette against the house wall. Trellis might be used appropriately to support wisteria or a purple flowered clematis, while slender Lombardy poplars give the Italian note.



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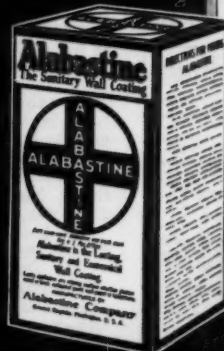
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The Bully of St. Ann's

[Continued from page 44]

per would shield that other—to the death if need be. At that instant he whipped out a gun and covered Du Bois.

"Steady," he directed, "I want the man in the loft."

Upon the instant, too, Du Bois saw clearly the way which he had promised to the lad. It was a terrible way, but the only one. He flung up his head. Once more he became the bully—the smiling, swaggering bully, who, with hands in his pockets, had dared all men contemptuously. He looked into the officer's eyes, not at the leveled gun.

"Eh, M'sieu," he drawled, "have you not make one small mistake?"

With one great leap that carried him far out he was upon the officer, who fired point-blank. He took the ball in his shoulder, and laughed at its prick. As they went down together Cameron fired once more, but the bullet went past him into the eaves, and the hand of Du Bois crept up Cameron's arm, clasped his fingers, and forced them to drop the weapon. One strong hand swept up the gun and thrust it into his belt. And then there began the greatest battle the wilderness had ever seen, for at the Lieutenant's call Hargrave entered too, and two of the three knew it was a fight to the death.

Back and forth across the little yard they clashed. Their faces were tense and white. Ever it was Du Bois against the twain, and in the silence the sound of their breathing was clear. Mora, clutching her father's arm, stood open-mouthed with horror.

For an interminable period the terrible thing went on. Then, like a shot, Du Bois struck Hargrave down in an awkward arc against the log wall, one bloody hand clutching at the surface, the other trailing from a broken shoulder.

Then the trapper took the officer in his great arms and slowly, deliberately, began to kill him. Bending his body backward he gripped his throat—and the world stopped for the horrified watchers.

Hargrave, crawling, went toward them, whimpering, for a gun. The trapper saw that ghastly progress and knew its portent. With one hand he held the swelling throat of his antagonist, with the other he snatched the weapon from his shirt and aimed it at the crawling man.

At this the woman, watching, roused herself from her lethargy of terror.

"Du Bois!" shrieked Mora, "Artine!" The gun wavered. The girl, her eyes fixed upon him with a terrible intensity, came a step toward him.

"For the love of God—for me," she cried, "let go—let go! Drop him! Don't shoot!"

Du Bois' body trembled with conflicting forces. But he stood as he was.

Then in desperation Mora Blake held out her arms. "I beg you, Du Bois," she said piteously, "I beg of you—"

At the pleading of that soft voice Artine Du Bois, the bully, let go his hold on the whistling throat, lowered the pointing gun.

"Ah, Ma'amsele," he panted, "you know not what you do! An' I know not how it is, but—for you, Ma'amsele, I would return from ze gates of Heaven. Is all because Du Bois—poor fool—is meet Love for ze first time in his life."

"Stop," she cried, revolted beyond measure, "you thief! You killer! How dare you say such words to me—you who stole another man's woman!"

"Eh?" said the other stupidly. "What woman? A poor bird w'at is cage' by a brute—I tak' her away from him, yes, an' give her one year of peace. She is my poor small frien' w'at is not happy. My Gar, Ma'amsele—you are my mate!"

At the simple words, so full of evident truth, the girl fell back with a hand at her throat. Here were forces beyond her grasp.

Du Bois sighed and shook his great body. He touched the officer with his foot. "Tak' him," he said gently, "tak' them all—an' go—go quick. Du Bois has had enough."

He stood, huge limbs apart, hands on hips, grotesque with blood and dirt, and watched the canoes head away down river where might be had such remedial skill as the country afforded. Then he turned wearily away, but at the sill he stopped.

On the white surface of a split log set in the cabin's wall there lay the print of a hand in blood—Hargrave's. For a moment he looked at it, then he stepped inside and fetched the ancient magnifying glass and placed it above the spot where the thumb had struck. For a long time he stood still, studying the telltale mark.

At last he shook his head again and entered the room.

He listened for some sound from the little loft above the room. Like a cat he scaled the wall, pushed up the familiar trap-door, and looked in—at a slim form stretched upon the boards, a dark stain spread upon its pathetic breast. Lieutenant Cameron's second bullet had also found a mark.

There followed two days when Du Bois sat hour by hour beside the rude couch in the room below and fought for the life that flickered so fitfully. But by another dawn Du Bois knew that another more skilled than he must minister to the wasting young body. For an hour he stood on the shingle in the pale morning light and pondered his duty. At Fort St. Ann was the company doctor. But the Law was there too. The Law that waited, not only for the boy but for himself. But there was always a chance—and Du Bois was fond of chances. So he snapped his fingers and decided.

Into the water went his good canoe, and into it soft robes. Also he made a curious package, spreading out upon the table a square of white buckskin and laying in it carefully, first the ancient magnifying glass, the pamphlet concerning thumb prints, the paper with the boy's mark and his own, even the precious golden locket, and lastly, a chip cut out from the log in the cabin wall—a chip which held a thumb print! Then, with infinite care he carried down the boy and laid him in the craft, put the package in his own breast, and slid away down the Qu'Appelle.

To the great gate of Fort St. Ann he came at sunrise, a strange figure, holding in his right hand a shining knife and bearing on his shoulder a slender form, its unconscious face hidden on the trapper's back.

To every corner of the post went his ringing call, and the populace came running—the factor himself, the youths, the women. Rodney Blake came on his daughter's arm, the Lieutenant, and even Hargrave, his broken arm bound and slung.

When all the actors of the little tragedy were there, Du Bois spoke, knowing that every eye was leveled on him in hostility.

"My frien's," he said, "I would parley. Even the savage has zat right. Also I am ready to kill ze man w'at mak' one false move. My good knife, she not onlee stab swift an' sweet—but she is fly too, straight at him who might reach for gun. Attendez."

"Las' fall Du Bois is meet with stranger—young stranger who is in distress. He tak' him to zat cabin where Du-Bois is master an' zey become frien's. Real frien's—for soon the trapper come to love this lad. Bot sorrow is in ze other's heart. Always he sit with head on hand an' try for recall a story. All-ways it run up to certain point an' stop an' he cry 'I can't remember! My God, Du Bois—I can't remember!'"

Swiftly now the speaker sketched the tragic tale of that night in New York, the stag party, the drunken slumber, the waking, the dead host, the rifled room, the open wall safe.

"An' so he is ron away—an' come to ze Qu'Appelle."

As he ceased for a moment Rodney Blake leaned forward, his hands working, his mouth open. The girl at his side was white as milk. Hargrave moved uneasily, and stepped back a pace amid the hushed throng. Du Bois went on.

"So now we come to end of story—and Du Bois furnish something to fill ze gap."

He stooped gently, still holding the crowd with his eyes, and slipped the body on his shoulder to the earth. The helpless head rolled over, and they beheld his face. Rodney Blake gasped and swayed forward, but Mora and the factor held him up.

"Wait," went on Du Bois, "there come to Du Bois' cabin some people on traverse—and his heart ache for his frien', for zey are zose who love him an' zose who would take his life—his own people an' ze Law. Du Bois is hide him in attic an' laugh at ze Law. Bot Fate—she is betray him—an' zat Law w'at nevaire sleep—it demand ze man in ze loft. So, Du Bois, who 'ave give his word of honor to save his frien', mus' be murderer if he keep it, if he let his frien' go free. An' so," he added pensively, "he is try for sure to kill two men. He is all bot succeed—w'en someone speak an' Du Bois mus' obey. In zat great fight a gun go off an' shoot ze poor lad in ze loft, so zat Du Bois mus' bring him at las' to zat civilization w'at treat him so hard—to save his life."

Here the spellbound listeners stirred, but Du Bois went steadily on.

"You recall this, Father Tenau?" he asked, holding up the pamphlet which he had laboriously extracted from the precious package with one hand.

The priest nodded.

"So. It is of great intrus'. All about (thumb print. I tak' my own an' I get ze boy's. One day at dusk I sit at my door an' look at this locket w'at my frien' gave me for safe keeping—locket w'at lie open on his breast zat fateful night, w'at someone look at, it would seem. Mark you, my frien's. Always I had notice somet'ing on inside of lid—faint an' fine, small tracks all ronnin' roun' lak fox, ver' fine—dark,

lak rust or maybe blood. One night I breathe on it an' voila! I ron for ol' glass—an' see a thumb print. Attendez. In zat great fight before my cabin, someone strike a bloody han' against ze wall. I bring zat chip w'at hol' a thumb print! Ze one on ze locket, open on zat night of murder, and ze one on ze chip—zey are ze same. Stop zat man, M'sieus!"

For Hargrave had fallen back little by little among the staring crowd, and was now leaping wildly away in flight. It was a ghastly caricature of the suave and polished man of the world who presently came back among his captors, and poured out the confession of his guilt.

In the surging excitement of this astounding thing, amid the transports of the Blakes above the limp form of their beloved, Artine Du Bois backed away to his canoe, his knife still ready. He stepped in and picked up his paddle, and then, as the factor sought for him above the moving crowd, he waved a hand, and, dipping deep, shot his frail craft far out to the river's breast.

"Adieu, my frien's," he called. "Du Bois will dance no more at Fort St. Ann."

IT was early twilight on the Qu'Appelle. Great washes of color, flame-gorgeous, sprayed the sky above the forest. The river ran pale in the creeping shades. In Du Bois' cabin shadows crept from the corners and gathered round the man who sat in a chair beside the empty table, one great arm stretched listlessly along its edge, his head sunk on his breast. There was no friend for him to comfort, no kindly task to do. There was not even a locket in his breast to look at in the white rapture of his love. Life, that had ever been so gay for Artine Du Bois, had gone gray as the ashes of a long-dead fire. Nevermore could he play at his careless game of hearts. He had beheld the gates of Paradise, and earth was cold in shadows. So he sat in the creeping dusk, his arm along the table—and he did not hear the light plash of paddles, the beaching of a small canoe. He heard nothing save a woman's lashing voice, saw only blue eyes flaming with contempt.

Presently there came to his doorstep the faint sound of feet. A slender form hesitated against the lavender glow without. A low voice said very softly, "Monsieur Du Bois."

As in a dream he leaned forward, peering, unbelieving. His hand still lay supine on the table's edge. Then Mora Blake held out her arms and there was the sound of tears in her trembling voice.

"Artine," she said, "Artine Du Bois, I have come back to you—because—I know it now—I am your mate!"

Du Bois straightened. He leaped to his feet, his great arms spread wide to fold the girl against his heart. Then humility fell upon him, and he went slowly down before her to lift her garment's hem and lay his lips against her dress.

"But—my past?" he asked diffidently.

"What does the past matter when we have our great love?" she asked tenderly, "and little Marcelle has told me of your tenderness and strength. I am content."

She gathered the black head against her breast as good old Father Tenau loomed in the shadowed doorway, his face shining.

"Now," he said, "my son, between us we'll save your reckless soul!"

The Story of the Bible

[Continued from page 28]

when he said so, his uncle told him it was the custom of the country to give the older daughter in marriage before the younger left home, and if Jacob wanted Rachel too, he must promise to work another seven years. In that case, he could have her also.

What could Jacob do? At home, Esau was waiting for him with a club. He had no place which he could call his own. Besides, he loved Rachel, and he felt that he must have her if he was to be happy. He agreed to the unfair bargain.

Even then, he was at the mercy of his mother's relatives. He had no flocks of his own and could not set up a household of his own. Once more, he made an agreement with Laban. He would work for seven more years. Then he would receive all the black lambs and the spotted and the speckled goats which happened to be found on Laban's lands. This would give him a fair start toward independence.

It was a curious bargain. Laban knew that black lambs are quite as rare as spotted and speckled goats. He therefore did not expect to lose many, and to protect himself still further, he took all the male and female goats that were spotted and striped and sent them to another pasture, where they were tended by his own sons, who saw to it that none fell into the hands of Jacob.

[Continued in the February McCall's]

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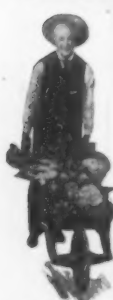
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A Look Toward Spring

By Mrs. Francis King

THE garden now lies bare. Leaf-picking winds have done their work, and the winter snows fold the borders and shrubbery in a heavy white blanket.

Of what does the gardener think as he sees these drifting tokens of winter? He thinks—for the true gardener is always an imaginative person—of spring.

Two practical suggestions I would make for winter gardening as we may properly call it: Buy and read good garden books and magazines, and plan to get endless seed, plant, shrub and tree catalogs or lists.

Let us turn now to the seed and plant lists. As early as November, I should have started sending out postal cards asking for seed lists. The gardening habit is now so general in America, the wish to plant and grow in the little garden so wide-spread, that he is the non-disappointed one now, who writes early and receives his seeds a month or two before he would sow them. I cannot press too strongly this suggestion. For it has happened lately, in the great growth of this garden movement, that late orders to seedsmen have gone unfilled. The early bird's worm may thus become even more toothsome.

Also collect seed catalogs. Some of these are so well done from the standpoint of knowledge, classification and cultural information that they deserve permanent places on our book shelves. The American seed lists have improved in the last ten years in amazing fashion. Some of them now appear with such illustrations in color as to make them ornaments for the library table; occupants of that table they should always be. What a responsive note is struck when the garden lover enters either a house or a railway car and sees on the table or in the hand, that beloved sign of spring—the seed catalog! They fill the mind with dreams. They stimulate, they suggest.

Tools are things to be thought of and cared for now. The shears for instance, dull with summer use, should be sent off to the grinder, and on their return, put away, labeled, or when spring comes they may not be easily found. Is it because

THOUGH it is winter the gardener is not dismayed. He sees, beyond storm and snow, the green lilac buds in their April breaking, and he prepares now for that time.

tools are made of iron and steel that, as a young gardener, I used to wonder why it was necessary to take any care of them? They seemed to me stout things, of a kind to take care of themselves. We find, however, as we go on in life that nothing does that. I learned after some experiences with rust, that cleaning and oiling and putting into dry places would materially lengthen the life of lawn-mower, rake, hoe and spade.

The months following Christmas are the months for planning. With the aid of books, catalogs, magazines, with the benefits of the experiences of the past and other summers' work in the garden, one knows more each year what one really wants in a garden; and to change the garden occasionally is one of its pleasures.

I SHOULD never hesitate, in a good climate, and with a good soil, to remake my garden every few years. In fact I should prefer that, if I had a small space and any desire to try new things.

There are certain things that might and should remain in permanent places—peonies, roses, certain shrubs, and so on, but the outlying plants such as irises, phloxes, might easily be varied by moving or changing the varieties altogether. The first year after moving, a phlox will send up three or four good heads of bloom, though short; the third year in that place it may be almost too large for the plants round it.

Moving and changing about in the garden has always been to me a pastime; but it is more than that—it is an education got in the most enchanting way. And in order to learn, as one replants and freshens the border, I would suggest trying new and unknown plants; by unknown, of course, I mean unknown hitherto to yourself. Instead of using, for instance, scarlet sage, unless you have a very pretty way of planting it with cream-white and lavender flowers, try some of the others of the sage family—salvia farinacea beside pink stock; salvia patens for a bit of bright pure blue; salvia virgata nemorosa to grow at the foot of crimson rambler roses or close by dwarf rambles of the same variety.

In annuals, those who have not grown clarkia have missed one of the loveliest of all summer flowers. The purplish shades are very beautiful when grown before the tall, deep purple annual larkspur, and if a few plants of white or palest yellow pansies were set before these two annual flowers, your border would have a real distinction in that spot. Collinsia bicolor is a delightful and little-grown annual with a white flower running up the stem, a flower whose lower lip is a bright reddish lavender. This is good grown near heliotrope, or a deep purple verberna.

But the list is endless and so are the pleasures. All I would say is—do this imaginative gardening early, plan it on paper, make notes, send in orders. Then, when May comes and the gardening world is rushing wildly about, late for everything, you will be calmly setting out seedlings in their appointed places, working with a trowel whose handle is intact, and, with no actual garden burdens on the mind, can leisurely enjoy the beauty of the spring.



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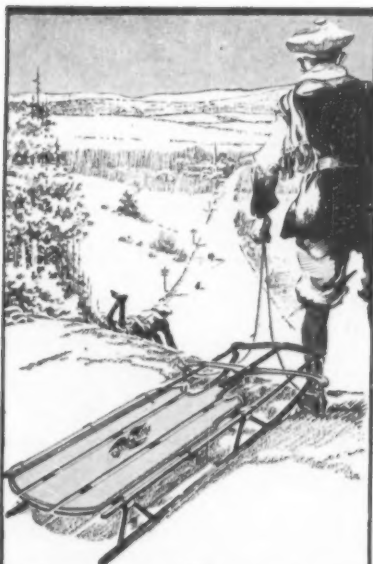
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Once It Happened in the Black Tents

(Continued from page 62)

girl was right, he told himself; only the deed counted; and, Allah willing, he would show her a deed that would sweep to the imaginings of her savage passion as the wild hawk sweeps to the sky. He jumped into the saddle, turned at the sound of silvery laughter.

"I shall bring you his head!" he cried. "Head of husband or brother or lover! Kiss his cold, dead lips in sign of farewell! Hereafter you will kiss my own warm, living lips!"

Down a hill, sliding. Up a hill, bent over his mount's neck, pulling it up almost bodily, forcing it to climb like a cat. Taking a rock at a long, lean jump. Swerving sideways to escape treacherous sand hollows. Slipping through the gravel bank of a dried stream. Riding till his hands were raw with the pulling of the reins, his knees numbed with the gripping of the saddle.

On through the afternoon that flamed with a thousand flickering tongues, through the night that dropped like a purple shutter, through another morning looming out of the sands with lemon and delicate green. He rose in his stirrups as he saw the silhouette of a speeding camel etched on the horizon like a great scrawl of Arabic handwriting; saw, puckering his eyes, a triangular outline, like that of a *shagduf*, topping the animal's hump. He said to himself that, doubtless, it was the girl traveling South as he was, but by a short cut in order that she would reach the Bordj M'Kuttaha ahead of him and warn the Touareg—brother or husband or lover. He shrugged his shoulders. He had boasted to Habeebah about his fox's stealth, had made his plans accordingly. Now he would have to abandon them, would have to forget his stealth by the same token, would have to rely on strength and courage alone!

The odds were against him a hundred-fold. Again he shrugged his shoulders. He could not help it. This, too, was Fate. He touched the hilt of his father's dagger; and with the touch there flamed down upon him a great faith in himself, with the strength of the wind and sun and stars. Then, soberly, he saw to the loading of his pistol and the tightening of his saddle girths as already the Bordj jumped from the coiling sands like a thick slab of jade set into the orange frame of the desert, studded here and there with trees and granaries and the black of the nomads' tents—in the centre a great, dome-shaped tent with the sheik's green flag floating from its peak.

"Home!" he thought. And as if in ironic answer, with utter suddenness, came a guttural shrilling of war cries, a clash and crackle of naked steel, and out of the whirling sands three Bedouins whipped their dromedaries down upon him, one armed with a long-barreled rifle, the other two leveling nine-foot, black bamboo lances.

As the first of them fired from the hip, Mohammed ibn Rashid swerved his mount to one side. A little too late. But he was out of the saddle, landing on his feet, even as the camel dropped, shot through the heart. In a fleeting glance he saw it a few yards away rolling on its back, waving its legs grotesquely in the air; then he thought and acted at the same fraction of a moment as the second nomad closed in, the lance point flickering evilly. He jumped sideways, catching the man's frenzied camel around the neck. He swung himself half up with one hand while the other drew the dagger. The Bedouin's long lance was useless in a body-to-body fight and, before he could reach for his own dagger, Mohammed ibn Rashid had slashed wickedly. The man fell to the ground, bleeding profusely, and in the twinkling of a second Mohammed ibn Rashid drew himself fully into the saddle, letting the reins drop loose, relying on the pressure of his knees, and turned to meet the shock of the other two nomads, revolver in hand. He shot; missed. The Bedouins, trained raiders, changed their tactics. They deployed right and left, shooting and stabbing as they galloped past, and even as a lance point grazed his forehead Mohammed ibn Rashid heard one of them call out frantically to the other:

"No, no—do not kill him! There are orders. . . ." They galloped away, swerved, stopped, turned, once more deployed, then joined and came on at a thundering pace, saddle to saddle. Again Mohammed ibn Rashid fired, again missed, since, a good enough marksman, he was not used to reckoning with the swaying motion of his dromedary.

"Itiah saadeq!" came his high-pitched war cry.

He dropped the revolver, slashed sideways with his dagger, right, left, right, left, as the Bedouins reined in, then pressed to either side of him.

"Itiah saadeq!"—at the same time trying to land blow, to parry lance point and rifle butt, to jerk his camel free from the pressure of the nomads' mounts.

A great joy, a primitive lust of battle

plunging madly side by side. He used the dagger like a rapier, with carte and tierce and quick, staccato riposte, pinking here a leg, there an arm, ripping through burnoose and saddle cloth as with the edge of a razor. The hilt of his weapon throbbed in his hand while its point danced a swishing, triumphant saraband, as if the ancient, turbulent soul of the blade had come to life from the clogging sleep of the centuries.

"Itiah saadeq!" Then, quite suddenly, it seemed to him as if a giant hand were plucking him from the saddle and hurling him through the air. The whole world, the desert, the oasis, the soaring palms, the Black Tents, seemed to totter crazily, to swing from side to side in a blazing, yellow pendulum. He felt a dull jar, a sharp pain. His consciousness faded out.

When—he did not know how many hours later—he came to, he found himself on a couch in a large, dome-shaped tent. His temples pulsed sharply. He felt something cool and moist on his forehead. Then, hearing a rustling noise behind him, he drew himself up, turned, and saw at the head of the couch a burnoosed figure, ghostly with the black face veil that hid the features.

The Touareg, he said to himself; said to himself that he had lost all, his life, his ambition, his love. . . . "Bismillah—Allah's will be done!" he mumbled in Moslem resignation; and he closed his eyes against the bitter pain of the thought, opened them again as he heard a voice that drifted down to him with a soft tang of remembrance.

"Fate," said the Touareg, "which comes out of the dark like a blind camel—with no warning, no jingling of bells!"

"Fate," rejoined Mohammed ibn Rashid, "which caused me to thrust a lance to the challenge of my own boast, which hurled me against the ramparts of defeat. . . ."

"And yet, fighting greatly against odds, thus losing greatly and without blame, without reproach, you won—greatly, O Arab!"

"What?" "Me!" said the Touareg, dropping the veil, and as Mohammed ibn Rashid stared he saw, bending down to him, the low, white forehead, the red lips, the black, liquid eyes of the girl who was dearer to him than the dwelling of kings, felt her mouth on his, heard her gurgling laughter as she reminded him of the kitchen wench who had listened through the curtains in the house of the Street of Terek el-Bey.

"Did you not tell Habeebah to silence the servants' leaky tongues? Ho! She could not silence my tongue. What was I doing there, heart of my heart?" She smiled. "And did not Habeebah tell you of a girl whom she wanted you to marry? Listen, behold! I came North on purpose after my people made peace with yours, after the ancients of both tribes declared that it was proper for me to marry, to bring children into the world, men-children belike, to rule your tribe and mine. And whose blood more fitting to mix with mine than yours, O my king? So North I went and spoke to Habeebah. Then you came, by the twist of Fate, with words in your mouth of a Frankish woman, and I found you almost a foreigner, and I talked to Habeebah through the slit in the curtains with my fingers and my eyes. And thus was there a great testing to be done, of strength and courage and the deed—and you won, O my lord!"

"But, he stammered, 'the Touareg—?' "Sister or daughter or wife?" She laughed. "There is but one Touareg in the Black Tents. Myself. Kathafa bent Saad—at my lord's service!" She swept him a curtsy. "Daughter and sister and wife to my lord!"

And, to his questioning, came a strange telling of strife in the farther South between her father's tribe, Touaregs of the blood, and the Ouled el-Kleybat; telling, too, of an old prophecy of the latter that spoke of how a stranger woman, captured in battle, would make good her claim to rule them with the right of steel and death, and lead them to victory.

"A slave I came to the Ouled el-Kleybat, mourning for my father who had died beneath the feet of the war dromedaries—a slave to their chief. And that night, when he took me in his arms, the rage of my race came upon me. I drew a dagger. I killed. Thus I fulfilled the ancient prophecy of the Ouled el-Kleybat, fulfilled it yet further by leading them to the conquest of the Ouled el-Seyda. And now—with utter abandon—"I am again a slave—your slave, O my lord!"

She kissed him; then, mockingly, asked: "There was talk between you and Habeebah, of a Frank and his sister—ah,"—she made a little grimace as her lips formed the foreign sound—"Marie. . . ." "Marie—?" smiled Mohammed ibn Rashid. "W'elah—w'elah!—I cannot recall her name!"

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FINDINGS OF THE FOOD WORKSHOP

What We Would Save If We Always Bought Our Food by Weight

By May B. Van Arsdale and Day Monroe

Department Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

BUT, "some-one will say, 'we do buy food by weight, don't we?'" Some foods we do, but there are many others which we do not. This is the time of year when we are all beginning to make New Year's resolutions and to think about thrift. Reasonable thrift is wise spending, and wise spending means getting the best return for your investment.

The most intelligent buying must be by weight, because in no other way can we really know just what we are getting for our money.

During the war, this practice of buying by weight became more prevalent. But there are still many commodities sold by measure, and there is even much buying done by the "ten cents' worth."

No matter how honest the measures are, they can never be as accurate as weights. For, after all, a pound is always sixteen ounces while the quart will vary with every measurer. Heaped to overflowing it may hold twice as much as the level one. The feeling of the housewife is that she likes to buy such generous measures—they look so full and bargain-like. But if the dealer "heaps" he must charge accordingly. If he wants to fill his measure to overflowing without charging more he must use a smaller container. The small dish of ice-cream is made to look heaping by using a pointed mold, but most of us prefer this to a larger dish leveled off.

Many women know that there are laws specifying the standard weight for a bushel of carrots, beans, potatoes, onions, or other foods, and think that such regulations make buying by measure feasible. Unfortunately the only way to know whether this law is being kept is to weigh each bushel after it is measured. But if you make your grocer weigh your bushel of beans to see that you are getting your due sixty pounds, why not ask for sixty pounds in the beginning and save him the trouble of measuring? With the utmost care he may not be able to measure a bushel of standard weight because of the differences in food from time to time.

Even though the law prescribes that a bushel of potatoes should weigh sixty pounds, it may or it may not, depending on where the potatoes were grown and the dryness of the season. Add these natural variations to the difficulty of level measuring, and accuracy becomes almost impossible. To avoid these variations, buying by weight is the only remedy.

INACCURATE measurement is not the only difficulty met by the woman who buys by measure. There are many baskets which seem to be standard in size, but which are really a little smaller. There is the "peck" measure which looks like a peck but holds less and is not truthfully named, and the berry box which holds less than a quart. Hence, if we continue to buy by measure there is a real need for legislation against containers which are not a standard size.

We sacrifice thrift not only when purchasing foods by measure, but also when buying oranges, eggs and other things by the dozen. We all know that some eggs are small and others large, but do we realize how much these differences may mean? For more than a month eggs were bought for the Food Workshop and each dozen was weighed. During that time there was a difference of three and three-quarter ounces between the dozen weighing the least and the dozen weighing the most.

"Not a large difference," you may say, but it is the weight of more than two average eggs. The dozen of large eggs was equivalent to more than fourteen eggs of the size of those of the

TO get the best for our money—every housewife wants to do that. In the food laboratories at Teachers College, experiments in food purchases help to solve the problem.

lighter dozen. In other words, if you happened to get the heavy dozen you gained the weight of the two eggs—a saving of ten cents, with eggs sixty cents a dozen. When you happened to get the light dozen, you lost. Weight would have made this egg-buying fairer.

When is an orange not an orange? When it is an orange and a half. We think of oranges as being quite well-graded, since they come into market in boxes containing definite numbers. But buying standard sizes does not mean having a dozen oranges of the same weight. In one dozen we found there was a difference of two and three-quarter ounces between the largest orange and the smallest, though all came from the same box. In other instances, the difference was close to two ounces. In one dozen one orange would weigh from one-third to one-half more than another. If you buy by weight you can know what you are getting.

In offering celery for sale the dealer tries to make the bunches so much alike that he can sell them all at the same price. He also wants them to look about the same size as those of his competitors. But one day when we bought several similar bunches, we found that our purchases weighed all the way from eight to eleven and one-half ounces—a difference of three and one-half ounces. For the eleven and one-half ounce bunch we paid at the rate of twenty-one cents a pound while the eight-ounce bunch cost us thirty cents a pound. Had we been buying by weight the quoted price for each pound would have shown us the real bargain.

ONE fine spring morning bunches of asparagus cost \$.15, \$.28 and \$.35. If we could have carried our scales to market we could have discovered which was the best bargain. But since we could not do this we bought all three and took them home. There we found that the \$.15 bunch weighed almost exactly the same as the \$.35 one—in fact it weighed a little more, although it was obvious that it was not as good asparagus. The \$.28 bunch weighed less, but it turned out to be practically the same price for each pound as the \$.35 bunch. If we could have bought the asparagus by the pound we would not have been so confused by the variations in the price and size of the bunches.

Bananas of many different sizes grow on the same bunch. Sometimes the dealer sells the small ones at a lower price for a dozen than the large ones; but more often, all are the same price regardless of size.

And what a difference there can be! A dozen of the smaller ones weighed three pounds and three ounces, while the dozen of large ones weighed six pounds and one ounce—almost twice as much! Possibly, in your year's buying you may receive as many large bananas as small ones and thus equalize values. But this is uncertain and unscientific purchasing. In some sections of the country bananas are sold by weight. Why shouldn't this method of sale be more common?

Wouldn't it be simpler to count the cost if we bought by weight only? We buy our dress goods, ribbons and laces, all by the yard—why not all our food by the pound?

Whether this is ever accomplished will depend largely on the woman buyer. When she demands that she know the weight of the food she is purchasing, the honest dealer will be glad to meet her request, offering fewer and fewer measures. But as long as she accepts conditions passively, marketing methods are likely to remain unchanged.



Corned Beef Hash with Gulden's

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Double Doom

[Continued from page 40]

of the corner of an eye the latter saw his danger; and thrusting the girl aside, he swung with a yelp of rage to receive the assault.

They came together with a shock that sent each reeling back, but instantly closed in again, grappled and went down into the kennel where they fought like maniacs, locked in each other's arms, indistinguishable one from the other, a blurred bulk that heaved and flopped and writhed—and then, abruptly, to the sound of a deep groan, ceased.

An affair of seconds, it was over so quickly that Francesca had not stirred from the spot where she had checked on being thrown aside, when she saw her Camorrista rising from the body of his assailant.

He was breathing heavily, and by the dim light of a distant street lamp the girl could see his features working and his eyes rolling like those of a maddened animal; but he seemed to be unharmed, and when, in stupidity of horror, she gasped, "What have you done?" she heard him give a sound between a grunt and a laugh, and saw in the palm of a hand which he thrust before her eyes the haft of a knife whose blade had snapped off short.

From that too eloquent testimony as much as from the thing that had been slain at her feet, the girl cowered back with a sickened cry. But now again the cat was mewing, and the man flung back his head like a startled horse and searched the shadows on every hand, while from a distance the tenor in a minor wail iterated the caution against foul weather: "Oì ne, trasteve, ca choira!"

"Here: have you got a weapon of any sort, you? Give it me—quickly!"

With no definite notion of what she was doing, the girl dragged from a pocket Nella Farusi's pistol, and permitted the man to snatch it away.

What happened then was never clear to her. She came to herself standing with her back to a wall, hands clipping her cheeks, a cry bubbling in her throat, wide and dilate eyes photographing permanently upon the tablets of her memory a tableau of terror.

Across the street a number of little lamps, burning without flicker in the still night air, created a space of lurid color in the dark, casting up into theatrical illumination an open shrine, a deep niche in a wall sheltering a crucifix. At the foot of the crucifix, votive offerings of flowers, withered and fresh. Below the shrine, seated sideways on the cobbles, a shoulder and his head resting against the wall, the Camorrista who had been her guide, dying. In the kennel in the middle of the street, another man, motionless, a huddle of clothing like an ill-packed sack. Several yards away, a third unstriking shape.

"I have simply no recollection whatever of getting back to the hotel that night," Francesca assured Rodney Manship. "I remember running over to the wounded man, my guide; but there wasn't anything I could do for him, he had been simply riddled by bullets. Then somehow or other I stumbled back to the hotel."

SINCE the dead man had never been known to use a firearm, Francesca, was credited with having slain three out of those four Carabinieri who had been specially commissioned to take their man dead or alive.

And now no less a personage than a delegato of the Publica Sicurezza of Naples, himself a prominent Camorrista elegante, came in company with the capo paranze of the Camorra in that quarter, and others to felicitate the girl upon her service to the Honorable Society, inform her of her promotion to its highest rank, convey to her the gratification of the "Old One," and arrange for her immediate departure from

Naples and from Italy as well. And then she knew that some day in the near future she would be required to drink from the silver goblet of the Camorristi with her brother Angelo.

"The Dante Alighieri sails from Genoa day after tomorrow," the delegato informed the girl. "I would not hesitate to counsel you to sail in disguise—but it would be convenient, on the other hand, if you could only use your American passport."

"Leave that to me," Francesca replied promptly. "I know how to arrange matters with the American consul at Genoa. As for the disguise," she added innocently, "I think I might pass very well as a girl—don't you?"

In the course of the next few days after the arrival of the *Dante Alighieri* a young man began to be noticed in Little Italy, going modestly to and fro with a light of eager curiosity in his eyes, an amiable and well-favored youth who gave his name as Luigi Barocco and claimed close cousinship with the Neapolitan Barocco family.

To the inquisitive he related that he had lived most of his life with his parents, the proprietors of an Italian restaurant in London; but they had recently died, and Luigi, journeying to Naples to rejoin his kinsfolk, had become the victim of misfortunes which had rendered advisable his emigration to America. He was not without means, but frugal after his kind and, having fallen in with an ancient aunt several stages removed, was for the time being quartered with her in a common two-room tenement apartment. And who of Italy should think the worse of him for that?

Luigi Barocco, the newly landed, presented his letters all in a single day; and in every instance they earned him a welcome of gratifying warmth.

Admirable simple letters they were, in point of phraseology, cunningly worded as to convey little or nothing to one familiar with the Italian language but ignorant of the extensive use of metaphor in the cant of the Camorra.

It was surprising how quickly her fame as a "man at heart" got about in Little Italy. The reputed destroyer of Carabinieri remarked that she was hailed with effusive warmth by the few who had already come to know her, as she walked home to her tenement lodging that evening, and that utter strangers more often than not saw fit to salute her with respect or give her the sideward when they passed. And she had just sat down to supper with Marcella when a knock introduced the favorite picciott' of the local capo mæstra, an ingratiating young assassin with the face of a rat and a lithe, sinewy body closely encased in store clothes of extreme cut and violent coloring.

His boss, he announced, desired ardently to make the acquaintance of the redoubtable personage who had been living so unpretentiously in the Italian colony for several days. If Luigi Barocco would take the trouble to be at home at ten o'clock that night, one would call to conduct him to the customary place of meeting.

Francesca promised to be waiting at the hour appointed, and returned to her interrupted meal, but had no appetite to finish it.

All this while she had seen nothing of Angelo, heard nothing of him save in the way of casual comment upon her likeness to her "cousin," a resemblance which she had been at pains to modify as much as possible.

Indeed, Francesca insisted, it had never entered her head to impersonate her brother until the uproar in the hallway led her to open the door and see Rodney being trampled to death by that pack of murderous picciotti.

[Continued in the February McCall's]

Nothing Over Ten Cents

[Continued from page 30]

taken care of Josie too. Leonard had insisted on the best doctor.

So it happened that the links made a chain, and the morning that Eleanor Barlough's baby was four days old, Dr. Winman came into the ward and went up to Josie.

"Feeling all right, Mrs. Gray?"

"Well enough to go home."

"Not yet. You're going to do your work?"

She nodded.

"Can't go yet then. But if you want a job, I've got one for you. Did you ever hear of Mrs. Mitchell Barlough?"

Josie flushed as she answered.

"She has a new baby and it's in need of nourishment the mother can't give it. While you're here in the hospital you could give it a start if you would. It wouldn't

hurt you a bit—I told you you should have had twins."

Josie gasped. He took it for disinclination.

"They'd pay tremendously well. You could ask them anything you liked. But more than that, my dear young woman, you can save that baby, perhaps. Give him something of the strength your husky has—and without hurting you a bit. And we need someone right on the spot—at once."

Past all the money possibilities, the chance for acquaintance with one of the girls whom she had hated and worshiped, the door open to almost anything, Josie's mind leapt unregarding. She had something which she could bestow—something beyond all price, beyond the wealth of any person. Something truly priceless.



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The Day of Little Things

[Continued from page 2]

Let us all try to realize that he came into power handicapped by the stress of war. Let us acknowledge that to hold steady and to keep our heads above water at all is a big achievement. I propose that we all hope for him, pray for him: and let us go further, and uphold every man that we have placed in a position of power. We can all help toward ending the present period of lawlessness by each of us chivalrously obeying the spirit and the letter of the laws by which we are supposed to be governed.

We can all help toward better feeling and a better social and political condition by furthering the work of the churches, by broadening their influence. They are mighty organizations, but they are not advancing as they could, and as they would, if each of us would do all we can toward extending and stabilizing their influence.

No effort for better schools is ever lost. The finer, the more powerful, we can make our schools, the better brand of men and women they will return to us.

I am heart and soul in favor of the Brotherhood Movement, the Rotary Clubs, and the cultural clubs of all kinds for women. To tell the plain truth, I am growing a mite fearful of the mighty influence and leavening power of these great clubs for women. This is the thing that they are doing: At least one day out of each week, they are taking women from the monotony of home life and teaching them to reason, to think, to know for themselves, to stand squarely on their own feet and express their thoughts and opinions, to elaborate and defend their contentions. In self-defense the business men of our country are going to be compelled to ask their wives to be content with a little less money in order that they may take at least one day a week and organize some cultural clubs for themselves, so that they may be prepared to be the mental as well as the physical companions of their wives.

AND this year I propose that all of us go back to our childhood love of the great poetry of the world. Let us secure and read over the great lyrics, sonnets and tragedies that so thrilled and uplifted us, and then let us read carefully and become acquainted with the poetry that is being written today; that what of truth and beauty and inspiration it contains may not have been given birth in vain. I propose that each of us shall read all the poetry that we possibly can; that we test it sincerely and try to decide for ourselves whether it really is poetry and why. I scarcely think that it is safe to dismiss a new form that we do not understand, with a sneer. In mastering that form, in learning what it is all about, we might surprise ourselves by enriching our lives with great beauty. At any rate, let all of us take a few minutes to think seriously upon Keats. Today the cultured people of the world can find no greater poet, no man whose work is more beloved; and when we think of this, it is with sick hearts that we realize that this exquisitely fibred man literally had his heart broken and died a death of suffering at the hands of unsympathetic and wholly unjust critics. It is a sickening thing to contemplate. I sincerely hope that each of us will do what he can to keep such a blot from again being placed on the pages of literature. I wish that the newspapers and magazines would use more poetry, that our publishers would publish it. And this I can guarantee; they will do so if the people will make it plainly manifest that poetry is what they want.

This year I wish that everyone of us who can possibly afford it would buy one picture to hang upon the walls of our homes. If you would like a blaze of sunlight, a section of animal or human life reproduced for you exactly as God made things and man handles them, try Charles Russell the only man of his kind, the greatest artist the world has ever known along his particular line. If you are inland and would love to see upon your walls the wash of really wet waves, the flying mist of spray, the great, stable rocks of the seashore standing for ages the buffeting of the waves, there is Jack Smith; and if you would like to have a whole mountain of your own, purple and lavender with its feet in the waters and its head floating banners of gray mist, there is C. A. Faile—and so on, down a long list. You would love these pictures, and oh, how glad the boys would be to see these works of their deepest inspiration where they would be loved and appreciated! And if your purse will not allow a painting, then an etching or a steel engraving of real dignity and merit.

To sum up, let all of us push forward in unison this year in a strong, steady sweep for righteousness, for home, for native land. Let's make this "Day of Little Things" into one shining year of the biggest things that ever have happened in our loved country!

The Human Race

By Dr. William McDougall

[Continued from page 46]

of the people is diminishing because in each generation its most gifted children rise to fill the positions of leadership, as they are vacated by the gifted members of the foregoing generation, and in turn become sterilized by their success.

This process can be arrested or mitigated only by taking thought, by boldly facing the danger instead of ignoring it in a spirit of blind optimism. If this is done the danger may be overcome and the American people may pursue their way, sure of attaining a future worthy of their great past. But if America should remain blind to this danger, while the subtle process of decline goes on from generation to generation, what a deplorable issue it will be of the splendid promise of American life! This is the thought that has prompted me to write of "the greatest tragedy in the history of mankind!"

Fortune's Fool

[Continued from page 45]

an old friend. I did not know it until until I had conveyed her hither. Upon discovering it I would have escorted her hence again, and I was about to do so, when Your Grace arrived. I have now to ask you to pledge me your word of honor that you will do nothing to prevent our peaceful departure—that you will offer no hindrance either in your own person or in that of your servants."

"By God!" he ejaculated and his voice was rasping as a file. "That is enough of your insolence, my man. You'll unlock that door at once, or I'll call my men."

"It was lest Your Grace should be tempted to such ungentle measures that I took the precaution to lock the door. I will ask Your Grace to observe that it is a very stout door and that the lock is a very sound one. You may summon your lackeys. But before they can reach you, it is very probable that Your Grace—"

Buckingham laughed, and even as he laughed, he whipped the light rapier from its scabbard, and flung forward in a lunge across the distance which he had measured with his very practised swordsman's eye. It was an action swift as lightning and of a deadly precision. Holles had seen that calculating look in the duke's eyes as they measured the distance between them, and because he had more than once before seen just such a calculating look in the eyes of other men he had guessed the duke's purpose, and he had been prepared.

Nan's sudden scream of fear and the clash of the two blades rang out in the same moment.

[Continued in the February McCall's]

Christmas Twice a Year

[Continued from page 48]

under the tree was there, but the apples looked sour and unripe, and the walnuts were small as hazelnuts.

Jamie's lip began to tremble, and he would have certainly started to cry, big boy though he was, if at that very moment Mrs. Santa Claus had not bustled into the room.

She took his hand in her warm fat one. "O Jamie!" she said. "Would it not be awful if Christmas did actually come twice a year? Let's go and tell Mr. Claus how you don't like it one little bit."

She walked right into Santa Claus's private office with Jamie. Santa looked up, his eyes twinkling.

"So you don't like Christmas in the middle of the year?" he asked.

"No, sir," said Jamie stoutly. "I want it when it's had time to get finished."

"All right, my boy! See you next December, and then I'll have your Christmas ripe and ready. But don't you go wishing for things any more unless you are mighty sure they are really good wishes!" Santa Claus patted Jamie's shoulder, then turned busily to his work.

Mrs. Claus made him drink a hot lemonade before he got into the little red car again. She waved at him as far as he could see her. They went scurrying over the snow, and the little holly guide, and Jamie grew very drowsy as the air seemed to get warmer and warmer.

He was startled wide awake as the car went over a bump, and he opened his eyes to find himself just finished with his nap, and the bump was Jane who had landed hard on his bed.

He lay there a moment thinking things over, and then mother came into the room. He looked at her as she bent over him.

"Mother," he said solemnly, "I've been to see Santa Claus, and I saw what my Christmas would look like if it came in the middle of the year, and it was awful. O mother, I won't wish forever and ever!"



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Glands and Conduct

SCIENTISTS are compiling a new book of knowledge for mankind. It deals with the ductless glands. So far only a few chapters have been written. When the work of all the ductless glands has been determined, scientists say that individuals may be diagnosed as possessing a thyroid, thymus, pituitary, adrenal or other personality determined by the dominating gland, or by the combination, balance or interaction of two or more glands; and that many secrets and mysteries of human conduct then will be revealed.

Already it is possible to explain certain obscure problems of women by the new theory. For instance:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

My beautiful home, my three attractive children and my splendid husband should keep me content; I know, but I am the victim of a horrible restlessness.

Some days I cannot keep still but must work myself to the point of exhaustion. I strive without success to overcome the desire to go—to go anywhere away from the place I am in.

I have traveled enough to know that Timbuctoo and Four Corners are identical under the surface, but if I were in Paris, I would wish to be back at Niagara Falls.

My urge to be always moving, harms my children, I feel sure. My poor husband says it is enough to wreck our home. I have used my will vainly to overcome it. What can you say of a problem which is driving me distracted?—A. B. C., New York.

PERHAPS the writer uses her will power futilely because of the hyperactivity of her thyroid glands.

Dr. Louis Berman calls the thyroid "the great controller of the speed of living," also "the gland of energy production" and "the accelerator."

Or the uneven spurts of energy above deplored might have something to do with the pituitary gland of which Berman writes:

"The post-pituitary type is restless and hyperactive, craves excitement and a continual change of scene, a new pleasure every minute."

These solutions are merely indicated; the expert judges a case by wide data, height and weight, shape of the head, the features, color and texture of the skin, quality of the hair and teeth, and other physical as well as mental characteristics.

The brutal husband of whom sad wives complain is probably dominated by his adrenals. These are the glands of combat and anger, also of courage and emergency. It is easier to understand why a husband is pugnacious than to cure him. Alcoholism accounts for great misery in some homes. According to the new theory, the drunkard is found among the thymocentrics.

When the adrenals determine the conduct of a woman, we have a letter like this:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I would give my life for the man I am engaged to but I grow more unhappy with each day. He says I have a disposition no man could live with.

I truly believe that he loves me, but he talks to me about my faults as if I were a child. He says we never can be happily married unless I improve. And I can't. I have tried to change—and I can't!

I am irritable and become angry at the least offense. I am high-strung and high-tempered, I fly into a rage over whatever displeases me; and last but not worst, I am not sociable. I am very energetic and manage my own estate. But I am not able to overcome my faults.

Do not misjudge the man. I picked him from several—and I want him.

I know you will think this a foolish letter but the facts spell tragedy for me—F. T. L., New York.

NOBODY who has read the new story of the glands would consider the above a foolish letter. It is a most interesting illustration of the influence of the glands upon behavior. "Reflexes, instincts, habits, tendencies and emotions are involved in their machinery."

Neither the girl's desire to please the man she loves, nor her own clear insight into her limitations, nor her will to reform has enabled her to reshape her conduct. Perhaps a scientific expert could help her.

There is also a letter from a wife of many years whose formerly devoted husband has become morose and neglectful, although not interested in a younger woman. The wife's letter suggests the possibility that some glandular disease exists.

Growths like tumors not infrequently injure the action of a gland and change an agreeable and refined person into a creature of gross tastes and repulsive habits, to the astonishment and confusion of the family.

The relation of the ductless glands to behavior is a subject about which women should have all the information they can obtain and assimilate.

Certainly it sheds light upon emotional problems now considered hopeless; it illumines habits laid deep in physiology, ways of the body not easily changed. And here is another excellent reason why women should stop crying so much about their troubles.

Youth's Eager Decisions

THE desire "to save" a young man from an intriguing girl and a marriage which she considers deplorable animates more than one conscientious correspondent. A sample letter may be condensed thus:

CARE of the body is a duty commonly recognized. Care of the mind often is a neglected responsibility. Physical health means beauty. Mental health means happiness. When the mind is tormented by trouble, mental health is impossible. How to get rid of mental tension is information every woman ought to have. If you cannot analyze your own distress, detail it to another. If your personal perplexity is one you dare to confide only to a stranger, submit it, big or little, to a woman who has had fifteen years' experience with such correspondence. Sign initials only if you prefer. For a personal reply, send an addressed and stamped envelope. Address letters to Mrs. Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



A man who had spent several years at the far corners of the earth, Siberia and the Philippines, comes home to make love to a serious-minded and rather reserved Ohio girl. But a sophisticated young person of the time takes him for her own. And so the deserted sweetheart wishes to know how to inform the unsuspecting man that the pretty creature he has chosen is indolent, indolent and generally worthless as a housekeeper.

Here it must be noted that the complainant is seventeen years old and that her maternal instinct to rescue the man from the other girl is characteristic of her age.

The adult mind would immediately suggest that she permit the man to save himself. He probably has acquired in his travels sufficient information to enable him to decide what kind of a wife he wants.

The girl of seventeen adds that she knows she never is going to love anybody else in this world!

Too eagerly does youth make this decision, not knowing that the love of seventeen is to that of twenty-five as lukewarm water to iced champagne.

Mature love is worth waiting for. Too much practice in early love wears down the edge of loving so that precocious lovers are doomed to miss the great experience.

Can One Die of Love?

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

Is it possible for a girl to die of hopeless love?

My daughter is the victim of a sad romance. She is beautiful, clever and a girl of the finest character. Since she gave up seeing the man she has become a nervous wreck.

She develops odd symptoms from time to time. She never has told the doctor what I know and I am sworn to secrecy. I have supposed that she would improve after a period of complete rest, since only love is the original cause of her illness, but after we put her to bed, she failed rapidly. Now I begin to fear that she is dying of a broken heart—Most Anxious Mother.

MANY an imaginative and sensitive girl has died of a broken constitution when Fate has denied her the right man.

Brooding and insomnia affect the nerves and they interfere with the digestion. The stomach becomes flabby and fails to function. This condition reacts upon the nerves; a genuine "vicious circle" ensues which may produce distressing physical as well as mental disturbances and end in death. And people usually say that the cause was tuberculosis or anemia or a puzzling complication.

The doctor in the above case probably does not require the information which the mother possesses. Physicians are good at surmising the causes of these mysterious ailments.

The cure would have to commence with a change in the girl's mental attitude toward her sorrow. Therefore, rest in bed which gives her coveted freedom to dwell upon lost love is the worst of all situations for her.

The girl should be provided with substitutes for her visioning of the impossible.

Yes, it is possible to die of hopeless love, but it isn't necessary and it is no more admirable than suicide.

The Gentleman's Code

IN "the gentleman's code" it has long been a point of honor for a man to keep his engagement to marry a girl even though he may have ceased to love her. Many a girl has refused to release a fiancé on the ground that her love was great enough to suffice for two; and thus miserable marriages and some divorces, have come about.

That the convention is still fixed in some minds is implied in the following letter:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

At twenty-two I became engaged to a girl whom I believed the only one in the world for me. But a year has passed, and instead of wanting to hurry the wedding, I am truly sorry that we ever spoke of love. We have planned to marry in the spring but my feeling for her has evaporated. I cannot nerve myself to tell her so, for I know she loves me.

I was brought up with the correct ideas about the conduct of a gentleman but I almost grow sick at the thought of carrying out my promise. I cannot live a falsehood all my life, but according to my training, I cannot go back on my promise to marry—F. N. B., Nebraska.

FOR most mistakes we must pay. But marriage is too huge a price to put upon misplaced love. Fortunately, in the present upheaval of social values, truth rather than custom survives as the best test of right and wrong. Among new and better ideals are those which demand absolute honesty about love as a basis for marriage.

Few modern girls would accept an unwilling mate in matrimony. Most of them would scorn the man who failed to be frank about his feelings before it was too late. When the love of a man is done, it is obvious that the girl should be given the opportunity to end the engagement.

This much of "the gentleman's code" still obtains: The man invariably refers inquirers to the lady, it being her privilege to make all statements concerning her status.

Winona Wilcox



Every girl should learn how to make good bread as the foundation of her home cookery training.

“I made it all myself”

The proper preparation of food is now considered one of the most important things young girls should know.

The girl who knows how to make good bread finds most other cooking easy.

The secret of making good bread lies in using good yeast — Yeast Foam.

Ask our expert what you want to know about bread making. Hannah L. Wessling, formerly bread expert, Department of Agriculture, will be glad to answer any question about flour, yeast, temperature, mixing, kneading, rising, molding, baking, etc.

Magic Yeast
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Package of 5 cakes —
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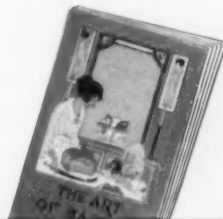
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Yeast Foam Tablets A Tonic Food

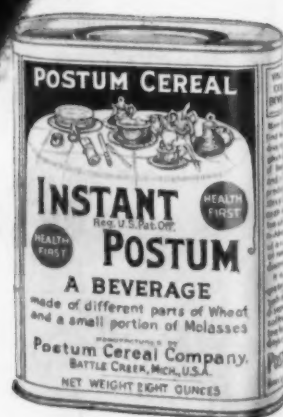
These tablets are the richest known natural food source of an element necessary to nutrition; they supplement your regular food and help you utilize its full value. As a tonic to stimulate the appetite and improve digestion, these tablets have been prescribed by physicians and taken by thousands. For sale at all drug stores.

Send for
descriptive circular





When bedtime comes around *are you certain of a good night's sleep?*



YOU must often envy the children their wonderful way of dropping off to sleep—almost the instant their heads touch the pillow.

Are you as sure of a good night's sleep as they are? Or is coffee making trouble for you—keeping you awake at night and making you grow old too soon by continuous over-stimulation from the caffeine it contains?

If you want to enjoy sound, restful sleep and freedom from "nerves," stop coffee and tea, and drink healthful Postum instead.

Postum is a delicious and satisfying hot drink that tastes much like coffee. But as Postum is made from wheat and contains no caffeine whatever it is absolutely harmless for young or old at any time of day or night.

Order Postum from your grocer today. Serve it as your mealtime beverage instead of coffee or tea, and see how much better you will sleep, and how much better you will feel.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) prepared instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages) for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared; made by boiling fully 20 minutes.

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